TURKEY, GREECE AND THE GREAT POWERS

TURKEY, GREECE AND THE GREAT POWERS

A STUDY IN FRIENDSHIP AND HATE

By

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WITH MAPS

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ATHENS
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TURKEY, GREECE AND THE GREAT POWERS

PART I

Chapter I

THE LITTLE DOGS AND THE LION

"THEY are proud, esteeming themselves above all other nations . . . and, indeed, they despise all other nations in general, and especially those who are not of their religion . . . and they commonly call Christians dogs." [1] These words, written about 1655, faithfully depict the Turk's habitual attitude towards the European. All Western visitors to the Ottoman Empire, from the sixteenth century onwards, however widely they may differ in their general estimates of the Turk's character, agree in testifying to this particular trait in his mentality.[2]

Some attribute it to religious fanaticism, others to national conceit. But those who call the Turk a fanatic forget that the non-Moslem communities under his rule have always enjoyed a measure of toleration such as infidels have seldom experienced in Christian States.

[1] Thevenot, i. 59. [2] Cp. Busbequius, 40; Porter, 249.

Nor is the average Turk, inherently, more conceited than any other human being. The truth seems to be that his overweening contempt for us was the product of circumstances rather than of nature. It was created, not by the influence of one cause, but by the combination of many.

In the first place, as the Sultans, until a comparatively recent date, did not keep permanent ambassadors at foreign courts, the Turk, while cherishing a very high opinion of his own importance, possessed but the vaguest ideas on the importance of other nations. Of the strength which consists in extent of territory and in number of fighting men he knew something; of the strength which is derived from other than material springs he had no conception. Nor did the presence of numerous Europeans in the Ottoman Empire help to correct this erroneous perspective. The profound difference in morals and manners that separated all foreigners from the Turk, and the ignorance of each other's language which precluded direct and free social intercourse, were calculated not to remove but to foster prejudice. The Turk, while conscious of his own virtues, had no means of discovering the virtues of other people. What he saw were their vices. The insobriety of the Franks, their bitter animosities, and other weaknesses of an equally obvious description, inspired him with scorn and deepened an antipathy that had its origin in the inevitable antagonism between the Mohammedan invaders of Europe and Christendom.

The nations which had neglected, through their disunion, to save Constantinople, did not easily resign themselves to its loss. Even after the Popes had got tired of preaching holy wars against the enemies of God, many Christian potentates continued to nourish the dream of chasing them back to the continent whence

they came. The knights of Malta never ceased to plunder the ships of the Grand Signor's subjects and to enslave their crews ; thus keeping the old flame of hatred, kindled by the Crusades, alive—reminding the Turk that there could be no peace between Christendom and Islam. And it must be remembered that the knights of Malta were a body composed of representatives of every European nation and supported by revenues drawn from every European country. These efforts irritated the Turk, while their futility lowered his opinion of their authors and strengthened his belief in his own superiority. Whenever the danger of a coalition of the Christian Powers against Turkey was mentioned to the Sultan's Ministers, they laughed, comparing their own sovereign to a lion and the kings of other nations to little dogs, " which," they said, " may serve to rouse and discompose the quiet and majesty of the lion but can never bite him." [1]

Thus a little knowledge and a great ignorance conspired to implant in the Turk's mind a habit of insolence, which grew with the growth of his power, which, as is the way of such habits, survived its root, and which for more than two hundred years cost the Europeans who had dealings with him many sorrows.

* * * * *

The various Frank colonies in Turkey lived, until the other day, under the protection of special treaties—known by the name of Capitulations—which enabled them to retain their nationality as long as they chose, to be governed by their own ambassadors and consuls without any interference from the Ottoman judicial authorities, and to conduct their business on clearly

[1] Ricaut, 171.

defined terms. The Turk had found this system already established in the Greek Empire, and adopted it as he adopted so many other Byzantine customs, good and bad. It was an arrangement which, scrupulously observed, guaranteed to foreign residents privileges and immunities not only incomparably greater than any known to the Sultan's Christian subjects, but even greater than those which Frenchmen, Englishmen, and other Europeans enjoyed in their own countries. But the Turks were pleased to regard the Capitulations as mere tokens of the Grand Signor's magnanimity—to be observed at his discretion, to be interpreted according to his convenience, and to be withdrawn at his caprice.

In the circumstances, it is not surprising to find that his officials, from the highest to the lowest, looked upon the Frank merchants in their midst as fair game. Arbitrary demands, often supported by false charges (*avanias*), were of almost daily occurrence. When the victims complained of these infringements of their rights to the Porte, they were told: "Do you not breathe the Sultan's air, and will you pay nothing for the privilege?"

The ambassadors at Constantinople soon learnt the utter uselessness of appealing to treaties or tribunals in a land where might was right, and, unless their Governments were prepared to go to war, they had nothing else to appeal to: nothing, except the oppressor's cupidity. *Similia similibus curantur*: the love of gold which prompted the injury was made to remedy it. The annals of European diplomacy in Turkey reek with *bakshish*. There is not one Western representative of any nationality or epoch who has not left on record his faith in this homœopathic treatment. The Imperial envoy Busbecq found in the sixteenth century that "there is no other way of treating with a Turk but by opening the purse-

strings, as soon as any Christian comes among them; neither must he think to shut them again, till he go out of their country. . . . Without this open-handedness there were no more living among them, for strangers, than in the most desolate and uninhabited places. . . . But with the bait of liberality you may catch a Turk at any time" (39-40). A hundred years later our honest Ricaut, after stating that "this way of negotiating by presents and gratuities is so much in custom amongst the Turks that, to speak truly, scarce anything can be obtained without it," proceeds to advise foreign ministers how to bribe "with honour, decency, and advantage"—to wit: "There are, and have always been, two or three powerful persons in this Court, which in all times carry the principal sway and command of all. These must necessarily be treated with respect and often sweetened with gratuities: he that hath money may doubtless make friends when he needs them, and with that secure his Capitulation and his privilege, purchase justice, and if his stock will hold out, act anything that can reasonably be imagined" (171). A hundred years later still, the English Ambassador Porter sings the praises of "the soothing palliative of a golden unction: this never fails of success," and, speaking of the Capitulations specifically, observes: "the only way to support them is by prudence, and a circumspect behaviour: and a constant annual expense of presents" (229, 232). Even when an Imperial decree was obtained, ordering the local authorities to make redress, it did not follow that it would be obeyed. The spoliation of the Franks had come to be considered not so much a venial sin as a natural process, hallowed by venerable tradition: the very persons who condemned it openly, in secret condoned it. Often the document contained "private marks,

which signified 'Do as you will,' or 'Let it lie by.'" [1] In brief, after purchasing a favourable verdict from the Sultan, you could only have it executed by purchasing the good will of his pashas on the spot. The meekness with which the Powers of Europe bore this oppression naturally tended to perpetuate it. The Turk's appetite for bribes, stimulated by gratification, became more and more exacting as time went on, and his insolence, encouraged by the Frank's "prudence," attained such dimensions that the surprising thing is, not that the treaties were so systematically violated, but that they were observed at all. No doubt the Turk's own prudence set a limit to his rapacity, and he chose to shear rather than to slay the sheep that grew the golden fleece.

Similar vexations and extortions were inflicted upon the Franks who travelled about the country. On every road they encountered officers who levied arbitrary and exorbitant duties, ostensibly for maintaining the highways in good repair and guarding them against rogues and robbers; but, "instead of being a safeguard, prove the greatest rogues and robbers themselves," writes a plaintive English parson of the seventeenth century.[2] Private Turks copied the manners of the public functionaries. One English traveller tells how on his journey from Nicosia to Famagusta he met four Turks who demanded that he should give them his mount. He refused, and they in revenge pulled him out of the saddle by the heels, beat him "most pitifully" and left him on the road "almost for dead." [3] The very

[1] Porter, 240.

[2] Henry Maundrell, *A Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem*, 1697, (Early Travels in Palestine, Ed. by T. Wright), 386. Cp. the experiences of the French botanist Tournefort in Armenia about the same time, iii. 99.

[3] William Lithgow (1614), in *Purchas*, x. 478.

muleteers were able to rob their European employers with perfect impunity,[1] and the "Tartars" to take liberties with the persons they escorted.[2]

The city rabble always and everywhere made a point of flouting the European passer-by, jeering at him, pelting him with rubbish, jostling him, striking off his hat, and sometimes knocking him down, just for pleasure.[3] Such were the conditions under which the Franks lived even in the capital of the Ottoman Empire. Much harder was their lot in towns distant from the seat of the Sultan's authority. Among these Cairo and Alexandria, perhaps, carried off the palm for brutality.

In those Eastern cities the Franks occupied among the Moslems the position which the Jews occupied among the Christians in Western cities. They dwelt in a sort of Ghetto: a *Khan* which was "locked up by the Turkes at noones and at nights, for fear that the Franks should suffer or offer any outrage."[4]

Every Frank was obliged to dismount when he met in the street a Turk of quality: if he did not do so voluntarily, the great man's cavases would drag him off by force and drub him with their cudgels. But to be a blackguard it was not necessary to be a man of quality: it was enough to be a Moslem. Any follower of the Prophet might spit into a Christian's face, belabour him with his stick, even stab him with a knife. The Frank dared not express his resentment by a look, much less defend himself. The least attempt at self-defence was enough to bring upon him a false charge of assault; and in Turkish law to lift a hand against a True Believer

[1] George Sandys (1610), in *Purchas*, viii. 235.
[2] Holland (1812), 270.
[3] Sandys, 108; *A Picturesque Tour through part of Europe, Asia, and Africa*, by an Italian Gentleman (Constantinople, Dec. 1788), 144.
[4] Sandys, vi. 186.

was a crime that could only be expiated by the amputation of the offending limb. Or the accusation might take the favourite form of an indictment for blasphemy against the Mohammedan religion : a crime for which a Christian was given the option between cremation and conversion to Islam. All these charges, however, could be compounded for by money, which sufficiently accounts for their popularity; and if the individual concerned was too poor, the whole community to which he belonged had to pay for him.[1]

In times of public festivity, such as the Bairam, when the lower classes of the Turkish population abandoned themselves to boisterous rejoicings, it was particularly unsafe for a European to show himself abroad. No matter what his rank might be, he was sure to fall a victim to the insolence, if not to the violence, of the mob.[2] Even the ambassadors at Constantinople at such times did not escape insult. Often a Turk would cross the street to give them a push, accompanied with the common epithet of detestation and contempt " Giaour ! " and they found it impossible to obtain from the Ottoman Government satisfaction, or even a bare expression of sympathy. When once an ambassador complained to the Porte, he was curtly told that it was his fault : " ambassadors should not expose themselves in a crowd, but acquaint the Porte when they have business abroad, and then they would be properly secured from insult." [3] They would be secured by a guard of Janissaries; but, we are told, " the Janissaries even, who attend the

[1] See Thevenot, i. 252–255. " Of the Franks that live in Egypt, and the Avanies which are put upon them " ; James Bruce, *Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile* (3rd. Ed. 1813) i. 101 ; vi. 531–534.

[2] Thevenot, i. 46, 63 ; Maundrell, 412 ; Tournefort, i. 47.

[3] Porter, 156.

ambassadors, have so little respect for their masters that they never rise when they pass by." [1]

* * * * *

Indeed, nowhere can the disdain in which the Christian Powers were held by the Turk be more clearly seen than in the treatment meted out to their official representatives. The humiliations to which those august personages were subjected by the Sultan and his Ministers until our grandfathers' time would be incredible to us if it were not for the unanimous evidence of a cloud of witnesses. Those humiliations grew in severity as the Turk's spirit grew in arrogance, and it is hard to say which of the two things affords more food for wonder: the Turk's capacity for inflicting, or the Frank's for enduring, contumely. The progress of this growth can easily be traced.

When the Ambassador of the Duke of Milan presented himself to Murad II at Adrianople in 1433, he was received with all the courteous affability to which the envoy of a friendly prince was entitled. The Sultan, we read, rose from his couch, descended two of the four or five steps of the dais, and taking him by the hand, asked how his good brother and neighbour the Duke fared in health. After answering, the ambassador was conducted back to his seat, and the Sultan waited for him to sit down before he reseated himself.[2]

In significant contrast to this stand all the narratives of ambassadorial audiences subsequent to the capture of Constantinople. Upon reaching the capital, the foreign

[1] *A Picturesque Tour*, etc., 146.

[2] Bertrandon de la Brocquière, *Travels* during the years 1432 and 1433. (*Early Travels in Palestine*, ed. by T. Wright, 351). Of course, I assume that the good Bertrandon is speaking the truth, and not letting his pride as a Christian run away with his honesty as an historian.

envoy was first received by the Grand Vizier, who lolled on his sofa, while the guest had to sit on a stool. After a few stereotyped phrases of welcome, the customary compliments of the *caftan* (robe of honour), sweetmeats, coffee, sherbet, and perfume were presented to him. But the moment he rose to go, the Grand Vizier and his attendants clapped their hands in derision, and two officers, placing themselves on either side of the departing guest, attempted to make him turn round and bow to the Vizier, who never stirred off his corner on the sofa. An ambassador poor in spirit might be surprised into compliance; but he who had a proper sense of what was due to his character stiffened his back and kept on his way, pulling along the officers. In this undignified fashion His Excellency reached the door, and was hustled and hissed out of the room.

Next came the audience with the Grand Signor himself—an ordeal which made this preliminary mortification pale into almost a pleasant memory. The time appointed for the ambassador's transit across the Golden Horn, from Pera to Stambul, was the dawn, or even an hour before daybreak. On landing with his suite, he was conducted to a mean house destined for that purpose, and climbing up a staircase that was no better than a ladder, was ushered into a room "fit rather for the reception of a Polish Jew than for a man of his dignity." [1] After waiting for some time in that miserable chamber, he was informed that the Grand Vizier had sent word that he was ready to start for the Palace. He climbed down the ladder, mounted his horse, and the cavalcade proceeded at a slow pace to the Vizier's door. Whether it rained, hailed, or snowed, the ambassador and his suite had to remain on horseback in the street, to watch the

[1] Porter, 163.

Vizier's stately procession, and to salute him and his whole cortège as they went past. When they were near the gate of the Palace, the ambassador was allowed to advance slowly in the same direction. On his arrival, he was shown into the Divan, or Council Chamber, where he found the Vizier lolling, as usual, on a sofa, while he was placed, as usual, on a backless, rickety old stool in the middle of the room. Upon that seat he remained for at least two hours, hearing the discussion of cases he did not understand. If it was a pay-day for the Janissaries—and it generally was, for the Turks chose that day in order to impress the foreign visitor with the strength and wealth of their Empire—he was entertained with the sight of over two thousand yellow bags of money told out and distributed to the soldiery. This performance lasted at least four hours; so that, to quote the same martyr again, "in a cold day, without a furred coat, his very vitals may freeze, and at any time the spine of his back must suffer cruelly, for he has nothing to lean against to support or ease it."

A lightning-speed banquet followed: fifty dishes laid on the table one after another at half-minute intervals, and whisked off almost untasted. The Grand Signor looked upon this performance, unseen, through a lattice, and as soon as it was over, adjourned to the audience-room. Thereupon the ambassador, preceded by the Chaoush-Bashi or Captain of the Guard, who acted as Master of the Ceremonies, with all his officers, and followed by his own suite, marched out into the court-yard. But before he had gone far he was stopped and made to sit down under a tree—on a bench consisting of a single board on which at other times grooms, ostlers, and scullions lounged ("though," remarks Sir James Porter, "it sometimes serves them for less decent purposes"). On that bench,

whether wet or dry, clean or dirty, His Excellency and attendants sat and were invested with their robes of honour; after which, two Capuji-bashis seized each of them by the shoulders and marched them across the court-yard, followed by the gifts which the ambassador had brought for the Sultan. At the door of the audience-room the gifts were handed over to the officers appointed to receive them, who carried them in, holding them above their heads as high as they could, so that the Grand Signor and his whole Court might see them.

At a certain distance from the lofty and canopied sofa on which sat the Sultan—turbaned, bejewelled, and cross-legged—the two Capuji-bashis, laying their hands upon the ambassador's neck, forced him to bend thrice, until his forehead almost touched the ground ("wiped the dust of the sublime threshold with his face," is the pleasant expression used by the Turkish historians); then, raising him up again, they retired to the farther end of the room. The ambassador, left standing, delivered a brief address in his own language, which the Dragoman translated into Turkish. The Grand Signor put on what a seventeenth century narrator describes as "a most severe, terrible, stately look," and, according to another witness, "eyed the ambassador askew," while turning an ostentatiously listless ear to his oratory. Next the ambassador's credentials were handed to the Grand Vizier, who laid them reverently upon the cushion on the Sultan's right hand. The Sultan would cast a scornful glance at the royal message and say a few words to the Vizier, who would advance to the middle of the room and answer the ambassador with some formal banalities, which the Dragoman interpreted. If the Grand Signor happened to be in an exceptionally sulky mood, this answer was compressed into the single word

"*Giuzel*—good." And the audience was over—in less than five minutes.[1]

The poor Excellency was at last free to take his weary bones away. He returned home physically exhausted, mentally disgusted, indignant or chastened, according to individual temperament—to write to his friends in Europe how overrated was the glory of representing a Christian Majesty at the Moslem Court, to give vent to his rage in impotent anathemas against the Unspeakable Turk, or, more often, to pretend that nothing disagreeable had happened to him.[2]

In sad harmony with this initial abasement was the ambassador's treatment throughout his residence at Constantinople. It was incessantly repeated to him that he lived there on sufferance, and that the hospitality he enjoyed, such as it was, would cease the moment the

[1] The Rev. John Covel timed Sir John Finch's audience, in 1674, by his pulse, and found that it took exactly 248 beats. *Diary*, 266. Half a century before, Sir Thomas Roe summed up the performance in one sentence: "I spake to a dumb image." *Negotiations in his Embassy to the Ottoman Porte* (1621–1628), 37.

[2] All these varieties of idiosyncracy can be found reflected in the numerous accounts of ambassadorial receptions left to us. For instance, Ricaut, with unconscious humour, adds to his narrative the following comment: "This was the manner of the audience given to the Earl of Winchilsea, when Ambassador there for His Majesty, and is the form used to others who come from a Prince equally honoured and respected," 160. In reading other descriptions we must bear in mind Sir James Porter's warning: "Personal vanity, or national pride, has not permitted Christian writers to set this ceremonial in its true light; nay, some ambassadors have been for softening and palliating the worst of its indecorum," 169. However, in fairness to the Turk, it should be noted that this offensive treatment was not of his own invention. He copied it from the Greeks, who in their turn seem to have borrowed it from the Persians. Both in its spirit and in many of its details the ritual described above has its prototype in the ceremonies of the Byzantine Court. (See Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch. liii.) All that the Turk did was to better the instruction.

Porte conceived the least suspicion of his friendliness. Negotiations between him and the Sultan's headstrong and hot-tempered ministers frequently degenerated into altercations. On such occasions the best policy for the envoy who valued his self-respect was, not to attempt to reason, but to possess his soul in patience, opposing to the pashas' passionate vehemence all the imperturbability at his command, and ending with the one argument to which no Turk ever refused to listen. Infinitely worse became his position when there occurred any political incident calculated to rouse the wrath of the Porte against him personally, or against the Government which he represented.

The inviolability of the ambassadorial character forms part of Mohammedan as of all other international law, and the Turks themselves by their maxim, *Elchi zaval yokdir* ("Hurt not an ambassador"), acknowledged in theory the foreign agent's right to protection and respect. But in practice they allowed themselves considerable latitude of interpretation. It was suspected that European envoys had a greater liberty of action than they admitted—that they were empowered to bargain as plenipotentiaries. To get, therefore, out of them the full measure of their capacity for giving, the Sultan's ministers had recourse to the most revolting methods. Their diplomacy consisted in flying into a passion, covering the ambassador with the coarsest abuse, and soon passing from invective to threats, or, if the ambassador was not very careful, even to blows. But the worst came when all the resources of diplomacy were exhausted. The Turkish idea was that an ambassador was not only a spokesman for his Government, but also a surety for its good behaviour. He was a hostage in the Grand Signor's hands. Accordingly, as soon as they decided

on hostilities with a European Power, they began the war by assaulting its representative. The wretched ambassador was seized and cast into the Seven Towers—an ancient Byzantine fortress which after the capture of Constantinople had become a kind of Ottoman Bastille. Sometimes the captive might, by dint of powerful influence exerted on his behalf, seconded by enormous *bakshish*, succeed in getting himself transferred to a less hideous jail, or he might be granted the alternative of accompanying the Ottoman armies in their campaigns against his own country—"as a barbarous trophy in the time of their successes and as a means at hand to reconcile and mediate when evil fortune compels them to composition," says Ricaut. But as a rule he was kept in the Seven Towers as long as the war lasted, the harshness of his confinement varying with the vicissitudes of the Sultan's arms. It was in vain that friends and foes alike cried out against such a barbarous practice: the Lion took no heed of the barkings of dogs which could not bite.[1]

* * * * *

To sum up: Until a long succession of misfortunes

[1] The last victim of this brutal custom was the aged French Ambassador, who on news of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt reaching the Porte (August 2, 1798) was thrown into the fortress and remained there for three years. The first diplomatist to taste the pleasure of being given a passport instead of a prison-cell was the Russian Ambassador Italinsky (Dec. 14, 1806)—thanks to the energetic efforts of Napoleon's representative Sébastiani and of his English colleague Arbuthnot, who, somehow, managed to co-operate in a matter concerning the common dignity of all Powers. Thus ended, at last, a disgrace to which Europe had the folly and the meanness to submit for over two centuries. It is interesting to note that so late as 1877 the idea of reviving the custom for the benefit of the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, though not seriously discussed, was actually hinted at by some of the Turkish Ministers: See Nelidow's "Souvenirs d'avant et d'après la Guerre de 1877–1878," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, July 15, 1915, p. 277.

beat the Sultans into a sort of sullen civility, all European nations found in them rude and grasping hosts who knew no law but their own whims. No foreigner ever was a hero to the Turk. And yet there were few Turks who did not entertain, behind their insolent attitude towards all the foreigners with whom they came in touch, a mental reservation that some of them were more vile than others. Essentially, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Russians, and Germans might all be dogs; but there are degrees of caninity. To trace these subtle differentiations to their historic sources, and to show their bearing upon the present European situation, will be my endeavour in the following pages.

Chapter II

FRANCE AND THE TURKS

THE first great Western Power to establish friendly relations with Turkey was France. In 1517, Francis I, in deference to papal wishes, had entered into an alliance with the Emperor Maximilian and Charles I of Spain against the common enemy of Christendom. But nothing came of that project: the conflicting ambitions of the European Powers proved then, as they had often done before and were to do again in the future, too strong for an effective Concert. Two years after that stillborn league the Kings of France and Spain fell out over the succession to the Imperial crown, left vacant by the death of Maximilian. Charles won, and thenceforth Francis became his sworn enemy. In 1536 he joined Suleiman the Magnificent against his former ally, and presently the Christian world was treated to the edifying spectacle of a Christian town, Nice, being sacked by the united French and Turkish forces.

The amity planted by Francis was assiduously tended by his successors, and for centuries "the most Christian King" distinguished himself as the most zealous satellite of the Sultan. It is amusing to meet among his ambassadors to the Porte even abbés and bishops.[1] The

[1] E.g. François de Noailles, Bishop of Acqs, and his brother the Abbé of l'Isle, in 1573–1575; the Abbé de Girardin in 1688.

Turks showed their appreciation by bestowing upon the French monarch the title of "Padishah," which they denied to all other European sovereigns; by admitting, in the earlier days, his representatives to their secret councils; and by extending to his subjects the mercantile benefits reserved for the most favoured nation. The French, as was natural, made the most of this hard-earned ascendancy, and while promoting commercial interests, they did not neglect the sectarian. Under the ægis of her Eldest Son the Catholic Church throve amazingly in the Levant: Roman monasteries and nunneries multiplied both on the mainland and in the islands; and Latin missionaries of all denominations—Dominicans and Franciscans, Capuchins and Jacobins, Carmelites, Cordeliers, and Jesuits—were everywhere busily engaged in enlarging St. Peter's dominion.

For all that, no European nation was more heartily detested by the Turks, and none suffered more from Turkish arrogance. There could be little real sympathy between the vivacious, talkative Frenchman and the stolid, taciturn Osmanli; and, in fact, there was none. Even the recognition of common interests failed to bridge over the chasm fixed by discrepant temperaments; and the discord engendered by psychological incompatibility was heightened by other causes. The Turk might have had no objection to the activity of the Catholic missionaries as long as it was limited to the sphere of

Among the French Consuls, too, the clerical element made itself conspicuous. Here is the portrait of one, drawn by the incisive pen of George Sandys in 1610: "The Vice-Consul (at Alexandria) keepes a table for Merchants, he himselfe a Magnifico, lesse liberall of his presence, then industrious to pleasure; yea, rather stately then proud; expecting respect, and meriting good-will: that was a Priest, and would be a Cardinall; with the hopes whereof, they say, that he feasteth his ambition." *Purchas*, vi. 186.

religion. So far as he was concerned, rival idolaters could squabble to their hearts' content: what mattered it to him whether the dog worried the hog, or the hog the dog? But these apostles in the East, as elsewhere, supplemented their spiritual propaganda with political intrigue, which excited the suspicions of the Porte. The antagonists of France at Constantinople were not slow to work upon the Sultan's susceptibilities. They pointed out to him that the missionaries instilled in the people of their persuasion a spirit of sedition and rebellion; that they were so many secret agents and spies, who, under the cloak of religious zeal, were promoting the designs of the princes who supported them. These insinuations opened the eyes of the pashas, often with disastrous results to French prestige.

We have a good example of this perennial cause of trouble in an early seventeenth-century drama, wherein the English ambassador played a leading part. Caught in the act of hatching a plot against the peace of the Ottoman Empire, the Jesuits of Constantinople were arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to banishment. Similar commands were issued for the expulsion of all the members of the order scattered over the Empire. The French ambassador, in a transport of rage, threatened to break off diplomatic relations and to leave Turkey with the monks. The Sultan's ministers, though they could ill afford to lose any friends at that time, remained firm, and the Sultan expressed his astonishment that his ancient and good friend, the King of France, should make the toleration of traitors a condition for the continuance of his friendship. Thereupon the French ambassador sealed his merchants' warehouses, interdicted trade, and went on storming at the pashas. But to no purpose. Three out of the five Jesuits, chained "in

collars of iron" and well guarded, were put on board a barque and sent off to Chios, there to be shipped for France—"never to return upon pain of forewarned death." And the French ambassador, his English rival is happy to be able to report, "rests in contumely, sufficiently mortified. He continues to interdict trade and vents his rage on his own poor subjects, neither suffering their loaden ships to go out, nor one to come in to unlade. So that they pray against him as in the litany, 'from famine and pestilence *libera nos, Domine.*'" [1] But the pæan was premature, and the victory exaggerated. No sooner had the writer of this joyous report left Constantinople than the Jesuits "obtained from the Grand Signor leave again to reside and exercise their function in the same college as freely as before." [2]

At the close of the same century the Turks had fresh cause for seeing in Catholicism an influence prejudicial to their rule. In 1694 the Latins of Chios assisted the Venetians in taking the principal castle of the island. Next year the Turks recovered it and wreaked a terrible vengeance on the Catholic inhabitants. Some of their churches were demolished, others were converted into mosques or inns. Their monasteries were confiscated and the monks and priests, together with their flocks, were subjected to cruel persecution. When the Venetian War was over, the Grand Signor ordered all the islands of the Archipelago to be visited, and the titles of the Catholic bishops examined. Some of these prelates were

[1] Sir Thomas Roe to Lord Conway, $\frac{\text{Jan. } 26}{\text{Feb. } 5}$; Feb. $\frac{9}{19}$; March $\frac{7}{17}$, $162\frac{7}{8}$. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 14.

[2] Sir Peter Wyche to Lord Conway, July $\frac{12}{22}$, 1628. *Ibid.*

found to be without a title, and their bishoprics were abolished. At Milo the last Latin bishop had to pawn the chalice, mitre, and all other ornaments of his cathedral; and he would have starved to death had not the King of France allowed him a pension.[1]

These occurrences, and occurrences like these, made so profound an impression upon the Turkish Government, its subjects, and its functionaries that throughout the Empire the Catholic missionary generally, and the Jesuit more especially, was treated as a secret enemy. Even on the remote frontiers of Armenia the local officials reserved their most exquisite methods of ill-usage and spoliation for these itinerant apostles, and, lest any should escape them, they were in the habit of uncovering the heads of European travellers, to see whether a lay hat did not conceal a clerical tonsure.[2]

An equally frequent cause of friction between the Porte and the French representatives was piracy. The waters of the Levant in the seventeenth century, and more particularly during the Cretan War (1645–1669), teemed, and its harbours were cloyed, with Frank corsairs, many of whom owed allegiance to the king who boasted of being the first and firmest ally of the Sultan. These gentry—often members of the noblest families in France—did not think it necessary to spare the ships and subjects of their sovereign's friend, but gloried in their ability to harass the Grand Signor's galleys afloat and to terrorize his officials ashore. They used to bring their prizes to the islands of the Archipelago, sell the plunder to the islanders, usurp the authority of the Turkish judges, have a good time at everybody's expense, and, on leaving, seize the Sultan's governors by the beard

[1] Tournefort, i. 163; ii. 49–51.
[2] *Ibid*, iii. 100.

and carry them off to their ships as slaves.[1] The French consuls entertained these pirates at dinner, supplied them with provisions and pilots, and generally cherished them as they did the French priests, and from the same patriotic motives.[2]

A single incident will throw a more vivid light on the complex skein of French diplomatic activity in the Ottoman Empire during the seventeenth century than any exhaustive catalogue of recurrent crises. At Christmas, 1673, M. de Nointel, the French ambassador at the Porte, who spent much of his time travelling about the Archipelago,[3] visited Antiparos and descended into the grotto for which that island is famous, attended by a cortège of Capuchins and corsairs. By his order one of the stalactite columns was turned into an altar: torches were planted in various nooks and crevices; and a midnight mass was celebrated. After passing three days in that picturesque chapel, the ambassador departed with his priests and pirates, leaving behind him an inscription to commemorate the event for the edification of Christian heretics and Ottoman infidels.[4]

[1] *Ibid*, i. 160–162, 187, 268. From English official sources we get many illustrations of this curious situation. I will quote one: "They [i.e. the Turks] have lately sustained a great loss at sea, their Alexandrian fleet being met by a squadron of Corsairs (reported French by those that escaped), consisting of 17 sail, who have taken and destroyed the greatest part of them." Sir Daniel Harvey to Lord Arlington, June 19, 1669. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey. No.* 19. The dispatch is accompanied by a list of French succours to the Venetians in Crete. See also Ricaut's *Memoirs*, (1679), 234, 249, 250–252, 263–269.

[2] Tournefort, i. 267.

[3] See *L'odyssée d'un ambassadeur; voyages du marquis de Nointel*, 1670–80. By A. Vandal (1900).

[4] Tournefort, i. 204. The association between French monks and pirates under official auspices was a common phenomenon. The Capuchins of Milo had their convent demolished by the Turks for hiding the plunder made by the corsairs. These contributed

Following in the wake of these sportsmen of the deep (for so their admiring compatriots regarded them), common French sea-captains would sometimes abuse the confidence reposed in them by carrying Turkish cargoes, not to the ports for which they were bound by contract, but to Leghorn and there selling them on their own account. The Sultan considered that the French nation on land should suffer for the bad faith of their fellow-countrymen at sea; and his officials stretched the law of retaliation so as to include all Franks alike: for were they not all "one kind of dirt"? A case in point occurred about 1655, in Egypt, when one morning all the consuls in Cairo were dragged out of their beds like thieves, and, just as they were—one in his slippers and another in his nightcap—were mounted on sorry nags and, amidst a tempest of execrations and missiles from the Cairene mob, were led to prison. They had to be ransomed by their unhappy nationals, who, of course, were also forced to make good the loss of the cargoes, with ample interest.[1]

The Porte presently improved upon this method by forcing the French ambassador to stand surety not only for the good faith but even for the good fortune of his seafaring compatriots. What this entailed may be judged by one example. At the beginning of 1668 a French vessel, carrying the Grand Signor's soaps, left Sidon for Constantinople. In the course of the voyage she was taken by the Venetian or some other navy hostile to the Sultan. Immediately the ambassador was called upon to pay 30,000 dollars; and the French ships that were at the moment taking in goods at Smyrna hurried

towards its rebuilding, together with the French merchants, and the King of France. *Ibid.* 160.

[1] Thevenot, i. 253.

out of the port, some not one-third laden, to avoid bearing part of that other load. Similarly the pashas, arguing that they were entitled to as much help from their friends as were their enemies, pressed all the French ships they could lay hands on into their service, compelling them to transport provisions and men to Crete.[1]

Rascality, needless to say, was not confined to one side only. The Barbary corsairs continued to be the Sultan's allies even after they had ceased to be his subjects in anything but the name. Turkey, which owed her ephemeral maritime supremacy in the Mediterranean to the Khaireddins and the Torghuds, always looked to the successors of those distinguished scoundrels for assistance, direct or indirect, in her interminable feuds with the naval Powers of Southern Europe. Therefore the Porte, while readily admitting that its African vassals were rogues, neither could punish them itself nor would it permit any one else to do so. The Grand Signor's policy was well summed up by one of our own ambassadors: "He publicly seems to disavow the pirates of Barbary, yet covertly and underhand to cherish and encourage them to weaken and spoil the Christians."[2] The French, who were among the greatest sufferers from the scourge, after failing to obtain redress for their wrongs or restitution of their captives from their friend at Constantinople, tried, every now and then, to take the law into their own hands. The consequences were as unpleasant for them as their cause was just. One instance will suffice.

[1] See letters from Messrs. Thomas Dethick & Co. Smyrna, 7 Feb., 1 March, $166\frac{7}{8}$. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 19.

[2] Lord Winchilsea to Secretary Nicholas, May 24, 1662. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.

In 1681, Louis XIV, baited beyond endurance by the outrages committed by the North African miscreants, not only upon the ships but even upon the coasts of France, sent out a fleet under Vice-Admiral de Quesne with orders to destroy the pirate galleys wheresoever he might find them. De Quesne carried out his instructions literally. On coming across a Tripoline squadron, he chased it into the port of Chios and fired upon it, causing, incidentally, some damage to the town. The feat was hailed by all the downtrodden European ambassadors at Constantinople as a timely lesson to the haughty Turk, from which they were all likely to profit. Even the English ambassador, despite the chronic rivalry between the two nations in the Levant, could not suppress his joy at the news: "His Most Christian Majesty has put the greatest affront upon this Empire that it ever received since the taking of Constantinople," he wrote. "However things prove for the French and for the Porte, much of good must be derived from this rupture to the interest of all Christian princes that are under a present treaty with this Court." [1]

The exultation did not last long. The Porte, which at first was thrown into a panic by this unparalleled demonstration of courage from a European State, presently recovered its traditional tone. The Grand Vizier sent for the French ambassador and demanded a large indemnity for what he was pleased to regard as an act of wanton hostility, threatening to commit him to the Seven Towers, and to lay an embargo upon all French ships and goods in the Sultan's dominions. The ambassador, relying on the support of his Government, and De Quesne's fleet of ten men-of-war, which was considered

[1] Sir John Finch to Secretary Jenkins, Sept. 22, 1681. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 19.

" more than doubly able to fight all the force the Ottoman Empire is able to make appear at sea," maintained a " Spanish flegm." So far from allowing himself to be brow-beaten, he seized the opportunity to vindicate his dignity, " not only refusing to sit below the sofa, but, being pressed to do it, kicked the stool down with his feet, and then "—made a spirited defence of De Quesne's action. To the Vizier's demand of reparation for the affront and damage done to the Grand Signor's property, he replied that the Tripoline vessels had captured two French ships in the port of Cyprus, that of his plaints no heed had been taken, that afterwards the same Tripolines had landed at Cyprus, taken the French consul out of his house, and after drubbing him made him pay 800 dollars for his ransom: it was as lawful for the King his master to set upon his enemies in the Grand Signor's ports as it was for them to attack the French. The plea did not convince the Vizier. All that M. de Guilleragues gained by his resolute bearing was that, instead of being thrown into prison, he was only taken into custody by the Chaoush-Bashi. After some days' detention, he promised to acquaint his King with the Grand Signor's desires, and was released.[1]

[1] The Same to the Same, Oct. $\frac{14}{24}$, 1681. Of the outrages to which the French Ambassador alludes his English colleague had, at the time of their occurrence, sent home the following report: " The French Consul at Cyprus, commissioned immediately from the King, together with M. de St. Aman, a French merchant, were in the night taken out of their houses at Salines by the crew of three Tripoli men-of-war, who pretended to search for a French slave, and carried aboard and, being first drubbed, were afterwards forced to pay 700 dollars for their ransom, besides the loss of a ring of 300 dollars taken from the Consul's finger. The French Ambassador has of this case without example made lament to the Vizier, but as yet has had no answer. The same Tripolines have taken *Captain Bon*, a Frenchman, from Smyrna, worth

After hovering about the Turkish coasts for nine months, De Quesne departed without success, and the French Ambassador, left in the lurch, would fain make his peace with the Porte by paying for the Chios exploit a present which the French valued at thirty and the Turks at twenty purses. In his anxiety to save his master's face, M. de Guilleragues pretended that this was a gift from his own pocket. The Turks, however, laughed at the pretence, and "used a filthy proverb for it." [1]

* * * * *

This inglorious episode was but one link in a long chain of quarrels, out of which the French ambassadors invariably came second best. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Sieur Sensi, accused of having contrived the escape of a Polish prisoner of war, was committed to the Seven Towers, whence, after four months' confinement, he was delivered by the mediation of his master's money.[2] His successors (Counts de Césy and de Marcheville) boasted that the Sultan honoured them at their audiences by allowing them to kiss, not indeed his hand, but a long sleeve fastened to his cloak for the purpose.[3] The accuracy of the statement may be doubted. But, in any case, it is certain that the imperial favour was short-lived. Césy was the hero of the Jesuit drama, during which he cut anything but a respect-inspiring figure in the eyes of the Turks. But that was

100,000 dollars, in which were Mr. Clutterbuck and Mr. Turner; and they have taken the *Jerusalem*, a man-of-war from Leghorn, of 40 guns and 270 men." Sir John Finch to the Earl of Sunderland, Nov. $\frac{6}{16}$, 1680. *Ibid.*

[1] Lord Chandos to Jenkins, April $\frac{17}{27}$, 1682. *Ibid.*

[2] Ricaut, 161.

[3] Tournefort, ii. 262.

not all. A spendthrift and a libertine of a most colossal type, he had managed, before he had been three years in Constantinople, to contract debts amounting to nearly 200,000 dollars. As time went on, he sank deeper and deeper into financial difficulties, with the result that he became an object of contempt to the Turks and of hate to the numerous and importunate money-lenders who had been rash enough to take a venture in his leaky barque. In 1631 the King of France, thinking it dishonourable to be represented at the Porte by a bankrupt, recalled him, and Marcheville was sent to take his place. But the Turkish Government, at the instance of his creditors, refused to let Césy go, declaring that the law, however indulgent it might be to the persons of ambassadors, did not acquit them from payment of their debts, or privilege them to rob the Grand Signor's subjects. So M. de Césy had to remain at Constantinople, a sort of prisoner at large, exposed to daily affronts.[1]

Meanwhile, M. de Marcheville took over the embassy and proved even more unfortunate. On his voyage to Constantinople he had met off Chios the Capitan Pasha, who asked him to strike his flag, and to make ready the presents which were due to the Grand Signor's Lord High Admiral from a new ambassador. Marcheville tried to compromise by firing a salute of five guns. But the Capitan Pasha was not satisfied until he made him come on board his flagship to explain. Failing to obtain from the Porte any reparation for this insult, Marcheville vented his spleen by systematically disparaging the admiral's actions and character through his dragoman. The Pasha watched for an opportunity of punishing him,

[1] Sir Thomas Roe to Secretary Calvert, Dec. $\frac{14}{24}$, 1622. *Negotiations*, 113; Ricaut, 161.

and he found one in 1632, when a Turkish woman, a slave, was discovered on a French ship ready to sail from Constantinople with the Ambassador's son in it. The Turks, drawing, rightly or wrongly, the obvious inference, imprisoned the son, and would have confiscated both the vessel and the cargo but for the united solicitations of the English and Venetian representatives. Thereupon the Capitan Pasha informed the Grand Signor that the Anglo-Venetian intervention had been brought about through the instrumentality of the French Ambassador's Armenian dragoman. The Sultan, infuriated by the thought that one of his own slaves should presume to meddle in a dispute with himself, had the wretched Armenian impaled out of hand.

The Capitan Pasha presently went off on an expedition in the Black Sea. In his absence M. de Marcheville continued the campaign through another dragoman. On his return the admiral heard all this, and finding himself in high favour with the Sultan, thanks to some success he had had against the Cossacks, he obtained permission to punish the dragoman who had endeavoured to blast his reputation. Under the pretence that he wished to make his peace with the Ambassador, he induced the latter to send his dragoman to him. The moment the interpreter arrived, he was seized and hanged.

To his complaints M. de Marcheville could receive no other answer than that the Grand Signor had a right to execute justice on his subjects without asking leave from the King of France. Not satisfied, he continued his attacks on the Capitan Pasha, until the Turk, provoked beyond endurance by the giaour's obstinacy, procured from the Sultan authority to get rid of him. Summoning the ambassador to his presence, he told

him that it was the Grand Signor's pleasure that he should depart that instant. Marcheville remonstrated. But the Pasha, without even allowing him to pack, hustled him aboard a French ship then in port, forced it to sail at once and, as the wind was contrary, caused it to be towed out into the open sea by two galleys.

Thus after three years' most ignominious career M. de Marcheville left Turkey, and M. de Césy once more took up his diplomatic functions, to perform which he had first of all to apply to the Capitan Pasha's temper the traditional emollient.[1]

But it was the next French ambassador, Jean de la Haye, who tasted the full rigour of Ottoman amiability. A letter in cipher addressed by him to the Venetians, with whom the Grand Signor at the time was trying to conclude peace, was intercepted and forwarded to Adrianople, where His Majesty resided at the moment. The Ambassador was peremptorily summoned to give an account of himself. Unable to undertake the journey through old age, gout, and fear, he sent instead his son Denis with the commercial secretary of the Embassy; for the other secretary, who was responsible for the cipher, dreading the anger of the Grand Vizier (the terrible old Mohammed Kuprili), had sought safety in flight.

Denis de la Haye, on reaching Adrianople, was immediately called up before the Divan, and subjected to a cross-examination. The insolent tone in which the questions were put provoked the young man to a defiant retort. The Turks, as incapable of receiving high words as they were ready to give them, were greatly incensed at his daring. Kuprili, choleric by nature and par-

[1] Ricaut's *History of the Turkish Empire* (1680), i. 36–37, 50–51.

ticularly ill-disposed towards the French, ordered the Chaoush-Bashi to strike De la Haye on the mouth, which the officer did with such vigour that he struck out two of the young man's teeth, and then dragged him downstairs by the hair of his head to a dungeon so foul and damp that the noxious vapours often extinguished the candle.

Thereupon the aged father was also brought to Adrianople and put under arrest. Both were kept in durance till the anger of the Turks was exorcised with the familiar rite. But their trials were not yet over. Scarcely had they returned to Constantinople, when news came that a French vessel loaded with Turkish goods had run away. The wretched Ambassador was again locked up—this time in the Seven Towers, where he remained for two months. At last, by the solicitations of his friends at the Porte and by presents, he was released, but deposed from his office, and the Embassy was put in charge of four French merchants. Yet he would not depart. He stayed on, praying for the speedy demise of the fierce and infirm Grand Vizier, and hoping that, when that happy event took place, he might recover his post and bequeath it to his son. But Kuprili, in spite of the Frenchman's prayers and his own ill-health, persisted in living. De la Haye had to go, and the Vizier vowed that, as long as he was above ground, no French ambassador should set foot in Constantinople.

However, all things come to an end. Mohammed Kuprili's life came to its own soon afterwards, and the King of France wrote to his son and successor Ahmed, desiring that the former good relations should be resumed and the ex-ambassador's son admitted to the place of his father. With this request the new Vizier graciously

complied, declaring that the Grand Signor's arms were open to all who came with submission and respect.

Louis anticipated that the Porte would make amends for its past misconduct by receiving with extraordinary marks of distinction the diplomatist upon whom they had once heaped such extraordinary indignities. This anticipation was founded on a singularly erroneous estimate of Turkish nature. The Grand Vizier absolutely declined to grant the exceptional honours which Denis de la Haye demanded, and the ambassador, refusing the usual cortège of ten chaoushes, walked from the landing-place up to the Embassy attended only by his own retinue (Dec. 7, 1665).

Incredible though it may sound in the representative of a nation which prides itself on psychological insight, and in a man, too, who had had such rich personal experience of Ottoman psychology generally and of the Kuprili psychology more particularly, De la Haye still hoped that the Porte, awed by his master's greatness, would honour him with concessions. Inspired by this hope he proceeded to demand the revocation of a commercial treaty which the Sultan had just concluded with the Genoese Republic, as prejudicial to his country's trade, more than hinting that the Turks by cultivating the friendship of Genoa ran the risk of earning the enmity of France. Ahmed calmly replied that the Grand Signor was master in his own house and free to choose his friends without consulting the King of France: such as were envious or discontented were at liberty to depart.[1]

After these preliminary shots at long range came a

[1] Winchilsea to Nicholas, March 4, $166\frac{0}{1}$; May 14, 1661; May 20, 1662; Ricaut, 162–164; Ricaut's *Memoirs* (1679), 106–110, 191–194.

face-to-face encounter. The Vizier received the Ambassador with more than the customary superciliousness. De la Haye withdrew at once, and sent word that if the Vizier did not rise on his entrance he would restore the Capitulations and go home. A second interview followed. The Vizier again refused to stir. Whereupon De la Haye dashed the Capitulations at his feet, and the Vizier called him a Jew. From words the disputants proceeded to deeds. The Chaoush-Bashi pushed De la Haye off the stool and struck him with it. De la Haye attempted to draw his sword, but was knocked down and locked up in the Grand Vizier's house. Three days later, Ahmed, after consulting with the Mufti and the Capitan Pasha, decided to grant the Ambassador another audience and make believe that it was the first. He received him with a sardonic smile: "What has passed, has passed," he said. "Let us be good friends in future." [1]

De la Haye, however, was determined to secure less dishonourable terms of intercourse for his King's representatives. On seeing the futility of his mission, he asked to be allowed to depart, and told the Porte that France would send no more ambassadors, but that he had power to appoint a Resident like those of Holland and Genoa. The Porte replied that, as his King had not written to the Grand Signor, they could not be sure that his request was by His Majesty's orders. They would, therefore, send a messenger of their own to Paris to find out the King's wishes. A few days later they commissioned a person of the lowest rank and abilities—"the buffoon of the camp"—to act as the bearer of a letter in which it was stated that, as the king had recalled his Ambassador without sending another, according

[1] Hammer, xi. 45, 229.

to custom, the Sultan sent his slave to know whether this proceeded from any displeasure with the Ambassador or with the Porte. The messenger being miserably poor, De la Haye had to provide him with three fur coats, worth three hundred dollars each, and one thousand dollars ready money. In spite of this aid, the envoy could not start until he had procured something more towards his expenses. To end a long tale, it was believed at the time that the affair cost De la Haye, as it was intended to do, more than twenty thousand dollars before he managed to get away.[1]

The French Court did its best to surround his departure, as well as the arrival of his successor, M. de Nointel, with circumstances nicely calculated to refurbish the tarnished name of France in the East. Its new representative entered the Golden Horn, in the winter of 1670, escorted by a squadron of four men-of-war, and the splendour of his entry was such as to excite the envy of his English colleague, who contrasted it ruefully with his own advent "on a pitiful merchant ship." These men-of-war haughtily refused to salute the Seraglio—a thing never known before—while they shot more than forty guns in the night when they received De la Haye on board: a thing as unusual as the other, which filled the whole of sleeping Stambul with alarm. But the French, always apt to overdo things, carried their defiance too far. One of their men-of-war anchored near the Seven Towers and assisted a very important prisoner—a French knight of Malta whom the Grand Vizier valued so highly that he had declined the large sums of money offered

[1] Lord Winchilsea to Lord Arlington $\frac{\text{Nov. } 22}{\text{Dec. } 2}$, 1668; Sir Daniel Harvey to the Same, no date, but apparently written in 1669. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 19. Cp. Ricaut's *Memoirs*, 256-257.

for his release—to escape. Small wonder that M. de Nointel fared no better than his predecessor—that he was pushed out of the Grand Vizier's room by the shoulders; the officer who performed this ceremony shouting at him, "Off you go, Giaour!" [1]

The virulence of the Turks against the French at this period was mainly due to their proselytizing and piratical activities, and also to the help they were affording the Venetians in Crete during their protracted defence of the island against the Grand Signor's armies. But it was aggravated by the insistence of the French representatives on more dignified treatment. M. de Nointel, like his predecessors, never wearied of demanding, and the Grand Vizier of denying, the privilege of sitting on the sofa. And it was only after repeated scenes [2] that he yielded the point. His Court, however, was not inclined to yield. His successor M. de Guilleragues stubbornly refused audience unless he had it on the sofa, and after eighteen months received letters from the King to the Sultan and to the Vizier, in which Louis disavowed Nointel's surrender, and declared that he would on no account acquiesce in the stool. Thereupon ensued a pretty situation. The ambassador would not go to the Grand Vizier unless he was received on the sofa. The Grand Vizier would not receive him except on the stool, and neither would he receive the King's letters from any other hand than the ambassador's.[3]

[1] Sir Daniel Harvey to Joseph Williamson, Nov. . . . 1670; the Same to Lord Arlington, Dec. 4, 1670; Ricaut's *Memoirs*, 291–293; Hammer, xii. 8.

[2] For a typical example see Ricaut's *Memoirs*, 335.

[3] Sir John Finch to the Earl of Sunderland, Oct. $\frac{8}{18}$, Nov. $\frac{6}{16}$, 1680; April $\frac{12}{22}$, 1681; the Same to Jenkins, May $\frac{10}{20}$, 1681.

For more than twenty-one months had this deadlock lasted, and the royal letters were still undelivered, when there came the Chios affair to cut the knot, as we have seen. At the time it was thought that De Quesne would sail through the Dardanelles to give cogency to Guilleragues's eloquence;[1] but the expectation was not fulfilled. It would seem that the monarch who domineered in so arrogant a manner over the West had lost all concern for his honour in the East; and the ambassador who had borne the brunt of that miserable business died at his post three years afterwards—from natural causes.

There ensued a lull. The Grand Vizier Kara-Mustafa was too much taken up with his glorious dreams of conquest abroad to pursue paltry quarrels at home. While he prepared a huge army for a march on Vienna, French corsairs, thinly disguised under the Portuguese flag, appeared in the Archipelago and inflicted considerable damage and disgrace upon the Ottoman flag; "but the proud Vizier, having his hands full another way, takes no manner of notice to the French Ambassador of any such matter; nay, when a command came to employ Frank ships for to transport soldiers from Alexandria to Salonica, the French only were spared in that command, leaving it doubtful to many whether out of friendship or fear; but there is no doubt that the Vizier heartily desires the French may attempt the Germans on one side while he devours them on the other, and I have reason to believe would pay roundly for such a convenience. But God forbid the French should ever,

[1] The Same to the Same, July 25, 1681; Sir Clement Harby to the Same, Zante, Feb. 20, $168\frac{1}{2}$. *S. P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 19.

for their private ends, give so fatal a blow to Christendom " [1]

The French did nothing of the sort. Nevertheless they played their cards so unscrupulously during that eventful decade and turned Turkey's hostilities with other Christians so skilfully to their own profit that in 1694 their representative, M. de Châteauneuf, obtained a firman to drive all the Venetians out of the Ottoman Empire—an unprecedented piece of severity: the Turks, while maltreating the ambassadors of the Powers with which they were at war, never molested the merchants, as Christian States did and still do; but even while hostilities were still in progress connived at commerce with the hostile country for the sake of revenue. He also procured a command to put the Syrian Patriarch into the galleys, ostensibly for speaking ill of the King of France, but really for opposing the endeavours of the Latin fathers to bring over the Orthodox Syrians to their Church. By way of a return for these favours, two members of the French Embassy, with two hundred officers and engineers, accompanied, in 1697, the Grand Vizier on his campaign against the Emperor.[2]

About the same time we hear that Turks of quality, instead of avoiding, patronized French ships in their voyages in the Mediterranean, and travelled with passports from the French Ambassador. A remarkable instance of this cordiality is furnished by a contemporary, though naturally biassed, witness. He relates that he made in Constantinople the acquaintance of a Turkish

[1] Lord Chandos to Secretary Jenkins, January $\frac{4}{14}$, $168\frac{2}{3}$. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 19.

[2] Nathaniel Harley to Sir Edward Harley, Aleppo, July 20, 1694; the Same to his brother, July 26, 1697. *Hist. MSS. Com. Rep.* XIII. *Pt.* ii. 245, 247.

Bey who spoke highly of the French benefits to his country. This gentleman had been sent to Algiers by the Grand Signor in a French vessel bound for Tripoli. There he transhipped into a Turkish vessel; but this ship was wrecked on the coast of Sicily, and all the survivors were enslaved by the Sicilians. Fortunately the Bey had saved his French passport and, as soon as he showed it, his fate underwent a complete change: he and all his attendants were presented with new clothes, supplied with everything they needed, and given a ship which took them to Algiers. On his return journey the Bey embarked again in a French vessel which touched at Marseilles. He was treated with the greatest honour both on board the ship and ashore, the town of Marseilles welcoming and speeding him in a manner that raised his good opinion of the French nation to the highest possible pitch.[1]

But with Châteauneuf's departure from Constantinople the ill-humour on both sides broke violently forth again. The struggle for the sofa having ended in a triumph for the Porte, a new struggle on another point of etiquette arose, when M. de Ferriol, on his first audience of the Sultan (January 5, 1700), attempted to assert the majesty of France by appearing with his sword by his side, and was, in consequence, thrust out of doors. Unabashed, he had recourse to various other expedients, more or less sensational, for proving that "Le roi Soleil" was as good as the "Brother of the Sun." The curious in such matters will find ample food for amusement in the pages of the Moldavian Prince Demetrius Cantemir, who narrates the Baron's pranks with the meticulous malice of an Oriental sycophant, too well accustomed

[1] Paul Lucas, *Second Voyage au Levant*, 43. Cp. *Troisième Voyage*, i. 43 foll.

to the servilities of the Seraglio to be able to understand the Frank's persistent irreverence, save on the hypothesis of madness.[1] And, in truth, it appears that the French Court, finding no other way out of an impossible position, ended by ordering its representative to feign insanity, and Ferriol was finally sent home chained, leaving the Grand Signor and his minions henceforth in the undisturbed enjoyment of their insolence.

* * * * *

The tameness of the King of France in tolerating this treatment of his representatives at the Porte excited the wonder of all who knew how tender of his dignity he was, and how keenly he resented the least slight on his envoys at other courts. They recalled the sanguinary fight for precedence between his own and the Spanish ambassador in London, and were unable to understand how the same sovereign could be so aggressively touchy there and so thick-skinned here; thus "making sport for the Turks and rendering all the other princes of Christendom the like subjects of their scorn."[2] Yet the explanation is simple enough: expediency. It would not have paid the great Louis to do in Constantinople what he did in London, for the Sultans, contemptible as they already were, were not yet quite so contemptible as the Stuarts.

On the other hand, some modern English writers,

[1] See his *History of the Growth and Decay of the Othman Empire* (Eng. tr. 1756), 423–425. In the French version of the case (Tournefort, ii. 214–226), the man whom Cantemir represents as an irresponsible lunatic is emphatically praised for "his presence of mind" and "firm resolution": so much depends on the point of view. It may be added that Ferriol's own diplomatic *Correspondance* (Antwerp, 1870) does not betray more than the normal amount of insanity.

[2] Lord Winchilsea to Nicholas, May 20, 1662. For the Franco-Spanish fray alluded to see Pepys's *Diary*, Sept. 30, 1661.

like George Finlay, have animadverted in no mild terms on the "presumption and petulance" of the French ambassadors, describing their attempts to break through the humiliating Ottoman etiquette and the importance they attached to the question where and how they were to sit, as "a despicable exhibition of childish folly." The criticism is quite beside the mark. That there was a dose of vanity mixed with the self-assertion of those gentlemen cannot be denied; but surely their main motive was a motive of principle the soundness of which a little knowledge of the world is enough to make plain to the least imaginative: how could a person sitting on a stool ever negotiate with a person lolling on a sofa on a footing of equality?[1] All things considered, it is to the credit of the French that they alone among Western diplomatists had the spirit and the sense to resist what their colleagues only resented. By the same token, it reflects anything but credit on the courage or the intelligence of those who, instead of seconding the representatives of France in their struggle for decency and sharing in the fruits of the victory, endeavoured to make capital out of their discomfiture. It was this selfish and short-sighted pusillanimity that emboldened the Porte to go on treating the princes of Christendom as so many dogs.

The French, left unsupported, gave up the struggle at length; and the ambassadors of Louis XIV's suc-

[1] The English ambassadors were as conscious of the importance of the seat as their French colleagues, and not less covetous of the honour: only more cautious. Lord Chandos, on April $\frac{17}{27}$, 1682, wrote to Secretary Jenkins: "For the sofa there is very slender hopes for either English or French. I am persuaded we are in as fair a way for that feather as they are, though we talk less about it." *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 19.

cessors tried, like their colleagues, to do by *bakshish* what could not be done by bluster. They had their reward. In 1719, Count Virmont obtained for the Catholics of Chios the restoration of the privileges which they had forfeited in 1695. Five years later Viscount d'Andrezel obtained permission to build a new chapel in the Consulate of the island. Fifteen years later still the Marquis de Villeneuve managed to insert in the French Capitulations a clause which authorized the Latins to take possession of several holy places.[1] Illusory as these concessions often proved (the Sultan was a past master in the art of taking back with one hand what he had just given with the other), they served the purpose of encouraging the Catholic missionaries in their work of proselytism and so, indirectly, of promoting the political influence of France over the Levant.

More tangible were the commercial advantages which French diplomacy, by its "prudence," secured in the Grand Signor's dominions during the eighteenth century. The English Levant Company vainly strove to hold its own against the French competitor, and the latter flourished in proportion as the former languished. English conservatism, lack of organization, and general slackness, as contrasted with the opposite qualities in their rivals, contributed very largely to this result;[2] but it cannot be doubted that French mercantile enterprise was powerfully assisted by the predominance of French

[1] Hammer, xiv; *Une ambassade française en Orient sous Louis XV; Mission du marquis de Villeneuve*, 1728–41. By A. Vandal (1887).

[2] All that has been said of late years concerning the causes of the development of German at the expense of English trade in the Near East was said in the eighteenth century. By reading "German" for "French" you get a wonderful anticipation of modern history in Sir James Porter's able work on *The State of the Turkey Commerce* (1771).

diplomacy on the Bosphorus. In Syria alone French imports—cloths of Languedoc, Lyons laces, soap, hardware, indigo, sugar, West Indies coffee, etc.—attained the sum, enormous in those days, of six million livres (£250,000) a year; and French travellers, with a pride as pardonable as it was natural, wrote: "France has the greatest trade to Syria of any European nation." [1]

The policy of which these were the fruits may be described briefly as a vigorous and consistent support of Turkey against all her enemies. A most valuable commerce, amounting nearly to a monopoly, and ulterior ambitions of territorial aggrandizement in the Near East induced France to regard with a jealous eye any augmentation of Austria or Russia at the Sultan's expense. Accordingly, in 1739, France thought to do a stroke of business which would enhance her own influence in Europe, lay the Sultan under an obligation, earn her the gratitude of Austria, and preserve the balance of power, by offering to the Austro-Russo-Turkish belligerents her services as peacemaker. The Emperor snatched at the offer with the eagerness of despair. The Empress and the Sultan were both persuaded to rest satisfied with their laurels; and there ensued the last advantageous treaty concluded by the Ottoman Empire through its own military victories and the diplomatic dexterity of its Western ally.[2]

In the next great tempest the Porte went through (1768-1774) the intentions of France, at all events, were benevolent. The famous M. de Tott, a French ex-Consul at the Dardanelles versed in military engineering, repaired the old and erected new fortifications

[1] See C. F. Volney, *Travels through Syria and Egypt*, 1783–1785 (Eng. tr. 1793), 142, 513–514.

[2] See Hammer and Vandal *op. cit.*

in the Straits, to the great satisfaction of the Porte. Then, as if to put his loyalty beyond the shadow of a doubt, he embraced Islam, entered the Ottoman service, and founded a school of military engineeers under the immediate patronage of the Grand Signor. He worked with so much devotion at his new calling that in a few years he was believed to have accomplished a marvellous improvement in the management of the Turkish artillery and in the frontier defences of the Empire.[1] The confidence with which this talented renegade inspired the Turks, reinforced by the French ambassador's instigations, drove them to their disastrous conflict with Russia (1768-1774). "I myself have kindled this war!" bragged M. de Vergennes, Louis XV's representative on the Bosphorus. History does not record what he said when all the efforts of his master to save the Sultan's furniture from the conflagration failed.

The lesson was not lost on France, and when the next storm appeared on the northern horizon, she did all that was possible to ward it off. It was clear by this time that Turkey could not defend herself against Russia; and France, distracted by the rumblings which heralded the imminent upheaval of the Great Revolution, could not defend her. The French Government declared to the Porte that it was utterly impossible for it to interfere in any other manner than as a mediator. This declaration was far from satisfactory to the Turkish people, who, considering France as a sure ally, built much upon her naval assistance in keeping the Russians out of the Mediterranean. They resented their disappointment so much that only the Sultan's firmness and vigilance

[1] *The Annual Register*, 1773, 24–25. Cp. John Murray to the Earl of Shelburne, Constantinople, Aug. 17, 1768. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 44.

saved the French ambassador—the learned scholar and archæologist Count de Choiseul Gouffier—from outrage at the hands of the mob.[1] But the Porte understood perfectly well that only the deranged state of his own affairs could compel the French monarch to remain a quiescent spectator of the ruin of his profitable ally. His representative had been indefatigable in his endeavours to prevent the war, and no less zealous since in his exertions to stop it. The Franco-Turkish alliance which had already lasted unbroken more than two centuries—a period scarcely paralleled in the chronicles of international friendships—still held.

The first breach was created by Bonaparte's invasion of Egypt in 1798. That act induced the Sultan to join the second coalition against France, and roused his Moslem subjects to great fury against their former allies. This revulsion of feeling spread as far as the limits of the Ottoman Empire, and the rivals of France in Asia, as in Europe, hastened to turn it to their own account. "The inhabitants of this part of the Turkish territory," writes the East India Company's Agent at Bussora to his colleague at Aleppo, "abominate them, and the Bacha of Bagdat has most cordially co-operated with me in counteracting French intrigues there."[2]

The breach was repaired after Bonaparte's expulsion from the East, and on the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens (1802) the French resumed their old rôle of the Sultan's friends and allies, almost as if nothing had happened. Their influence at the Porte kept pace with the progress of their power on the Continent, and reached its zenith in 1805, when Turkey was incited to take the

[1] *The Annual Register*, 1788, 23.

[2] Samuel Manesty to Robert Abbott, Oct. 3, 1798. *S.P. Foreign, Supplementary, No.* 67.

side of Napoleon in his war with the third coalition. The French could not prevent the Russian armies from marching into the Danubian dependencies of the Ottoman Empire, but they did save its capital from the ships of Russia's English ally. It was Napoleon's ambassador, General Sébastiani, who, with many French officers and gunners under his command, organized the defence of Constantinople, and who directed the diplomatic negotiations which gave the Porte time to complete its preparations. As a result of Sébastiani's skill, the English admiral Duckworth reached his destination too late, and was glad enough to get the major part of his fleet safely out of the Dardanelles again.

But Turkey was a mere pawn in Napoleon's gigantic game. He was far too shrewd an observer to overestimate the value of an ally who had been moribund for ages and kept alive only by the inability of the various claimants to his inheritance to reconcile their clashing claims. Accordingly, he did not hesitate in the Peace of Tilsit (1807) to abandon the Sultan to the Tsar's tender mercies. The two Emperors agreed then that, if the Porte disobeyed, they would join forces to liberate the European provinces from its effete and oppressive rule—such, at all events, was the euphemistic way in which the French Press put it. We even have it on the authority of the Tsar that Napoleon said to him: "It is impossible any longer to endure the presence of the Turks in Europe; you are at liberty to chase them into Asia; but observe only, I rely upon it that Constantinople is not to fall into the hands of any European Power." [1]

[1] Prince Hardenberg's *Memoirs*, ix. 432. Years afterwards Napoleon at St. Helena explained that he "thought it would benefit the world to drive those brutes the Turks out of Europe." O'Meara, i. 382.

The Turks who had so lately intoned hymns of praise to the French saviour of their country, now raged at his treachery. But what could they do? Times had changed since the golden age when they were allowed to treat the Great Powers of Europe as "little dogs." They had realized at last that they possessed nothing of the lion, except his roar. The Ottoman Empire was at that moment menaced with destruction from without and disruption from within. One Grand Signor had just been deposed by the turbulent Janissaries and another put in his place, only to be replaced by a third in a few months. Amidst this turmoil arrived the French mandate: make peace with the Tsar at once, and on the Tsar's terms, lest worse things befall!

This was the end of the ancient alliance between Turkey and France. Napoleon in 1807 uprooted the friendship which Francis had planted in 1536. The part which France played in the emancipation of Greece (1827-1830) completed the estrangement.

* * * * *

Thenceforward France became in Turkish eyes one of the several vultures which hovered over their dying Empire, greedily watching for its final gasp.

The portions of the carcass chiefly coveted by France were Egypt and Syria. This was the real motive of the French Government's lively interest in the Latin monks and their machinations at Jerusalem. So far back as 1687 it was believed that the French ambassador had demanded from the Porte the cession of the Holy Land, promising that his master would, in return, make war on the Emperor.[1] Some eighty years later the project of seizing and colonizing Egypt was suggested by M.

[1] Nathaniel Harley to Sir Edward Harley, Aleppo, Oct. 29, 1687. *Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep.* XIII, *Pt.* ii. 242.

de Vergennes to his Government, and, at one time, was very seriously thought of. This ancient dream had been revived and re-invigorated by Napoleon. He passed away, but not the memory of his romantic expedition. Napoleon had shown to the people of France the way to the East for which their ancestors under the monarchy had schemed in vain: he had laid open before them the dazzling prospect of an Asiatic colonial empire destined to rival and, perhaps, to replace the Oriental empire of the English. It was a fascinating vision; but the Turks did not like it.

The suspicions of the Porte were strengthened by the extraordinary sympathy manifested in France for its rebel subject the Pasha of Egypt (1832-1840)—a sympathy which synchronized ominously with the French occupation of Algeria. The French affected to see in Mohammed Ali a regenerator of the East, and they pretended that the more they assisted him, the stronger would the Sultan's position be. The Sultan was unable to share this view, but put quite a different interpretation on the attitude of France. Other things deepened the Sultan's distrust. France, in spite of the Revolution and her virtual abdication of her rôle as the eldest daughter of the Church, continued to pose as the champion of Romanism abroad, claiming, by virtue of ancient traditions and Capitulations, the right to protect all Catholics in the Ottoman Empire, without any invidious distinctions as to nationality; and the perpetual squabbles between Eastern and Western monks over the Holy Sepulchre afforded her frequent opportunities for asserting her claim.

It was one of these squabbles that, as the irony of things would have it, impelled France, in 1854, to defend by force of arms the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

Her championship of Western Christians collided with Russia's solicitude for Eastern Christians. A petty row between two sets of cassocked fanatics in Palestine developed rapidly, under the fostering care of a wise diplomacy, into an international dispute, which presently, with England's help, culminated in the Crimean War.[1] For an instant, Turks and Frenchmen found themselves again brothers-in-arms, as in the good old days, and Paris had the honour of witnessing the conclusion of the Treaty which was to give the Sick Man another chance of recovery.

Whatever gratitude the Turks may have conceived towards France for her Crimean adventure was soon obliterated by her interference in the Lebanon. And there again the excuse was the protection of Catholicism—only not against Russian schismatics this time. The inhabitants of that mountain district of Syria are divided mainly into Moslem Druses and Catholic Maronites, two sects whose reciprocal detestation led in 1860, as it had once before, to a savage warfare, ending in a wholesale massacre. The Porte, as usual, proved unable to cope with the crisis, and France hastened to propose to the other Powers intervention. The Powers agreed, and let France send an army corps to restore order. The French Government did not expect to be allowed to establish a permanent occupation of Syria, but it calculated that the sight of the French guns in the East would serve as an advertisement especially effective at a time when French capital and engineering skill were displaying themselves on the Isthmus of Suez. This

[1] The comical incidents which led up to that tragedy will be found set forth, with all undue solemnity, in the Blue Book, *Correspondence respecting the Rights and Privileges of the Latin and Greek Churches in Turkey*, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty in 1854.

was the gain, so far as France was concerned. So far as Turkey was concerned, the upshot of these politico-military proceedings was a modification of the administrative status of the Lebanon in a sense which weakened very considerably the Sultan's grasp upon it.

Six years later, when troubles in the Danubian Principalities threatened Turkey with further disintegration, the hostility of the French Government, and even more that of its agents at Constantinople, filled the Turks with inexpressible terror,[1] which is not surprising.

After her disastrous war with Germany (1870) France, by drawing near to Russia, became doubly hostile to Turkey: hostile on her own account, and also on account of the Power which in time was to be acclaimed by the Paris newspapers as the *nation amie et alliée*. Through the troublous period that immediately preceded the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 the Tsar's representative at the Porte found in his French colleague a faithful second, and in the French military agent an unpaid spy.[2] The Turks expressed their resentment by murdering the French Consul at Salonica, M. Moulin (1876).

In the Congress of Berlin (1878) France maintained that attitude of reserve which the sense of her weakness imposed. Her delegate, M. Waddington, wished to regain for his country in the counsels of Europe the diplomatic influence which she had lost through her

[1] See Lord Lyons to the Earl of Clarendon, March 14, 1866; the Same to Earl Cowley, April 18, 1866, in Lord Newton's life of *Lord Lyons*, i. 153, 154.

[2] See Nelidow's "Souvenirs," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 15, July 15, 1915. It is interesting for the political psychologist to contrast this with the French attitude before the humiliation of 1870. In the 'sixties on nearly every matter the two Embassies were in opposition to each other. So much so that the Russian ambassador used to declare that his French colleague's insupportable arrogance made business with him impossible. See Lord Newton's life of *Lord Lyons*, i. 148.

military defeat; but circumstances being stronger than wishes he had to content himself with a platonic reaffirmation of French interests in Egypt and Syria. Three years later, however, the designs of the Republic against the Ottoman Empire began to materialize. In 1881, under some more or less fictitious pretexts, French troops invaded Tunisia, and, without reducing the principality formally to the position of Algeria, they established over it an indirect control more effective than any formal annexation could be. Thus France violated the very integrity of the Sultan's dominions which she had guaranteed by the Treaty of Paris. The Sultan contemplated this revolution of the political wheel with fatalistic resignation. Diplomacy takes no account of treaty-rights that are not backed by force.

Next year France had another opportunity for aggrandizement at Turkey's expense—for realizing, partially at all events, her dream of conquest in the Eastern Mediterranean. But she missed it by one of those blunders which occur now and then to mystify the unofficial student of history. That year the question of Egypt was opened. The profligacy of Mohammed Ali's successors had delivered the country up to the tender mercies of the money-lenders and of the Governments that stood behind them. The bulk of the Egyptian debt was in the hands of French and English bondholders. It was clearly to the interest of France and England to co-operate; and they did co-operate up to a certain point. But when the moment came for action, French policy had a most mysterious attack of paralysis. Should the Republic intervene to put down Arabi's revolt against the Khedive's incompetent rule, or should it leave England to intervene alone? French opinion was divided on the question—that other question, whether it would

not be better to support Arabi's movement and assist the national regeneration of Egypt, did not, of course, trouble politicians on either side of the Channel. One party advocated joint action with England and a division of the spoils of the Egyptians. The other party dwelt on the dangers to which an expedition in the East might lay open the Republic in the West. France, they argued, should not divert her attention from the Rhine to the Nile: what would the spoils of the Egyptians avail her, if thereby she ran the risk of being herself once more spoiled by the Prussians? The Premier, M. de Freycinet, as undecided as the public, attempted to satisfy both parties and ended by earning the execrations of both. He wished to intervene on the Isthmus of Suez, but not in the valley of the Nile, and asked from the Chamber funds for the military occupation of the Canal. The advocates of intervention found the proposal too timid, its adversaries too bold; and both sides concurred in refusing to supply funds. Not the least remarkable feature of this very remarkable exhibition of political fatuity was this—France dreaded a Turkish participation in a joint intervention, even if it were only moral, far more than the exclusive landing of English troops! [1]

France tried to console herself for the loss of Egypt by pushing on her propaganda in Syria and other parts of the Ottoman Empire, and extending her moral, commercial, and political influence in the Eastern Mediterranean. These activities brought her into constant

[1] M. de Freycinet was afterwards accused of having sold his country to the *perfide Albion*. But that native blindness to realities, not foreign gold, was responsible for the Republic's suicidal pusillanimity is made abundantly clear by the dispatches exchanged between the English Ambassador Lord Lyons and the Foreign Secretary Lord Granville. See Lord Newton's life of the former, ii. 258–304.

friction with the Porte; and during the Armenian troubles of 1894-1896 more than five hundred scholastic, religious, and charitable establishments, French or under French protection, were destroyed or damaged by the Turks. At that time the fear of a general European war, for which neither France nor her Russian ally was prepared, compelled France to remain quiescent. But a few years later (1901) she seized the pretext offered by a financial dispute between the Porte and two French money-lenders in the Levant to bully the Sultan into submission. Her ambassador, M. Constans, left Constantinople, and her fleet seized the Custom House of Mytilene. The Turks, finding assistance nowhere, were obliged to grant every one of the French claims. They not only paid the usurers' bill, but they consented to the rebuilding or restoration of all the propagandist institutions, and, moreover, bound themselves to recognize the legal status of these establishments, and of any others that might be founded in the future. The French celebrated their triumph in a manner as offensive to Turkish feelings as the concessions they had wrung from the Sultan were detrimental to Turkish interests. A flamboyant thanksgiving service took place in the Romano-Chaldean church at Constantinople, while in Syria the various Catholic communities gave vent to their exultation not only in Te Deums, but also in grateful messages to the Government of the Republic through the French Consuls. Shortly afterwards, a grand fête was held at the Jesuits' College of Beyrout, and the French Chargé d'Affaires invited the Porte to send delegates to assist at the examination of the students!

The efforts of French financiers to further their pacific penetration into the Ottoman Empire and the penury of the Ottoman Exchequer combined to create many

occasions for bad feeling between the two Governments. The Sultan was often obliged to have recourse to French capital for the construction of railways, the exploitation of coal mines, and other works of public utility. But he was seldom able to meet his obligations punctually. Hence frequent quarrels which did not lead to a rupture of diplomatic relations only because the French Government recognized that it would not be prudent to repeat the performance of 1901. In all these affairs, it is hardly necessary to state, France enjoyed the cordial aid of Russia, and in return gave Russia her own cordial aid both during the reign of Abdul Hamid and after his fall. The result was that the French Republic became identified, in the estimation of all Turks, Young and Old alike, with the Russian Empire, and shared, in a measure, the sentiments which they entertained towards that Power.

Chapter III

RUSSIA AND THE TURKS

BAKSHISH might conciliate the Turk's favour; but the only thing that ever commanded his respect was brute force. The Russians proved themselves worthy of respect at a very early date. In 1569 the troops of Ivan the Terrible met those of Sultan Selim II outside the town of Astrakhan and handled them in a manner which produced a lasting impression on the Turkish mind. And so it came about that, while the sovereigns of the West, through their unfortunate representatives, grovelled at the Grand Signor's feet, the ruler of Muscovy was able to treat with him on terms of absolute equality, and "filled his letters with high threats and hyperbolical expressions of his power and with as swelling titles as the Turk." [1] This equality was illustrated not less vividly by other things than words. Thus, if in 1624 two Russian ambassadors were put to death by the Turks, in 1642 a Turkish ambassador was murdered by the Russians; [2] and neither event diminished the esteem which the Sultan nourished for a nation credited with the ability to put one hundred and fifty thousand horse in the field. It is true that, until the

[1] Ricaut, 176.

[2] See the List of Embassies to the Porte in Hammer, xvii. 152. There mention is also made of two Russian ambassadors sent in 1529, who having "disappeared," a third came to look for them.

Holy Alliance between Russia, Poland, Austria and Venice, which led to the Peace of Carlowitz (January 26, 1699), Russia did not pose as a protagonist in the struggle of Christendom against Islam. As yet imperfectly conscious of her own strength and of Turkey's weakness, Russia had been content to leave the principal rôle in that drama to Austria and Venice. But for all that, the Lion at Stambul felt towards his Muscovite neighbour as he felt towards no other Christian dog.

By an odd whim of Fortune, Russian prestige in the East was temporarily lowered by the same monarch who raised it to such a height in the West. Peter the Great, elated by his victory over the brilliant soldier-king of Sweden, Charles XII, and his model infantry (1709), was reckless enough to despise the old-fashioned Janissaries. He paid for his rashness in 1711, when, attacked by superior Ottoman forces on the banks of the Pruth, he was compelled to surrender with the remnant of his army. He ransomed himself by signing a treaty as humiliating to Russia as it was advantageous to Turkey. No one was more surprised by the Turkish success than the Turks themselves. It was with the greatest reluctance and many forebodings of disaster that they had entered upon the war. A prophecy which was in every mouth at this time—that the Muscovites were fated to take Constantinople and overturn their Empire—struck a strange damp on their spirits.[1] The rebound was all the more violent. The awe which the Russians had formerly inspired gave place to a feeling of contempt : the Muscovites, after all, were no worthier of a True Believer's regard than any other species of Giaours.

It was the wish to blot out the memory of that disgrace

[1] Nathaniel Harley to Auditor Harley, Aleppo, Dec. 29, 1710. *Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep. XIII, Pt. ii.* 251.

and to re-establish her country's prestige, more than hunger for conquest, that prompted the Empress Anne to renew hostilities with Turkey in 1736. In this object she succeeded. Her gifted field-marshal Münnich, in the first campaign, stormed the lines of Perekop across the narrow neck of the Crimea, and hacked his way into the peninsula, while one of his subordinates took Azoff. Next year he followed up these triumphs with the capture of Ochakoff, an important Turkish stronghold on the Black Sea coast between the mouths of the Dnieper and the Dniester. The Sultan saw Bessarabia and Moldavia devastated by the Russian hosts, while simultaneously the Austrians threatened Servia and Bosnia. Had the Kaiser a general of the same stamp as the Tsarina, it would have fared ill with the Grand Signor. Fortunately for him, the prowess of one of his adversaries was neutralized by the imbecility of the other, and his losses in the eastern theatre of war were more than eclipsed by his achievements in the western.

Austria sued for peace (September, 1739); and Russia, left alone and faced by serious financial difficulties, to say nothing of a victory-flushed Ottoman army, made a virtue of necessity. A month after the Kaiser's capitulation, the Tsarina agreed to restore to the Sultan nearly all her gains and to rest satisfied with her glory, which, after all, was the main object of her enterprise. Sterile of material advantage though this war proved to Russia, its moral effect upon the Turks was immense. We have it on the authority of a most competent witness that for fifteen years afterwards, "not only the Russian arms but their very name was dreaded by the Turks, and the Court of Petersburg acted (at Constantinople) as if it had a right to command." [1]

[1] Porter, 251.

However, the Sultan who had felt the edge of the Muscovite sword died in 1754, and immediately the pashas changed their attitude: "It is no longer Sultan Mahmud's reign!" they used to say, and the Russian encroachments at which they had hitherto connived now moved them to vigorous remonstrance. The period of tension lasted till 1768, when the long-twisted cable snapped, and there ensued a conflict which, both on account of its duration and of its consequences, deserves a somewhat fuller notice.

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In the summer of that year the Polish troubles had reached a climax: the Confederates, who were morally supported by France and Turkey, were routed by the Dissidents who enjoyed the dubious blessing of Russia's military support, and a body of the defeated patriots sought among the Sultan's Tartar subjects refuge from the ferocity of Catherine II's Cossacks. They were pursued over the frontier by the Cossacks, who assaulted them in the town of Balta, killed many and made the rest prisoners, incidentally setting fire to the town. This outrage, magnified by rumour into a deliberate massacre of a thousand Moslem men, women and children, caused an outburst of frenetic indignation in Stambul. The city and its suburbs rang with the cry for revenge: only the blood of giaours could atone for the murder of True Believers. At the Porte a council was hastily called, the result of which was that messengers were forthwith sent to collect troops, and in a few days several companies of Janissaries and others were dispatched north.[1]

Catherine did not want war at that moment; and her

[1] John Murray to the Earl of Shelburne, Aug. 1, 1768. This and the other dispatches cited in the following pages will be found in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 44

Resident at the Porte, Alexis Obreskoff, was profuse in apologies and excuses. But the Turks, instigated by the French Ambassador, M. de Vergennes, declined to listen. The Sultan had already made numberless and fruitless representations to the Petersburg Government on its interference with Poland's domestic affairs, and the Russian answer had always been the conventional one: Our troops are there only to restore order; as soon as this laudable end is attained they shall be withdrawn. In vain did Obreskoff reiterate these assurances now, pledging "everything that can be dear to him for the sincerity of his Court." [1] The Porte's reply to all his protestations was: "Send the troops out of Poland." [2]

At last the explosion came. Early in October, M. Obreskoff was summoned to the Porte. He arrived with the whole of his staff, and, after being detained three-quarters of an hour in the ante-room, he was ushered into the Audience Chamber. The audience was very much to the point. No sooner had the Russian Minister sat down, and before he could utter a word, than tha Grand Vizier said to him: "Behold, the affair is reduced to this,"—and he read out a paper the contents of which were in substance as follows: "The Poles are molested and harassed contrary to promise. The barges of the subjects of the Porte upon the Dniester were sunk by your troops. Balta was burnt, and there were Turks and Tartars killed. Upon the complaint of the Khan, the General of Kieff made no satisfaction, excusing himself that this disorder arose from the Heidamacks, though it is certain they were Russians. You promised that the Russian troops should go away; but they are still there. You said there were only seven thousand men in

[1] John Murray to the Earl of Shelburne, Aug. 17, 1768.
[2] The Same to the Same, Oct. 1, 1768.

Poland, and without cannon; but it is known that their number is much greater, and they have cannon: therefore you are a traitor, and your treason is manifest. Wherefore an answer is now expected from you in two words: whether you will engage yourself formally, and with the guarantee of allies, to make the troops depart, or have war."

The Resident was beginning an explanation, when the Grand Vizier cut him short: "This is not a place for conference. You must say in two words, you accept the proposal, or war." Obreskoff replied that the troops should be withdrawn as soon as the Polish affair was settled. The Grand Vizier, apparently not grasping the purport of this evasive statement as it was translated to him by the Dragoman, looked appeased and bade the Russian retire for a moment. Presently the Dragoman was sent to his master in the ante-room to ask if he would engage himself that his Government should desist from aiding the Dissidents and from all pretensions in Poland. The Minister answered that, this matter being entirely new and never mentioned before, he could not engage himself; but that he would write to his Government for a categorical answer. The Grand Vizier retorted: "You have said thirty times already that you would write, and your categorical answer never comes. From this the Sultan concludes that you intend to surprise him." The Russian proudly rejoined that his Court had no intention of surprising a State with which it considered itself equal to treat openly any day. Thereupon the Grand Vizier flew, according to custom, into a violent passion, and the Resident was told to wait for the Sultan's sublime orders. After waiting, with his attendants, nearly five hours, he received the Imperial command that he, three of his dragomans, his secretary, and two

of his servants should be sent to the Seven Towers, the rest of his suite being at liberty to go to their homes. And, without further ado, Catherine's representative found himself in prison.[1]

Obreskoff was not unprepared for this stroke. Through his secret agents he had kept himself pretty well informed of what was going on at the Porte, and on the previous day he had gone, in great perturbation, to see the British Ambassador John Murray, and begged him to take his children under his protection, as their mother was an Englishwoman.[2] Murray very readily acceded; and as soon as he heard of his colleague's arrest, he hastened to write to the Grand Vizier that, at the parents' request and as their mother was an English lady, he had placed M. Obreskoff's four children under the care of their grandmother, so that they should not be exposed to accidents at the hands of the servants, adding that he would be particularly happy if he could obtain for their father, in consideration of his bad state of health, the favour of being confined in his own house—a boon which, if granted by the Fulgid Porte, out of its benign condescension to the English Ambassador, could not fail to be highly appreciated by his royal master.[3]

The next day the Prussian Envoy also presented a Memorial to the same effect. But the Porte, instead of releasing the Russian Minister from the Seven Towers, sent there also his fourth dragoman, as well as another Russian diplomatist who had come to Constantinople

[1] John Murray to the Earl of Shelburne, Oct. 7; Oct. 10, 1768.

[2] She was the daughter of Mr. Peter Abbott, the Levant Company's late Treasurer at Constantinople. See the Abbott pedigree at the Heralds' College.

[3] The composition of this delicate document (in superlative Italian) gave the Ambassador much trouble, and he transcribes it with proportionate complacency. John Murray to the Earl of Shelburne, Oct. 10, 1768.

some time before to relieve the ailing Obreskoff. The only thing this Anglo-Prussian intercession on their behalf did was to procure for the prisoners more humane treatment than had been experienced by other tenants of that dismal jail. The English Government, whose policy was to foil the French designs and to supplant Prussian influence both at Petersburg and at Constantinople, exerted itself to prevent a Russo-Turkish rupture. George III calculated that, by effecting a conciliation, he would reap a twofold gain: he would show the Tsarina how great was his power at the Porte for her good and, at the same time, cultivate that consideration from the Porte to which England, as the first maritime State, considered herself entitled. To that end, he wrote both to the Sultan and to the Grand Vizier, pleading for peace and signing himself their affectionate brother. Further, as nothing could be done in Turkey without bribery, the ambassador was authorized to spend eight or ten thousand dollars, should that sum be required, in order to obtain due attention for His Majesty's offer of mediation: it was highly necessary that the English advances, even though they might be unsuccessful, should at least meet with a respectful negative.[1]

Mr. Murray, armed with two royal epistles, lengthy instructions, which left little to his initiative and nothing to his imagination, and ten thousand dollars, had to persuade the Turks that it was to their interest to come to terms with the Tsarina; to point out to them Russia's military superiority; to tell them that they could not expect any future act of friendship from the only great Power in Europe that had invariably maintained a friendly attitude towards them, should they reject his interposition on that occasion; and, though his instruc-

[1] Lord Weymouth to John Murray, Nov. 23, 1768.

tions forbade any sort of menace or show of ill-humour, to leave his hearers in some doubt as to His Majesty's conduct under such a disappointment. But it was all to no purpose. The Turks were in far too exalted a frame of mind to reason. The Sultan was dreaming of conquests. The populace was in a white heat of martial and religious fervour. And the few pashas who shrank from a conflict with the Empire which had already given them such bitter proofs of its might felt that a moment had arrived at which no Government could accept a compromise without exciting at home discontents more formidable than any peril from without could possibly be.

And of Turkey, at this hour, it could hardly be said that she had a Government. Ministers rose and fell every few weeks. One day the Sultan, when in a brave mood, called to office a bellicose Grand Vizier, and the next, when in a less heroic mood, he banished him. At such times he seemed to repent of having sent the Russian Resident to the Seven Towers so hastily. But these lucid intervals were short-lived. The French Ambassador saw to it that no pacific Grand Vizier stayed in office, and the Sultan's favourites, upon whom the French arguments and presents were lavished, in their cups talked of nothing but war. The English ambassador, when all hopes of an accommodation were lost, renewed his efforts on M. Obreskoff's behalf, entreating the Porte, in the King's name, that he should be conducted safely to the Russian frontier or by sea to Italy, on account of his precarious health. His petition was well received, and the Porte proved so indulgent as to change the Russian Minister's prison, transferring him from the Seven Towers to the house of the Keeper.[1] There he was

[1] John Murray to the Earl of Shelburne, Dec. 1, 1768.

comfortably lodged for the duration of the war; and four years later we find him participating in the tedious negotiations which resulted in the Peace of Kainarji (1774).

That Peace was the *dénouement* to one of the worst staged military tragedies our planet has ever witnessed; and it would need great assurance to decide which of the actors cut the most despicable figure. The Turks rushed into this adventure, on the spur of passion, in the autumn of 1768. During the winter their preparations were pushed on with feverish inefficiency. The inhabitants of Constantinople busied themselves buying new arms and cleaning old ones. All the carpenters and caulkers were pressed into the arsenal. The bakers were employed in making an immense quantity of biscuit. The Sultan himself was frequently present at the springing of mines and firing of cannon. In the provinces the public criers summoned the militia to hold themselves ready to march towards the Dniester. Pardon was offered to an infinite number of bandits on condition that they should enlist. Throughout the Empire the levies daily grew, roads were mended, provisions of all kinds were hurried to the Polish frontier; many foreign ships were freighted to go for corn to the Archipelago; and many new magazines were built to receive it. Everywhere, from the Danube to the Euphrates, the local commanders of the feudal levies vied with each other in their display of costly equipages: tents of gold stuffs, standards of satin, silver-mounted weapons.

Ordinary English observers, mistaking, as such observers are apt to do, bustle for business, wrote home: "More provision has been made here for war in eight days than would have been done in any other nation in Europe in as many months." But less superficial

persons had a different story to tell. New magazines for wheat had been built, but the Sultan found the greatest difficulty in filling them. For he allowed only fifteen pence a bushel, while the market price was half-a-crown: the Christian peasants preferred to burn their wheat. The Sultan had ordered a vast number of mules from Aleppo at twenty-two piastres each, while the market price was a hundred. So that the Syrian peasants complained loudly. All classes of people, once the first fury over, were in their hearts against the war, except the actual warriors and the ex-brigands. Hordes of such unruly Asiatic recruits were continually transported to the European side of the Straits, spreading terror among the Grand Signor's peaceable subjects. It was no common war this—it was a Holy War (*Jehad*): every soldier was a would-be martyr for the Faith—a candidate for heaven. He was therefore entitled to unlimited licence on earth. The Khan of Tartary suggested, and the Sultan sanctioned, the plan of sending a large body of Tartars through Moldavia into Poland, to prevent the Russians from entering the principality by laying waste all the country near it. The Tartars entered Moldavia and, apparently anxious to make assurance doubly sure, they began by laying waste the Sultan's own territory. They rode through the principality killing, carrying off men, women, and children as slaves, pillaging churches, monasteries, houses, taking all the provisions they could find and burning what they could not carry away. These exploits threw the Sultan into great consternation and fear for his capital. In brief, the Turkish mobilization revealed all the ills from which Turkey was suffering, and not least of all the ill of impecuniosity: the Grand Signor's spirit was willing, but his purse was empty. The sinews for this crusade of

True Believers, so far as they were supplied at all, were supplied by forced contributions from the infidel *rayahs*: Greeks, Armenians, and Jews.[1]

On March 23, 1769, the banner of the Prophet was unfurled in Stambul; and all unbelievers were forbidden to show themselves in the streets, which seethed with war-intoxicated fanatics, or even to look out of their windows. The huge Ottoman armies moved forth, and for five years their movements were those of a blind shapeless mass, blundering this way and that, with hardly any plan or thought for the morrow. Nor did the Russians shine by any sort of capacity. Year after year the two brainless monsters came forth, met each other in many a bloody field, and disported themselves in scenes of unspeakable carnage and purposeless ruin.[2] But, other things being equal, the bigger mass was bound to shatter the smaller in the end; and the Sultan who plunged into this folly in haste was left to lament his fury at leisure. By the Treaty of Kainarji, Turkey lost her direct control of the Crimea; Moldavia and Wallachia were virtually placed under Russian vassalage, and, moreover, Russia secured the privilege, insignificant in appearance and colossal in its consequences, of erecting in Constantinople a church on whose behalf she obtained the right to intervene as occasion should arise. This seemingly modest clause was interpreted by the Russians as a formal recognition of their claim to exercise over the Orthodox subjects of the Sultan the same protection which France, on a smaller scale, exercised over the

[1] This account of the Turkish mobilization is compiled chiefly from unpublished official dispatches: *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 44. But I have also made some use of the *Annual Register*, 1768.

[2] See (if you think it worth your while) the *Annual Register* for the years 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, 1773.

Catholic. Freedom of navigation in the Sultan's waters and the permission to fortify the Black Sea and to keep men-of-war on it, were some other items in the bill which Turkey had to pay for her rashness.

* * * * *

It is a characteristic of the Turks—a characteristic common to all people incapable of analytical thought—to judge things by their effect rather than by their intrinsic quality. Their estimate of this foreign State or that was formed not on an examination of its real merits but on mere empiric observation of its success or failure. It was concrete facts that they wanted, leaving the inquiry into causes to more frivolous persons. Their rout at the hands of the Russians was a very concrete fact. They understood it, they hated it, and they respected it. Verily, the Muscovites were a great nation! The old awe came back upon them—henceforth to possess and to paralyse their minds like a superstitious dread. They would never have dreamt of measuring swords with the Tsarina's clumsy strategists again, if the choice rested with them. Unfortunately it did not.

Catherine, a lady as large in her views as she was in her vices, after her recent triumphs could not rest. Nothing less than the absorption of Constantinople would satisfy her over-stimulated appetite. With a woman's gift for details she planned it all out in her mind, forgetting not even the name for the future Emperor of the East. She had her youngest grandson christened Constantine, and already saw him in fancy crowned in the ancient cathedral of St. Sophia, according to the rites of the ancient Byzantine Cæsars. Mixed with these feminine day-dreams were the more solid considerations which had long guided the rulers of Muscovy in their seaward march. It must be borne in mind that until the Crimea

and other places on the Black Sea littoral were thrown open to them, Russian merchants could not carry on any trade with Constantinople and the Mediterranean.

Impelled by all these motives of sentiment and policy, Catherine proceeded, in 1783, to the annexation of the Crimea, and other infringements of the treaty she had signed in 1774. This process of nibbling and nagging went on until Russia, in agreement with Austria, decided that the time had come to polish off the Turk for good (1788). General Suvaroff carried all before him, and the last hour of the Ottoman Empire seemed to have struck, when once more the clock was put back, partly by Austria's incurable inability to rise to the occasion, partly by the other European States' anxiety for the balance of power, but chiefly by the reopening of the Polish sore. Poland's end proved Turkey's reprieve; and the Empress, postponing the final kick to a more convenient season, patched up with the Grand Signor a peace (Treaty of Jassy, 1792) whereby the whole northern coast of the Black Sea became an integral part of her dominions, and the Russian Empire also overstepped the Caucasus.

The tempests which the French Revolution brought in its train retarded Russia's career in the Ottoman field, but did not arrest it. During the fifteen years of intermittent warfare which ended in Napoleon's downfall (1815) the Russians managed to wring from Turkey, successively, a protectorate over the Ionian Islands and the province of Bessarabia, while by the encouragement they gave to rebellious Servia they loosened the Sultan's hold on that part of the Balkan Peninsula. After the Servian came the Greek uprising to furnish Russia with a fresh excuse for promoting the disintegration of Ottoman power. In 1828 the Tsar's legions surged over the Balkans. Next year they reached Adrianople, and dic-

tated terms by which yet another slice of Turkish territory was added to the Russian Empire in Asia, while in Europe Greece was declared an independent kingdom, Moldavia and Wallachia were definitely freed from Ottoman domination, and the Tsar, by imposing upon the Sultan an indemnity which the Sultan could not pay, placed a halter of perpetual pressure round his neck. By 1832 Russian ascendancy on the Bosphorus was so firmly established that, when the Sultan found himself threatened by his rebel vassal Mohammed Ali of Egypt and Ali's French patrons, he was made to turn for protection—to the Tsar; and a Russian fleet sailed into the Golden Horn. A spasmodic attempt at emancipation a few months afterwards resulted in the tightening of Russia's grip; and an adroitly worded compact of "alliance" turned the Ottoman Empire into a Russian dependency. It is true that Western jealousy nullified this arrangement; but it is none the less certain that the treaty in question marked another stage in Russia's slow yet sure progress towards the goal of her ambition.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Muscovite diplomacy, without losing sight of its fixed aim, had found it convenient to modify its methods. Until the first quarter of the eighteenth century the Turks had known the Russians as remorseless but open enemies. Up to a certain period the Turk was the aggressor and fought the Russian for expansion; then the tide turned, and he had to fight for self-preservation. But, whether acting on the offensive or on the defensive, he regarded Russia as an external danger only. From the time of Peter the Great, however, he had begun to feel the Russian finger in his internal troubles. When that Tsar sent his first Resident to the Porte in 1709, the Sultan knew that the mission was as much to his Orthodox

subjects as to himself. He, therefore, made the residence of M. Tolstoi—an ancestor of the famous writer—as unpleasant as he could. Not daring to interfere with the Russian diplomatist's own movements, the Ottoman authorities forbade the Christians to have any intercourse with him; and the latter were so frightened that they did not venture even to pass the house in which he lived. From this date the Court of Petersburg began its systematic intrigues for undermining the Sultan's power in every province of his Empire inhabited by members of the Eastern Church. Thus, while the walls of the Ottoman edifice were battered from without, its foundations were sapped from underneath. Russia applied to Turkey the treatment which proved so successful in Poland. Her tactics, always embarrassing, became especially painful to the Turks in the nineteenth century.

By that time the Turk had realized that he was sick. To foreign onlookers his condition had been patent for ages,[1] and not altogether hidden from himself. So

[1] Early in the 17th century Sir Thomas Roe described Turkey as "an old body, crazed through many vices, which remain when the youth and strength is decayed," and as "irrecoverably sick." *Negotiations in his Embassy to the Ottoman Porte* (1621–1628), 22, 126. In the Public Record Office I have found a document, unsigned and undated, but, judging from its contents and the handwriting, penned by Lord Winchilsea some time in the spring of 1669, and addressed "to Lord Arlington." He says: "That Empire is at a very low ebb and must have strange changes in a little time; their weakness is apparent, they want not only money, and men, too, but brains to govern what they have. The City itself of Constantinople is easier to be sacked and burned by a foreign enemy than a village in England but five miles from the seashore, and if the Venetians have a mind to attempt it, seven or eight ships well provided is enough to enter the port and return in despite of their castles, and if it were well managed, and the wind should serve fair, they may take the spoil of the Seraglio whilst the City is flaming to give them light; if we had war with them, as they have, I should be happy to have such a command for I should not shame my country or self." *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 19.

long ago as 1630 Murad IV saw the canker that was eating into the very vitals of his country and tried a cure by the terribly simple method of cutting off the head of every public functionary guilty, or even merely suspected, of corrupt practices. In the next generation the fierce old Grand Vizier Mohammed Kuprili attempted the same task and in the same manner; but without effect. For very few of their compatriots shared the sagacity or honesty of these statesmen. It required the convulsions and disasters of another hundred years or more to shake the Turk out of his infatuated self-complacency, to make him perceive that, while the nations of Europe were progressing, he had been stagnating, that, if he wished to survive, he must reform. But, if late, this truth had penetrated at length the Ottoman head, and Selim III (1789-1807) initiated the process of innovation. His efforts were wrecked by the opposition of the conservative forces among his own subjects. But, though Selim had to pay for his patriotism with his life, his work was carried on by his successors Mahmud II (1808-1839) and Abdul-Mejid (1839-1861).

Whether this tardy experiment in regeneration would have succeeded if the Turk had been left alone, no one can tell. It may very reasonably be held that the disease had gone too far and that nothing short of a miracle could have cured a body so thoroughly permeated with multitudinous corruption. But it is certain that the invalid was not given a chance to show whether any spring of vitality remained in him. The Sultans at every turn met the Tsar's diplomatic agents, avowed and secret, intriguing against the reformers, encouraging the reactionaries, instigating the Christian *rayahs* to revolt, turning confusion into chaos.[1] In 1853 the Tsar threw

[1] See Sir A. Henry Layard's *Autobiography and Letters*, ii.

off the mask and openly proposed to England a dismemberment of the Sick Man's body. England's answer was the Crimean War.

By the Treaty of Paris (1856), Russia, together with the other signatories, pledged herself to respect the integrity of the Ottoman Empire; but apparently the pledge did not include abstention from the things which made for disintegration. Under Russian auspices the propaganda for the national rehabilitation of the Sultan's Slavonic subjects made headway year after year, and the efforts of Turkish reformers to conciliate the discontented *rayahs*, by removing the administrative abuses and other grievances of which they justly complained, were thwarted by Russian intrigues. The Tsar's ambassador, General Ignatieff, spared no pains or money to prevent the success of any measure calculated to tranquillize and invigorate a country which his master had condemned to death. His consuls and secret agents, working hand-in-hand with the emissaries of the Pan-Slav Committees of Moscow and Kieff, overran the Balkan Peninsula, preaching the gospel of rebellion, while the arch-intriguer himself sat at the centre of the web, playing with consummate astuteness on the vices and fears of the feeble-minded Sultan Adbul Aziz (1861-1876).[1]

Things came to a head in 1875, when the carefully laid mines exploded in quick succession, as at a preconcerted signal: Bosnia and Herzegovina rose in arms, Servia and Montenegro followed, Bulgaria brought up the rear. In a few months the Balkans from end to end were converted into a theatre of butchery and counter-

[1] See *The Life of Midhat Pasha.* By his son Ali Haydar Midhat Bey. (London, 1903.) Lord Lyons to Lord Stanley, Dec. 19, 1866; April 10, 1867, in Lord Newton's life of *Lord Lyons*, i. 159–160, 166–167.

butchery. General Ignatieff took good care that the misdeeds of the Slavs should be minimized and those of the Turks magnified, for the benefit of a credulous and uninformed Western public.[1] The patriotic party at Constantinople saw that there was no time to lose if the Empire was to be saved. Abdul Aziz was dethroned (May 30, 1876), and was succeeded by the unhappy Murad, who, in his turn, after a few weeks proved mentally unfit, and was replaced by Abdul Hamid (September 1). Simultaneously, the famous Midhat Pasha " the most energetic and liberal of the Turkish statesmen . . . the hope of the Mussulman reformers and of the Christians," [2] assumed the control of affairs, and induced the Sultan to promulgate a Constitution.

Russia, alarmed at this new turn, hastened matters, and in so doing she found herself in harmony with the Turkish reactionaries. Abdul Hamid got rid of Midhat Pasha and his reforms on February 5, 1877; Russia smashed the Constitution by declaring war against Turkey on April 19. Austria, squared beforehand with the permission to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina, and England wrought to a high pitch of anti-Turkish indignation by the one-sided and exaggerated accounts of atrocities which General Ignatieff had caused to be disseminated through his American and other dupes, left Russia to do her worst with Turkey. She did it so thoroughly that

[1] Some fresh illustrations of the gallant general's skill in deception have recently been supplied by the candour of his secretary at the time. See M. Nelidow's " Souvenirs " in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 15, 1915, p. 331. They will cause no surprise to those who know how high his reputation for unveracity always stood even among diplomatists: witness Sir Horace Rumbold's *Recollections*, ii. 311–312.

[2] Sir Henry Elliot to the Earl of Derby, Dec. 19, 1876, in Blue Book, *Turkey*, 3 (1876), No. 105. Ample materials for this chapter of Ottoman history will be found in this and the other official publications: *Turkey*, 2 and 5 (1876); 1, 2, and 3 (1877).

by the Peace which she dictated to the Sultan ten months after, at the doors of Constantinople (San Stefano, March 3, 1878), nearly the whole of his European dominions, and another slice of his Asiatic, were under one form or another removed from his sway. The Treaty of Berlin curtailed the Russian gains to some extent; but the net result of the war was to leave Turkey diminished, impoverished, more sick than ever.

For thirty years Abdul Hamid misruled the remnants of his Empire, too selfish or too wise to think beyond the needs of the hour, and Russia continued to exploit the discontent of the Slavs of Macedonia for the furtherance of her own plans. Her policy during this period need not be described in detail, for it differed on no material point from the policy she had pursued in the past. The outward expression varied according to circumstances, the essence was ever the same. Both officially and privately her aim was to keep the embers smouldering so that she might blow them up into another conflagration whenever the opportune moment came.

In 1903 that moment appeared to have come. The Macedonian revolutionary organization redoubled its activity. Its bands were everywhere exhorting and terrorizing the peasantry to revolt. Outrages occurred every day. Even in Salonica the Bulgarian agitators had the hardihood to use bombs. Russia's consular representatives, while denouncing their crimes, secured their impunity. In Russia any popular disturbance was followed by wholesale executions, and hundreds were hanged without even the semblance of a trial; in Macedonia the Russian Consuls cried loudly against the enormity of the Turkish authorities as soon as these ventured even to banish persons convicted of murder and incendiarism. Towards the close of summer a Turkish soldier

shot dead the Russian Consul at Monastir; and the Russian fleet appeared off the Thracian coast. The revolutionaries, interpreting this as a tacit invitation to rise, rose. But Russia, just then entangled in the Far East, did not think it convenient to stir up serious trouble in the Near East. The Turks were allowed to quell the insurrection.

But the fatal day had only been deferred, and in the next four years the fuel accumulated. The Powers were on the point of enforcing in Macedonia a scheme of "reforms" which really amounted to a severance of the province from the Ottoman Empire. Then Midhat Pasha's successors, the Young Turks, decided to ward off the catastrophe by resuscitating his essay in Constitutionalism (July, 1908). The avowed object of their revolution was to substitute equality for tyranny, and to replace anarchy by order. But behind this liberal programme lurked other designs. They failed, partly through their own insincerity and partly through Russia's hostility. Their insincerity alienated all Christian sympathizers from their cause, and brought back into being the movement for independence. Russia's hostility, by keeping the financial markets of the West closed to them, frustrated their efforts to cleanse and consolidate the administrative machine. Finally Russia dealt the death-blow at Turkey in Europe by instigating the formation of the Balkan League which crushed the Turks out of Macedonia in 1912. Many statesmen have been credited with that ephemeral achievement; but whatever the part which each of them may have borne in the performance, the real author was the Cabinet of Petersburg, and M. Hartwig, its representative at Belgrade, the leading actor.[1]

[1] Russia's finger in that political pie has been revealed by

Such, in broad outline, is the record of Russia's dealings with the Turk since she first came to know him; and the Turk's feelings for her are those of a man for his evil genius—a mixture of dread and powerless hate.

official documents recently made public. The Secret Annex to the Treaty of Friendship between Bulgaria and Servia (signed on Feb. 29, O.S., 1912) provides that, "if an agreement for joint action should be made, Russia is to be informed thereof, and if she be not opposed thereto, action shall be commenced. . . . In the contrary event, if an agreement is not reached, the Allies will ask Russia for her opinion, which . . . shall be binding on both parties." Art. 2 provides for the division of the prospective spoils under the arbitation of the Tsar. See the full text in *The Aspirations of Bulgaria*, by "Balkanicus" (Eng. tr. 1915). This was the ninth blow Turkey owed to her northern neighbour since the time of Peter the Great—the last act in a drama that went on generation after generation with implacable regularity. Russo-Turkish wars: 1709–11, 1736–9, 1768–74, 1788–92, 1806–12, 1828–9, 1854–6, 1877–8.

Chapter IV

ENGLAND AND THE TURKS

IN the month of May, 1583, the efforts to establish permanent relations between this country and Turkey, inaugurated by the commercial enterprise of two London citizens eight years before and seconded by the political insight of Queen Elizabeth, were sealed with success. On the third of that month the first English ambassador, Master William Harborne, loaded with rich presents from the Queen to the Grand Signor, was received in audience at the Seraglio, and the Levant Company had the Ottoman markets opened to them on the same terms as those enjoyed by the merchants of France.[1]

Through this characteristic alliance between the Court and the City was established an Anglo-Ottoman connexion by which the interests of English policy were to be served no less than the interests of English trade.[2] Until then the Sultan had believed that England was a province of France.[3] Henceforth good care was taken to per-

[1] See Hakluyt, v. 167 foll.; Calendar of Venetian State Papers, viii. An earlier patent granted by Suleiman the Magnificent to the intrepid commercial traveller Anthony Jenkinson at Aleppo in 1553 (Hakluyt, *ibid*, 109), had apparently fallen into oblivion.

[2] The alliance endured till 1825, when the Turkey Merchants surrendered their Charter to the Government. Throughout that period the English Ambassador at Constantinople was the joint servant of the Company and the Crown, deriving his appointment from both and his pay from the former, and reporting progress to both.

[3] Birch's *Memoirs*, i. 36.

suade him that she was a Power at least as great as France. Moreover the Queen did not fail to draw his attention to the fact, or fable—very important in an age when religion was the useful handmaid of high diplomacy—that, whereas the French and many other Franks were idolaters, the English loathed graven images as intensely as the Turks and were, in truth, as like Moslems as mere Christians could be. [1]

Times had changed, indeed, since 1518, when Henry VIII, in obedience to the Pope's behests, had joined the Franco-Spanish league against the foe of the Cross[2]. They had changed even since 1576, when Elizabeth proposed a similar triple coalition against "the common enemy of Christendom, whose strength receives daily increase by this most unfortunate discord." [3] Now the English Queen's programme was to seek assistance for the Protestant cause in its struggle for life wheresoever such assistance could be found; and to that end the Sultan's enmity towards Spain—since nothing could be done to shake his friendship for France—was exploited with much skill and no scurple. In 1587 she solicited the Grand Signor's co-operation "against that idolater, the King of Spain, who, relying on the help of the Pope and all idolatrous princes, designs to crush the Queen of England, and then to turn his whole power to the destruc-

[1] In her letters to the Sultan she emphatically styles herself "the most invincible and most mighty defender of the Christian Faith against all kind of idolaters of all that live among the Christians and falsely profess the Name of Christ." See Hakluyt, v. 171, 226.

[2] An interesting fragment of his pious declaration to that effect is preserved among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum, and has been printed by W. Roscoe in his *Life of Leo the Tenth*, ii. Appendix viii.

[3] See "Instructions to Randolphe, sent in special ambassage to France, April 2, 1576." *Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series* (1575–1577), *No.* 719.

tion of the Sultan and make himself universal monarch." The Grand Signor was lavish of promises, though singularly niggardly in performance. The defeat of Philip's Armada, which had long filled all Europe with alarm or hope, raised the Queen's prestige enormously at the Porte, but did not dispel her fear of Spain. Ten years later, when the son of the notorious Roderigo Lopez, Elizabeth's Jewish physician, who had been executed for receiving a bribe from the Government of Madrid to poison her,[1] came to Constantinople with letters from Philip offering the Sultan terms of peace, her ambassador hastened to supply the Sultan's Ministers with information which led to the envoy's imprisonment.[2] To keep the hostility between Turkey and Spain flourishing was Elizabeth's constant pre-occupation, and the Grand Signor's favourites were sedulously cultivated to that end.[3]

Gifts, proportionate to the person and the occasion, formed the indispensable medium of all such intercourse between London and Stambul. Now and then we hear of the Queen or her ambassador honoured with some slight token of favour from the Grand Signor or the ladies of his harem; but these were rare exceptions.[4] As a

[1] See Hume's *History of England* (ed. 1822), v. 311.

[2] Edward Barton to Sir Robert Cecil, Sept. 15, 1597; Sept. 25, enclosing copies of two letters from Spain brought by Lopez. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 3.

[3] Henry Lello to Sir Robert Cecil, July 15; July 29, 1598; Jan. 3; Feb. 3, 159$\frac{8}{9}$. *Ibid.*

[4] Two or three instances may be quoted. In 1593 the Sultana sent to the Queen the following presents: Two garments of cloth of silver, one girdle of cloth of silver, two handerchiefs wrought with gold, one shell of gold which covered the seal of her letter to Her Majesty, with two small diamonds and two small rubies—probable total value £120. (See the list with the cost of each item estimated, in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 2.) Some four years

rule receiving was much more in the Turk's line than giving; and Elizabeth, much as she herself suffered from the same predilection, would fain oblige him—at the Levant Company's expense. Each new ambassador had to bring presents for the Grand Signor and his Pashas amounting to several thousands of pounds; and every six years another present of fifteen hundred pounds had to be given, besides the customary bakshish at all times.

The idea of an Anglo-Spanish understanding based on joint action against the danger which seemed to threaten Europe from the side of the Ottoman Empire was still cherished by some Englishmen. In 1600 Sir Anthony Shirley came back from Persia to Europe with a commission from the Shah to induce the various Christian Powers to form an alliance with him against the Sultan of Turkey, and he particularly desired that England should enter into political and commercial relations with the Persian Empire—an old plan of Anthony Jenkinson's which had miscarried. Elizabeth, however, set her face firmly against all schemes of the sort. As soon as Sir Anthony arrived in Europe, her Secretary instructed the English Ambassador at Constantinople about Her Majesty's attitude in the matter, so that he might be able to meet any malicious misrepresentations made by England's enemies to the Porte: the Queen had nothing whatever to do with Sir Anthony and his foolish mission. His projects were entirely alien to her views. She heartily repudiated them, and forbade him her kingdom. Thus

later the Sultan was so delighted with what the English Ambassador said about Her Majesty's proceedings with Spain, that he made him a present: Edward Barton to Sir Robert Cecil, Feb. 2 and 21, 1596–7. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 3. Another present from the Queen Mother to Elizabeth is mentioned: Henry Lello to Sir Robert Cecil, Nov. 17, 1599. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 4.

prepared in time, the Ambassador was in a position to reassure the Sultan.[1]

The idea was revived under James I. In 1607 Sir Anthony's brother Robert also appeared in Europe charged with a similar mission, and after visiting several Continental courts reached England in 1611, and was very graciously received by the King.[2] The Levant Company vigorously opposed his plan, for any agreement with Persia would have meant the alienation of Persia's mortal enemy, Turkey, and the ruin of their trade with the Eastern Mediterranean. But it met with a warm welcome from a number of prominent statesmen who had nothing to lose by its adoption—among them Francis Bacon. An Anglo-Spanish combination against the Turk, argued the philosopher, would stem the flood of barbarism and might lead even to more positive benefits for civilization.[3] These views, however, were far too large for diplomacy; and the international rivalry went on at Constantinople to Turkey's advantage and to the common discredit of all the suitors for her friendship.

England yielded to no nation in her efforts to gain and maintain the Sultan's favour by flattery, by bribery, by ceaseless intrigues and machinations against her rivals. The most formidable of these were the French, and it was

[1] Sir Robert Cecil to Henry Lello, Oct. 17, 1600; and dispatches from the latter to the former in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 4.

[2] Much has been written about these picturesque brothers, and the third member of the triad, Sir Thomas, of whom we shall have something to say in the sequel. But the ordinary reader will find all he may want to know in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

[3] So far in advance of his age was Bacon that he urged that England and Spain should combine to establish a court of arbitration by which all quarrels between European princes should be decided and a stop put to the effusion of Christian blood. See S. R. Gardiner's *History of England*, iii. 63.

from the antagonism between the Embassies of France and England that the pashas reaped their largest harvest.

* * * * *

The French in Turkey looked upon the English as interlopers, and their Ambassador, M. de Germigny, had very nearly succeeded in ruining Harborne's work in 1580 by inducing the Sultan to cancel the first charter granted to the new-comers. Harborne, however, managed to outbid his rival and to get the cancelled patent restored three years later. The enmity thus begun at the very moment of the two nations' contact in the Levant, was kept fresh by mutual injuries. One day the Englishman complains of insults offered to him by his French colleague, or jealously reports that the French King was presented by the Sultan with a sword of honour; the next he gloats over the news that, on the Sultan hearing that the King of France made peace with Spain, the present was stopped at Chios, broken, disgraced, and returned to Stambul. The Frenchman, on his part, strove to diminish the Englishman's influence, now by spreading rumours of troubles in England,[1] now by trying to implicate the English Government in Sir Anthony Shirley's futile filibusterings in the Mediterranean. That worthy, after failing as a diplomatist, had turned admiral of the Spanish fleet in the Levant. England's enemies at Constantinople told the pashas that the galleons and galleys under his command were really English ships, that he had been to England and sailed thence to Spain with King James's licence "to take a banner there," and so to come with his fleet to the Archipelago and harry

[1] Barton to Cecil, May 14; Nov. 10, 1597; Lello to Cecil, Aug. 12 and 26, 1598; Jan 12, $\frac{1599}{1600}$; July 2, 1603. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, Nos.* 3, 4.

the Grand Signor's maritime dominions. This calumny made so deep an impression upon the Turkish Ministers' brains that the English Ambassador had much ado to disabuse them: "yea," he exclaims, "I never could do it, had I not found two Persian renegades who testified with me that Sir Anthony, being banished from England in her Highness's (of famous memory) time, went to Persia, where serving a while, he departed thence, and ever since has been employed by the King of Spain." [1]

A striking illustration of this incessant rivalry is found in the pains which our representatives at the Porte went on taking for generations to procure for their sovereign the grandiose title assigned by the Turks to the King of France: "I thought it my duty," writes one of these gentlemen, "to stand thereupon, alleging His Majesty's greatness and titles not to be inferior to any prince in Christendom, and that unless the same might be mentioned in the Capitulations equal to the French, I durst not without danger of my head accept them. For whereas in our Capitulations is specified 'Engliterra Kirali,' to wit the *King* of England, and in the French Capitulations 'Franza Padishahi,' to wit the French King of Kings or *Emperor*, I thought it a great indignity that His Majesty's title should be so abused, which by our adversaries is whispered into this ignorant people's ears to be inferior to the French King's—that made me bestir myself and at last, though with great labour and strife, I have not only obtained the grant thereof, but the grant of many other very honourable points to be inserted into our new Capitulations—but I have not yet got them: often by reason of their inconstancy, upon never so small

[1] Sir Thomas Glover to Robert, Earl of Salisbury, March 24, $161\frac{0}{1}$. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 6.

instigation of our enemies here, they may recall them again, and therefore I work therein as secretly as possible." [1]

As a matter of fact, this coveted designation remained the exclusive property of the French monarch; and more than half a century afterwards the ambassador of Charles II tried to turn his French colleague de la Haye's disgrace at the Porte to his own account: "I have used all means and neglected no endeavours to add this honour to my master, for when I saw the French interest here decline and then slighted, and at last to be quite thrown off, and the Ambassador himself after disgraced to be dismissed by command, without his letters of revocation from his King, I thought it a fit opportunity to catch up the honour which he had managed with such ill success." Among other things, he strove, in renewing the Capitulations, "to make new additions and insert the title of Padishah, which was anciently granted to the French king." [2] But his efforts proved no more successful than those of James I's representative had been.

If the Turk's obstinate refusal of this honour to princes with whom he was on excellent terms vexed their envoys, his continued bestowal of it on a monarch whom he insulted so outrageously in the persons of his ambassadors filled them with perplexity. As common sense was unable to solve the riddle, romance was invoked to provide a solution. It was said that once upon a time a fair French lady found her way into the Grand Signor's harem and heart. She was made a Sultana, thus estab-

[1] Sir Thomas Glover to Robert, Earl of Salisbury, March 3, $160\frac{6}{7}$. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 5.

[2] Lord Winchilsea to Secretary Nicholas, June 12; Nov^{r} $\frac{11}{21}$, 1661. *Ibid, No.* 17.

lishing between the Courts of Paris and Stambul ties of kinship such as did not exist between the Grand Signor and any other infidel sovereign.[1] In this way legends are invented to account for customs.

Competition for prestige was embittered by squabbles for profit. And the lengths to which both sides were ready to go in their frantic lust of gold formed an object-lesson of European morality which was not lost upon the Turk. We may take as an instance a miserable cabal that lasted a dozen years and fills many large pages in our seventeenth century records.

As there was no personal safety or liberty of traffic in the Grand Signor's dominions for any Frank whose Government had no special treaty with the Porte, such traders used to put themselves under the protection of the nations so favoured; paying in return a percentage of the value of the merchandise protected, termed Consulage. Before the advent of the English on the Levantine scene this lucrative privilege belonged to the French, even English merchants trading under the French flag and paying to the French Ambassador a duty of two per cent. on incoming and outgoing goods.[2] But as soon as our enterprising compatriots established themselves in the Ottoman Empire, they began to dispute with their former protectors the privilege of protecting all unattached foreigners ("Forestiers").

Elizabeth's representative, Edward Barton, availing himself of the special favour in which the Queen at that time stood with the Sultan, contrived to wrest it from the French, and appointed a Consul at Alexandria to collect the tribute from traders in Egypt. The French

[1] Ricaut, 174.

[2] See "The Prime Institution of Consulage," a MS. by Sir Sackville Crow in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.

Ambassador, M. de Brèves, watched for an opportunity of recovering his ancient prerogative, and when Barton left Constantinople to accompany the Sultan in his campaign against the Emperor (1596), he seized the chance offered by his rival's absence to turn the tables on him. In his eagerness, it would seem (though we must not forget that we have only the English version of the story), M. de Brèves overlooked some of the ten commandments in a most scandalous manner. He denounced the said Consul to the Porte as a spy (he was an Italian, Paulo Mariani by name) and caused him to be hanged, untried: "he was never permitted to answer for himself, but suddenly taken, and presently executed." Barton, on his return from the wars a few months afterwards, protested; and, the matter being settled in his favour, another Consul was appointed at Alexandria—this time an Englishman named Benjamin Bishop. But on Barton's death (1597) the French Ambassador prevailed on the Turks to have Mr. Benjamin Bishop shipped off in the first English vessel that came along, without even giving him time to arrange his affairs in Egypt.

The French Consul at Alexandria enjoyed the two per cent. while the new English Ambassador, Mr. Henry Lello, having ingratiated himself with the Grand Signor by means of a present such as the French had never made him—nothing less than a mechanical church organ of monstrous size and marvellous design,[1] well suited to

[1] For a minute account of this giant toy, the manner of its dispatch to Constantinople in charge of its builder, of its reception there, the sensation it created in the Seraglio, and a thousand other entertaining and instructive details, see *The Diary of Master Thomas Dallam*, 1599–1600 (Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1893): a valuable work, wretchedly edited. The Introduction to it is by far the wildest piece of historical writing ever executed outside a lunatic asylum—a veritable nightmare of gross inaccuracies and grotesque anachronisms.

captivate the Grand Signor's childish fancy—pressed his suit for a restoration of the privilege granted to his predecessor. The French Ambassador checkmated Lello by administering a bribe of six thousand sequins (£2,000) to the Grand Vizier. There ensued litigations between the two chiefs at the Porte, skirmishes between their servants in the streets; and the Grand Vizier found the quarrel so pretty and so profitable that he was loath to end it. At one moment he seemed to incline towards the Frenchman, and the latter crowed loudly that, notwithstanding the Queen's letters and presents, he had "thrown her honour into the dust and thereby purchased an extraordinary glory and fame unto his King and country." But anon the Grand Vizier changed his mind. At last the case was referred to the arbitration of the Bailo of Venice, and decided in favour of the English (1601).

But the French were not beaten, and when Sir Thomas Glover succeeded Lello, in 1607, he had to fight the same battle over again. Meanwhile M. de Brèves also had been replaced by the Baron de Salignac. The two new ambassadors fought with all the ardour of fresh cocks; and presently Glover wrote home exultingly that he had won: "All the Flemings and all other merchants forestiers whatsoever should come under the King of England's banner"—he had the articles in his hands, "sealed and affirmed by the Grand Signor's sign." In his exultation, he recapitulates the late French ambassador's "indirect and, I may well say, bloody circumventions," his "many unseemly, arrogant, and vainglorious speeches," and crows in his turn, "Now I have measured them the like measure!"

But apparently Glover did not yet know Turkey. The Frenchman, indignant and undaunted, brought all his influence to bear upon the Grand Vizier, and, in less than

a fortnight, the fat was again in the fire. The litigants were ordered to submit their respective Capitulations for legal examination. But when Glover, armed with his documents and arguments, appeared at the Porte, he found the Grand Vizier ready to pronounce sentence. It was all a horrible mistake, he said—the grant of those articles : a mistake due to his own inexperience, and, unless it was corrected, he ran the risk of losing his head. The right of protection, he had found out since, belonged to the French, and the Bailo of Venice said so, too. Glover had better yield. The Englishman insisted that the matter should be investigated according to Moslem law, declaring that he was prepared to abide by the result. The Vizier replied that he cared nothing for laws. The privilege, whether by right or sinister means he knew not, had been formerly included in the French Capitulations, and he simply dared not abrogate it : his head was dearer to him than any man's pleasure. The Englishman then lost his temper. Until his own sovereign ordered him to give up a grant lawfully obtained, he would stick to it. He stood in as much fear for his head as the Vizier for his. Next it was the Turk's turn to lose his temper. He broke into " furious speeches " and threatened to inform Glover's King that he had an ambassador " more fit to have been employed in some warlike affairs, to get towns and castles " than in negotiations. They bellowed at each other for a long time, and then parted in mutual fury.

The truth is that Glover did not shine as a tactician. He appears to have been a man with a great gift for making enemies. The French Ambassador had managed to get on his side, not only the Turks, but the Venetian Bailo as well, and Glover's own predecessor Lello, who still tarried at Constantinople—probably, as Glover asserted, in the hope of supplanting his supplanter. All these

joined forces against Glover, who was even threatened with assassination: the Venetian Bailo sent him word privately that he should be careful, for he had many mortal enemies both within and without his walls; particularly a number of French soldiers of fortune who had surrendered a town in Hungary to the Turks and now served the Sultan. These mercenaries were greatly incensed against their Ambassador's adversary and, the Venetian feared, they might murder him in the street. Whereupon Glover, though he distrusted the Venetian as a double-faced villain, thought it prudent to put it down in black and white that, if during Lello's presence in Constantinople, anything should happen to him, this document might testify to the King "that Mr. Lello was a principal instrumental cause thereof, and that he stayed here for no other end, but by murder to take away my life, and that by my untimely death he might repossess my place." This extraordinary "certificate," based on not a shred of evidence other than the writer's own suspicions, His Majesty's Ambassador sealed with His Majesty's seal, delivered into the hands of his wife, and duly communicated the contents thereof to His Majesty's Secretary of State.

For a while the English colony in the Ottoman capital was divided into two camps—Glover's adherents and Lello's: the latter including the Embassy preacher or chaplain, William Biddulph—a clergyman whom Glover describes to Lord Salisbury as "more factious than Mufti or the devil himself." All these persons, he averred, had entered into a conspiracy with the French Ambassador, and were plotting against him. First they accused him to the Porte of having blasphemed the Turkish laws, so that he might be imprisoned. But fortunately the Grand Vizier himself saw through the stratagem. Next they

proceeded to make an attempt on his life. Suddenly, one day, the French mercenaries assaulted the Embassy. Glover immediately armed his own servants. There was a sanguinary fight in the gateway: "We killed two of them outright and maimed three without the least hurt on our behalf; the residue took to their heels and fled away most shamefully." Glover complained to the Grand Vizier, and a dozen of the rogues were put into the galleys, whence after a couple of days they were released at the military authorities' instance. Glover's earnest demands to have at least two of them punished were fruitless: the miscreants were too useful to the Grand Signor. The Vizier thought that Glover should be satisfied with killing two of their comrades and maiming three. But Glover was not satisfied. He writes to Salisbury asking that the King of England should protest to the King of France and have the French Ambassador made an example of.

Thus he goes on, inveighing against the wickedness of Frenchman, Turk, Venetian, and Englishman at immense length and with unflagging vehemence and variety of diction. Each of his numerous foes receives an ample share of abuse, but perhaps the one who gets most is "the old Venetian fox"—the Bailo—and "his cubs"—the Consuls of the Republic: "I do insure your Lordship, under pretext of friendship underhand they do what they can to drive us out of this country; but I can sooner, if your Lordship will give me leave, uncase them and give their skins to the Turks to fur their coats."

His Lordship could not see his way to sanction any such thing. He received, side by side with Glover's reams of gall and thunder, memorials from Lello's English partisans at Constantinople,[1] as well as reports from

[1] See such a document, dated April 17, 1607, in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 5.

the English ambassador at Venice (Sir Henry Wotton, author of the immortal definition of an ambassador as "an honest man, sent to lie abroad for the good of his country")—all of whom told a somewhat different tale. Thus enabled to see the other side of the question and to make allowances for temperament, Salisbury answered Glover's bloodthirsty tirades with characteristic common sense: Do not provoke the French more than you can help. If their ambassador is so disgusted at our rivalling him in prestige, much more would he be displeased if we deprived him of solid profit. Drop the matter for the present, and bide your time. Glover had no choice but to thank his Lordship "for that good caution, not doubting but to keep the privileges, and to enjoy the fruits thereof whensoever your Lordship will uphold me to prosecute the matter."

The French Ambassador appears to have received similar instructions from his Government; for he invited his English adversary "to come to an agreement with him, and so live in peace and tranquillity, whereby not only all our affairs should pass the better amongst these infidels, but it would be pleasant and laudable amongst all other Christians here and elsewhere." Glover, finding no encouragement either from the Court or the Company, accepted these advances, and there followed a compromise. The two parties agreed to divide the consulage equally; and "now the same being wholly and fully concluded, we live very affable and friendly with mutual correspondence and very often visiting of each other." Shortly afterwards there returned to Constantinople from the Persian frontier, where they had been fighting the Turk's battles, "those roguish French soldiers." On learning of the termination of hostilities between the two diplomatists, a colonel of them with a dozen of his

principal followers called on Glover and congratulated him; "moreover offering himself that if he could do me any service with his person and his sword, I should find him as ready as ever he were and is for the French Ambassador." [1]

* * * * *

There was one aspect of that unedifying affair which tended to our particular discredit in the eyes of the Turks: the revelation that the English were at loggerheads not only with other infidel dogs but also with themselves. This trait became even more evident during the Civil War, when the English colony in the Levant was rent by the same fierce politico-religious passions which divided the mother country.[2]

[1] My information about this quarrel is derived from the following sources: Barton to Cecil, Feb. 2 and 21, $159\frac{6}{7}$; Lello to Cecil, Oct. 21, 1599; Jan. 15; Jan. 28, $\frac{1599}{1600}$; July 5; July 19, 1600; May 23, 1601; Glover to Salisbury, March 18, $160\frac{6}{7}$; April 1; April 16; May 2; Sept. 9, 1607; July 2, 1608; Oct. 7; Oct. 22; Nov. 10, 1609. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, Nos.* 3, 4, 5, 6. References to it are found in contemporary literature: e.g. Dallam's *Diary* (1599), p. 81; Sandys (1610), in *Purchas*, viii. 170. It broke out again sixty years later. See Sir Daniel Harvey to Lord Arlington, April 19, May 24, 1669, etc., in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 19.

[2] Already in 1607 we see religious prejudice envenoming private and political feuds at Constantinople. In one of his voluminous diatribes against Lello, Glover says: "under pretext of Puritanism he can forswear himself by equivocation and mental reservation as clarkely as any Papist in England" (Glover to Salisbury, June 19, 1607). In another he adds: "a most fraudulent and deceitful hypocrite who ever under pretext of Puritanism and godliness sought all means possible to cut his neighbours' throat and to defraud them of their goods" (to Sir Thomas Shirley, Aug. 25, 1607). On the other hand, Glover's Puritan chaplain describes Lello as "a learned, wise, and religious English gentleman," who "first of all reformed his family, and afterwards so ordered himself in his whole carriage that he credited our

At the outbreak of the troubles England was represented at the Porte by Sir Sackville Crow—an ardent Royalist. His appointment to the post had been effected by pressure brought to bear on the Levant Company from the Court, in accordance with a policy which Charles I had been pursuing since his accession to the throne: the policy of pushing his own favourites into positions of trust, and thus securing obedient instruments of his will. Already in 1625 the King had attacked the Company's right to elect the ambassador by insisting that they should accept a certain Sir Thomas Phillips—a creature of the Duke of Buckingham. The merchants at that time had offered a strenuous resistance to this high-handed interference with their freedom, declaring that, as the ambassador was paid by them, he should also be selected by them: a privilege which, for the rest, had been sanctioned by practice; and plainly stating that they wished to have at Constantinople a man of intelligence, not a courtier. The King could no doubt do as he pleased; but so could the Company: they declined point-blank to give the royal nominee a passage in any of their ships. Should, therefore, his Majesty persist, the ambassador would have to go to Turkey overland, by way of France to Italy, and thence by sea from Venice or Leghorn—at his Majesty's expense.[1] This did not suit his Majesty at all, and his candidate attempted to gain by flattery what the King could not get by force; but the merchants remained unanimously firm, and the con-

country; and after ten years' government of the English Nation there, he returned into his country with the tears of many and with general good report of all Nations there dwelling or sojourning" (W. Biddulph, in *Purchas*, viii. 259–260).

[1] The Tuscan Resident at the Court of Whitehall to H.S.H. the Grand Duke of Florence, London, April 24, 1626. *Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep. XI. Pt. i.* 58, 59.

flict between the Company and the Court was assuming dangerous dimensions, when a dramatic end was put to it by Phillips's opportune death. The ambassador actually appointed then, Sir Peter Wyche, though also a courtier, was appointed by common agreement. But on the expiration of his term, in 1633, the King once more insisted on nominating his successor. The Company this time do not seem to have thought it expedient to demur; but, as if to make up for the absence of friction on the matter of principle, a violent quarrel arose over a question of profit—our old friend the consulage. The King's nominee, Sir Sackville Crow, claimed in addition to his salary the duty levied on foreign merchandise shipped to or from Turkey under the English flag.[1] The Company would not concede the perquisite. Presently Crow waived his claim, signed his contract, and received a sum of money in advance, when he treacherously refused to sail, unless he was granted the consulage. The dispute went on for two more years. But in the end a compromise was reached, the ambassador pledging himself not to take any consulage during the first twelve months of his office, and not to trade on his own account. On these terms he sailed for Constantinople in the summer of 1638.[2]

[1] See "My request to his Majesty and the grounds thereof," in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.

[2] Details of this prolonged controversy, derived from the Company's *Minutes*, will be found in M. Epstein's *Early History of the Levant Company* (London, 1908), 81–89: a meritorious production, suffering from a curious disregard of the calendar. The author too often forgets that in those days, and till 1752, the English year began on March 25, with the result that we have a letter read on "February 9, 1638," which was not written until "November 17, 1638" (p. 89), and similar miracles not a few: "a due bit of topsy-turvy," as Carlyle once remarked when faced with editorial performances of the same nature, "being introduced into the spring of every year."

Crow's conduct in the East was such as might have been expected from his antecedents. The ill-will, after gathering strength for seven years, culminated in 1646, when he attempted to serve the King and to fill his own pocket by confiscating the property of the Parliament's partisans in Turkey, and getting them imprisoned. Whereupon the Parliament, at the request of the Company and with the King's unwilling consent, recalled him, and Sir Thomas Bendyshe was sent in his stead (1647). But Crow would not yield his place, and defended it with all the means at his disposal: his case being that Bendyshe had come out with a very disputable authority. Both belligerents appealed for help to the Porte. The pashas put themselves up to auction. Bendyshe outbid his rival. The English Embassy was invaded by the Sultan's officers. Crow was turned out of doors with his lady, children, and servants, was taken first to Smyrna, and thence to England, where he was immediately committed to the Tower (1648). The Committee for the Navy was ordered to investigate his case. But the investigation was cut short by the same events that cost Charles his head, and Crow remained in the Tower till 1656, awaiting trial.[1]

[1] See a contemporary pamphlet: "*Subtilty and Cruelty*, or a True Relation of the Horrible and Unparalleled Abuses and Intolerable Oppressions exercised by Sir Sackville Crow, His Majesties Ambassador at Constantinople, and his Agents, in seizing upon the Persons and Estates of the English Nation resident there, and at Smyrna, etc." (London, 1646); Letters from Charles I to the Sultan and the Grand Vizier, "Given at Our Court this 21th January in the 22th yeare of Our Raigne, Anno Domini 1646" (=1647), in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17; a Petition from the Levant Company to Oliver Cromwell, dated Oct. 20, 1657, *ibid.*; Sir Sackville's own Petition for reparation, House of Lords Calendar, July 12, 1660, *Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep. VII.* 115. For some evidence that Charles contemplated the confiscation of the English merchants' effects in Turkey to his use, and that he was encouraged to do so by the Venetians who, seeing in the Civil War a chance of ruining their English rivals in the Levant

Meanwhile the breach between King and Parliament having become irreparable, and the English nation being split into two hostile armies, the Royalists in Turkey made common cause with the French, to the great horror of the Republican patriots. The strife reached its climax when, in 1650, there arose at Constantinople one Sir Henry Hyde, with the title of Extraordinary Ambassador, claiming to bear a commission from the King "to establish the trade of England in the Levant," and alleging that his Majesty had also written to Sir Thomas Bendyshe, ordering him to assist in the matter. Bendyshe treated Hyde and his commission with the utmost contempt, and issued a warrant forbidding English residents to countenance, abet, or aid Hyde in any way, or to accompany him either to the Grand Signor, Vizier, or any public minister.[1]

Hyde, finding few English sympathizers in the Ottoman capital, betook himself to Smyrna, where he fared no better The "English Nation" in that city received his summons in a cruelly sarcastic spirit: "We specially notice," they wrote, "that when you were at Constantinople nothing less would serve your turn than the title of Extraordinary Ambassador, now you being at Smyrna you title yourself Extraordinary Knight, and we do verily believe by that time (if not long before) you arrive . . . his Majesty, you will appear to the world an extraordinary Knave." By this time, it would seem, Hyde had modified his pretensions, now claiming only the Consulates of Smyrna, Chios, and Mytilene. But he was told

trade, offered the King their assistance, see the narrative of Sir G. Talbot, the King's agent at Venice, in *Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep. III.* 184.

[1] See Sir Thomas Bendyshe to the Council of State, Aug. 6, 1650, *S.P. Foreign Turkey, No.* 17; and for his Warrant, dated May 15, 1650; *Hist, MSS. Comm. Rep. VII.* 103.

that these new claims were as false as his pretension to the Embassy had been, " since not a syllable from his Majesty either to the Grand Signor, Vizier, or our Ambassador have mentioned any such matter or any colour either of Commission or instruction did ever appear in the Porte." [1]

In short, the majority of the merchants backed Bendyshe, who, after the manner that had become fashionable, caused the pretender to be seized and imprisoned, his houses to be ransacked, his goods and papers to be confiscated, and himself to be forcibly deported to England, where, on his arrival, he was committed to the Tower, tried, and sentenced to death for high treason.[2]

Presently Bendyshe's own loyalty fell under suspicion. Some of the Roundheads in Turkey drew up against him a lengthy indictment, the chief counts of which were as follows. After getting rid of the impostor Hyde, he seized several " well-affected persons " and clapt them in chains, because they refused to acknowledge him as Charles II's Ambassador, which he swore he was. Then by offering the Grand Vizier a present of ten thousand dollars he had the Capitulations renewed in the name of that monarch. He was in correspondence with the King of Scots and several other notorious enemies of the Commonwealth beyond seas, and commanded his chaplain to pray for the King of Scots' restoration to the government of England. Further he was charged with

[1] See " Answer to Sir Henry Hide's Summons from the English Nation at Smyrna," dated Aug. 3, 1650, in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.

[2] At the Restoration his brothers petitioned the House of Lords that these arbitrary and malicious proceedings might be condemned and those responsible for them punished for their treachery, murder, and rapine by being excluded from the Act of Indemnity. See House of Lords Calendar, June 21, 1660, in *Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep. VII.* 103.

using his ambassadorial power most tyrannically and illegally, by delivering up the persons and the estates of English merchants to the false pretences of Turks and Jews; with doing nothing without bribes; with having most inhumanly and unchristianly handed over divers free Englishmen into Turkish slavery; with most unchristianly and traitorously assisting the Turk against the Venetians, by supplying him with ships, contrary to the law both of God and nations; briefly, with a variety of crimes, by means of which our religion is scandalized, the honour of our country vilified, and our merchants mulcted.[1]

In 1653, when the term of Bendyshe's appointment expired, the Levant Company decided to recall him, and, the Parliament agreeing, wrote to the Sultan and the Grand Vizier, informing them of the ambassador's recall and of their wish that, pending the arrival of a permanent successor, the bearer of their letters, Mr. Richard Lawrence, should act as Agent. But both the Company and the Government reckoned without their servant. It was a time when few Englishmen were inclined to obey distasteful orders. Bendyshe, taking a leaf out of Crow's book, refused to surrender the ambassadorial plum. The Turks were treated to another lucrative quarrel among their turbulent guests. Cromwell, apparently not fully realizing the seriousness of the deadlock at Constantinople, proceeded, after a fashion reminiscent of the Charles who had been beheaded for his arbitrary rule, to announce to the Levant Company the appointment of Richard Salwey, Esquire, "to succeed and remain our Ambassador in the Port of Constantinople."[2]

[1] See "Articles of Treason and other high misdemeanours against Sir Thomas Bendyshe, Bart., Ambassador with the Grand Signor from the late King." *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.

[2] Report from the Committee for Foreign Affairs, Jan. 24, 1652 (=1653); Letters from the Parliament of the Common-

The Company did not relish the idea of exchanging one tyrant for another, and some of its members had already proposed to solicit his Highness to confirm Sir Thomas Bendyshe in his post, or else to "impose upon my Lord Protector some other person of their own choice." But there were people who considered that either of those measures was fraught with dangerous consequences to the State and "may deprive his Highness of the means to pursue an interest which in relation to the present conjuncture of Foreign Affairs may probably prove of exceeding importance to your service"—so wrote a well-informed adviser; [1] and that obviously was Cromwell's view also. But even Cromwell had to bow to the might of circumstances. Finding that it was impossible to exact from Bendyshe obedience to his commands, he wisely connived at the ambassador's defiance, and let him stay on at Constantinople to the end of the Commonwealth.

* * * * *

A house divided against itself cannot expect much respect from its neighbours: when those neighbours happen to be primitive Turks, it gets none. English residents in the Sultan's dominions, after the death of Queen Elizabeth, found themselves as frequently exposed to the perfidy, cupidity, and cruelty of the pashas as any other Franks. Some of these acts of injustice proceeded from the Imperial Porte itself—the quarter "which,"

wealth of England to the Sultan and Grand Vizier, "Given at Westminster, the last day of August, 1653"; Richard Lawrence to the Council of State, Constantinople, Feb. 10; March 22, $165\frac{3}{4}$; May 13; Dec. 8, 1654. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17. The Protector to the Company of Merchants trading in the Levant Seas, Whitehall, Aug. 14, 1654. *Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep. XII. Pt. v.* 410.

[1] Paul Hagett to the Lord President, March 1, $165\frac{3}{4}$. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey No.* 17.

the sufferers observed, " should be the head and fountain of Justice." The remark occurs in a memorandum for a remonstrance to be addressed by Charles I to the Grand Signor on behalf of the Levant Company, and a letter from the same King contains an instance that aptly illustrates it. His Majesty pointedly refers to " the violence lately committed at Smyrna." [1]

It was committed whilst Sir Thomas Roe represented the majesty of England at Constantinople, and the suit for restitution to the Company of the moneys wrongfully extorted formed part of the *damnosa hereditas* which that diplomatist had bequeathed to his successor Sir Peter Wyche. Sir Peter took up the matter, and pressed it on the Sultan's attention. It was a matter of some delicacy, the Governor of Smyrna, against whom the complaint was made, being the Grand Signor's own brother-in-law. Yet we find that this did not save him from the extreme penalty : a signal example of Imperial impartiality, you will say. Well, listen to the sequel, in the Ambassador's own words—

" The Vizier desired me to desist from pressing it [i.e. the suit] any further, the offender having lost his head, and his widow being the Grand Signor's sister,

[1] " Heads to be presented to Mr. Secretary Coke, to prepare a letter from his Majesty to the Gr. Sigr. on the behalf of the Levant Company." This document is undated and found among *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17 (1641–1662). But since Sir Peter Wyche is mentioned in it as " the King's Majesty's Ambassador resident at the Porte," and Wyche's embassy covers the years 1626–1639 (though he did not actually go to the East till the spring of 1628, he had been chosen to succeed Roe in the spring of 1626), it plainly belongs to an earlier Bundle, probably No. 14 (1628–1629). I am inclined to think from internal evidence that it is the basis upon which was framed the King's letter to the Sultan referred to above. That letter is in the form of credentials, and it is endorsed " His Majesty to the Grand Sigr., by Sir Pet. Wich," *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 14.

enjoying his estates, by whom that restitution ought to be made: and that himself, having formerly moved the Grand Signor therein, he found the pressing thereof to be so distasteful that he would not command nor give way to any course to be taken, so I fear I shall have no better success therein than my predecessor." [1]

Even Sir Peter's style cannot rob the story of its inimitable point.

It would be a pity to quit Smyrna without relating, from the annals of the next generation, another grim Anglo-Turkish episode for which that town furnished the stuff. Sir Thomas Bendyshe was then English Ambassador at the Porte, and the Mufti (we have learnt since to call him Sheikh-ul-Islam) was his mortal enemy. That reverend gentleman had already given ample proof of his capacity for mischief "by many ill offices done to our nation to gratify the French and Sir Henry Hyde's party." That party, as we saw, had come to grief, and its champion could neither forget nor forgive the winners. Among the principal authors of the Mufti's discomfiture was the English Consul at Smyrna, and, as Allah would have it, the Cadi of Smyrna was the Mufti's nephew. It was not long before the two kinsmen put their heads together, and resuscitated an old lawsuit between a member of the English Factory of Smyrna and an Armenian. The dispute being between a Frank and a subject of the Grand Signor's had to be tried by a Turkish judge, in the presence of the English Consular authority. The Turkish judge in this case being the aforesaid Cadi, the verdict was such as might have been foreseen. The English merchant was sentenced to unloose his purse-strings, and the English Consul was ordered to see the sentence duly

[1] Wyche to Conway, Aug. $\frac{9}{19}$, 1628. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey. No.* 14.

carried out. The Consul, who knew that the Armenian's claim was false, refused to obey, and—" was seized on and rudely handled by the Cadi, and threatened with imprisonment, and several merchants there present were beaten down the stairs before his face." Then, aware that his judicial proceedings would soon reach the ears of the Ambassador and of the Porte, the worthy Cadi forestalled complaint by sending to his uncle a report, attested by a number of terrorized witnesses, wherein he declared that the English Consul had insulted the Grand Signor and menaced the town with destruction, and therefore begged that this bad bold giaour might be removed. The scene is now shifted from Smyrna to Stambul.

The Mufti, on receipt of this communication, sent a courteous message to the Ambassador, inviting him to his house: " he had somewhat of concernment " to impart to him. The Ambassador, taken in by the tone of the message, went. The moment he appeared, the Mufti peremptorily requested him to displace the Consul—there and then: " he would admit of no time either for parley or proof." Bendyshe found himself confronted with the dilemma: to sacrifice his official dignity by yielding and establish a precedent pregnant with mischief for the future, or to risk his personal safety by resisting. He chose the latter course, and gave the Mufti " a flat denial, which so enraged him as he swore that I should either do it or should never go alive out of his house, and thereupon I was immediately seized upon and violently thrust out of the room, and rudely and uncivilly haled into another." What sort of a room that was, the Ambassador does not explicitly state, but one can surmise from his phrase, " the injury was much aggravated by the nature of that place to which I was confined."

In that place the representative of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland was kept for three and a half hours, " until it pleased God, by the favour and love of the three powerful men in the Porte, the Vizier, Janizary Aga, and Keiah Bey, I was released." The host hurled after the parting guest the words : " You are no longer Ambassador, nor the party you protect Consul ! "

The Mufti had utilized those three and a half hours by pulling all the wires he could lay hands on in the Palace and the Porte to have Bendyshe committed to the " Black Sea Castle, a place from whence few are released but by death," and he had made so sure of success that, in anticipation of the event, he had sent letters to Smyrna, saying that it was already done, and that the Consul (who was then on his way to Constantinople " to lament against the Cadi ") would be apprehended as soon as he arrived and sent to join his chief in prison.

Such was the wickedness of this Mufti. " But it pleased God to make his injustice and malice towards me the means of his own ruin ; for, once free, I so closely pursued this dishonourable act done against me and consequently to our Nation, that within three days after I thus suffered he was turned out of his place and banished, and another, being my very great friend, immediately invested therein. True it is that for this act much envy lieth on the Vizier, the General of the Janizaries, and his Lieutenant-General, and the new Mufti, whom the common people call ' Christians,' for this justice done on a Christian's complaint. However, this act hath vindicated not only all of my order and rank, but also the rest of our Nation, who, I hope, in matter of affronts, will hereafter be more cautiously dealt with." [1]

[1] Sir Thomas Bendyshe to the Council of State, June 10, 1651. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.

An essential condition for the fulfilment of this hope was that the ambassador should always have influential friends to take his side; but this condition was unattainable, a Turkish Minister's position being as unstable as the Imperial humour to which he owed it. Bendyshe soon found that out.[1] Not long afterwards there occurred an incident which taxed his ingenuity severely and showed the depth to which his country had sunk at Stambul.

On some pretext or other, the Grand Vizier imposed upon the English merchants of Constantinople an *avania* of 70,000 dollars, and on their refusing to oblige him, caused their goods to be seized as soon as they arrived in port. Bendyshe could find no other way to justice than that which was open to any harassed Greek, Armenian, or Jew: a direct appeal to the Grand Signor from the rapacity of his servants. The formalities attending this supplication were of a peculiarly picturesque and humiliating character: the suppliant had to put a pot of fire on his head, enter the Seraglio, and run straight to the Sultan's room. It was not lawful for any one to stop him until he reached the foot of the throne and offered his petition. It is scarcely necessary to say that no one had a chance of getting into the Seraglio at all, without a previous arrangement with friends in Court.

Bendyshe, under the stress of dire necessity, resolved to pocket his pride and adopt this method of procedure. But now he had no friends in Court who could help him to gain access to the Sultan. All the big turbans were banded together in an unholy league, because they all expected a share of the loot. He had recourse to a quaint

[1] Under date July 13, 1652, he writes: "Viziers are so often changed, none abiding 12 months in their place, some not 9 weeks." *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.

and very effective modification of the custom. There were at the moment eleven English ships lying in the Golden Horn. He ordered that every one of them should have pots of fire tied to its yard-arms and thus adorned anchor under the Grand Signor's windows. The stratagem worked like a spell. Before the Grand Signor had time to notice the pageant, news of it was carried to the Grand Vizier; and he instantly hastened, by a fair accommodation, to put out the fires which otherwise might have singed his own beard.[1]

* * * * *

The pashas gave no less eloquent evidence of their contempt for the English at this period by the attitude they adopted in some very delicate questions that arose out of their war for the conquest of Crete (1645–1669). While Bendyshe was blamed by his own countrymen for helping the Turk against the Venetians, the Turk blamed him for precisely the opposite offence. English ships were to be found not only provisioning the Venetian forces in the island, but also assisting in the victories of the Venetian fleets. In vain did the Ambassador plead that neither he nor his Government was responsible for these unfriendly acts. The Turks knew that the whole of Christendom, including even their French allies, was sympathetic towards their enemies. They knew that both afloat and ashore the Venetians enjoyed the enthusiastic, or interested, assistance of numerous volunteers drawn from every part of Europe. The English were one of these hostile elements. The pashas, smarting under their losses, threatened that, unless the English

[1] Ricaut, 84. The fair accommodation consisted, I think, in a present of 3,000 dollars: unless the S.P. (the "Articles of Treason" already cited) from which I derive this, as well as the figure of the original claim, refers to some other transaction of similar kind about the same time, which is not very likely.

Government effectively stopped its subjects, the Capitulations would be taken away, which meant that the property and the persons of all Englishmen in the Ottoman Empire would automatically be placed outside the law. Meanwhile, they dealt in summary fashion with each case as it arose.

In the summer of 1652 an English sea-captain was captured by a Turkish squadron and brought into the port of Chios. A confession was extracted from him that he was in the Venetian service. Before the Ambassador could purchase his acquital, he was sold into slavery together with his crew. A few weeks later another English captain was caught red-handed and was brought to Constantinople. The charge against him was that he had slain three hundred Turks before his ship was set on fire. He was sentenced by the Sultan to be hanged before the Ambassador's gate; which would have been done, but for the Grand Vizier who, being in Bendyshe's pay, went three times to the Sultan, until he managed to have the man's sentence commuted to imprisonment.[1]

Another manifestation of Turkish feeling towards the English their representative experienced in his own person. One day at an audience at the Porte some of the Sultan's Ministers physically assisted the French Ambassador to pull Bendyshe back when he attempted to occupy the place of honour: an affront for which,

[1] Bendyshe to the Council of State, July 13, 1652. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17. A peculiar pathos surrounds the fate of this unfortunate mariner—Captain Thomas Galilee, commander of the ship *Releife*. He was kept in captivity for eighteen long years. Successive ambassadors begged for his release in vain, until—at the conclusion of peace between Turkey and Venice—the Venetian Bailo, on the recommendation of his English colleague, included him among the Venetian prisoners who were then set free. See Sir Daniel Harvey to Joseph Williamson, . . . Nov., 1670. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 19.

however, thanks to his friends in Court, he got abundant reparation. With equal spirit and success he resisted an attempt of the Porte to trick him into becoming surety for the good faith of English captains who agreed to carry Turkish soldiers and provisions to Crete—a condition in which the representatives of France and Holland had been forced to acquiesce. Bendyshe summoned the captains to his house and kept them there, while he sent word to the Grand Vizier that he would see "my ships sink in their harbour rather than serve upon terms so dishonourable to our nation, and that I, being a public minister and representative, could not, would not, nor ought to be a pledge for any man." [1]

Afloat no more respect was paid to the English flag, at this time, by the Sultan's officers, who often visited upon the innocent the sins of the guilty; and it is hard to decide which of the two things was more disastrous to English residents—tame submission to robbery or successful escape. About 1655 an English merchantman bound for Egypt was met and chased by six Turkish men-of-war coming from Candia: in self-defence, he fired several shots and killed three Janissaries. As soon as the men-of-war arrived at Alexandria, and the English ship's feat became known to the authorities in Cairo, the English Consul was thrown into prison.[2]

At last things came to a head. The Turks, finding the war more and more of a drain on their resources, began to commandeer the English ships in their ports. The Venetians, seriously alarmed, presented, through their Agent in London, a long, urgent, and fulsome memorial to Cromwell, begging him "to vouchsafe to enjoin the English Ambassdor in Constantinople and all

[1] Bendyshe to the Council of State, Dec. 22, 1651. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 19. [2] Thevenot, i. 253.

the Consuls that reside in cities subject to the Turk strongly to oppose and not permit that this so stout and valorous a nation, who hath so often restrained and destroyed Pirates, should at present be violentated by the tyranny of the Turks and that its own arms should by main force be turned against the Christian Religion for which they have always gloriously fought."

Cromwell acted with characteristic promptness. He writes to Bendyshe: "Right trusty and well beloved, we greet you well," and, after pointing out the damage that would be inflicted on English merchants by the seizure of their ships, and also the injustice that they should be forcibly employed against a friendly State, requests him to forbid all English ship masters to enlist themselves in the Sultan's service, and to communicate, at the first opportunity, this Resolution to the Grand Signor, "who, we are confident, will in no wise interpret it to any ill part, in regard of the common reason of the thing, and in regard of the moderation and equanimity wherewith we have always governed our affairs in relation to him." [1]

This document—remarkable for its dignified firmness, and for its absolute freedom from cant—seems to have had the desired effect; for never had England shown herself more formidable abroad than in the years which immediately followed the cessation of her domestic troubles.

But all this was soon changed; and the Ambassador of Charles II was made to do things far more "dishonourable to our nation" than those to which the representative of Cromwell took exception. No sooner had Lord Winchilsea landed at Constantinople—and before he had

[1] Both the translation of the Venetian memorial, and the draft of the Protector's letter to Bendyshe are endorsed, "read, Jan. 8, 1656(-7)." *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.

time, in accordance with the King's orders, "to desire the Grand Signor in our name that no English ship may be compelled to serve the Turks against the Christians" —than he was met with the demand for an English vessel to transport troops to Crete. He demurred to the request, as contrary to the Capitulations and to the interests of English trade, but, "perceiving that there was Turkish fury and obstinacy in the resolution, I contended as far as with discretion and prudence I might, rather conniving at a small breach than to make a total rupture in the whole, and to permit one man to suffer rather than the generality to be ruined." This was just the attitude to encourage Turkish insolence. By and by the demand was repeated, and Winchilsea weakly reports, "none of my arguments or persuasions would prevail." When the Turkish preparations for a war against Austria began, the English Ambassador contemplated with impotent horror the prospect of being compelled to share the campaign—"with the hazards of the Plague, great expense and other inconveniences"—so that he might be used as an intermediary in peace negotiations.

Yet, among the instructions this ambassador had taken out with him, was this: "You must by all means preserve and magnify the reputation and the strength and power of our Navy and of our command by sea, as being much superior to what it was in the time of any of our royal predecessors, and withal discreetly insinuate the danger which may attend their forcing us by ill usage to join with their enemies." Winchilsea did so: "I have upon all occasions both to the Vizier and Captain Bashaw and others endeavoured to instil an apprehension of my master's power and growing greatness." [1]

[1] Winchilsea to Nicholas, March 4, $\frac{18}{28}$, $166\frac{0}{1}$; May 14, 1661;

The Turks could easily distinguish between the lion's skin and the animal it covered, and behaved accordingly.[1]

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The whole reign of Charles II was for the English in Turkey a period of deep abasement; but the oppression they suffered reached its greatest intensity under his

Feb. 11, 166$\frac{1}{2}$; Nov. 27, 1662; and Instructions for Lord Winchilsea. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.

[1] Many instances of English ships commandeered during the Cretan War occur in the records of subsequent years. They are most instructive, throwing a flood of light on the depths to which England had sunk in Turkey under Cromwell's successor. At the beginning of his reign Charles II, urged by the Venetian Resident in London, made a feeble attempt to resist this form of Turkish arbitrariness—"if possible." (See The King to Winchilsea, April 26, 1661, in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.) But later on his Majesty's representatives in the East not only submitted to oppression themselves, but resented bitterly any display of spirit on the part of private individuals. Here is a case in point: "We have lately run a great deal of hazard here through the refractoriness, falseness, and insolence of one Capt. Morgan now at Smyrna. 'Tis a wonder to me the Turks have been so tame in this occasion and proceeded, contrary to their style, with so much flegm and moderation where they have received the highest provocations. . . . The particulars your Lordship will receive from the Consul at Smyrna."—Lord Winchilsea to Lord Arlington, March 26, 1668. The Consul writes: "I have been liable to many troubles and dangers of late through the occasion and necessity the Grand Signor has had to take up our ships for his service in Candia; to avoid which, though I laboured what was possible, yet when I saw there was no remedy, I thought it both reason and prudence to submit; but the obstinacy of the commanders of those ships, then in port, was so great, especially of one Capt. Morgan, master of the *John and Abigail* (though the voyage to Candia fell to him by lot), as exposed our whole nation here to eminent danger; but it pleased God that matters succeeded beyond our expectation, and though Morgan was at last forced to the Grand Signor's service, no farther damage or *avania* befell the public."—Paul Ricaut to "My Lord," Smyrna, July 18, 1668. Morgan's "refractoriness" can easily be understood, seeing that his ship, and another commandeered together with it, "being heavy sails, 'tis to be feared will hardly escape the Venetians' clutches."—Unsigned letter from "Smyrna, June 1, 1668." *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 19.

last two ambassadors. Sir John Finch arrived at Constantinople in 1674, while the great Mohammed Kuprili's great son Ahmed still controlled the destinies of the Ottoman Empire, and this Grand Vizier knew how to temper tyranny with discretion. But his successor Mustafa richly deserved his epithet Kara, or "Black." His Grand Vizierate (1676–1683) marked one of the darkest eras both for his country and for the foreigners who dwelt in it: "My Lord," reported our ambassador, "affairs in this Court are incredible, indicible, nay really inconceivable. What is true to-day, is not so to-morrow. No promise is strong enough to bind. No reasons, be they never so cogent, powerful enough to persuade. Impetuous passion, accompanied with avarice, overrules all laws and Capitulations." [1]

The Grand Vizier had a Kehaya, or Assistant, of his own complexion, and the two between them devoted all the time they could spare from mismanaging the Sultan's affairs to the invention of pretexts for robbing his guests. Vast sums were screwed out of all the foreign ministers and merchants, including our own, by the simple expedient of taking away the Capitulations. Sir John Finch, like his colleagues, had to repurchase at a fancy price the privileges which alone stood between the English colony and utter ruin. That, however, did not save him from further molestation. Both the Frank by giving and the Turk by exacting simply fulfilled their normal functions. So long as there was a cow to milk the Grand Vizier could not resist the temptation of milking her. The process culminated in an *avania* that brought the poor ambassador's career to a timely end. It was a case

[1] Sir John Finch to the Earl of Sunderland, Oct. $\frac{8}{18}$, 1680. This and all the other dispatches cited in the following pages are to be found in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 19.

for which even the annals of the Porte offer few parallels : the very sublime of tyranny, beyond which human injustice cannot advance.

About 1673 an English ship, the *Mediterranean*, on her way from Tunis to Tripoli, was stopped by a corsair in the service of the Duke of Florence and had a number of passengers, as well as a large quantity of goods and gold, belonging to the Pasha of Tunis taken out of her. The Pasha himself escaped ashore and reached Constantinople with his grievance.[1] The Sultan, in accordance with the favourite maxim of Turkish equity, held the whole English nation accountable for the misfortune that befell his servant under the ægis of one of its members : the rather because the Pasha had amassed his wealth by plundering Tunisian rebels. On the petition of the Levant Company Charles ordered Sir John Finch, his new ambassador to the Porte, who was at the moment at Genoa, to go to Florence and recover from the Duke the stolen property. At Leghorn Finch met an Aga whom the Pasha was sending to England on that very business, and entered into negotiations with him. The emissary was given to understand that the ship was no English ship : her master, indeed, was an Englishman, but he had changed his religion, deserted his country, and, having for ten years lived at Leghorn and being married there, become a

[1] Perhaps it should be noted that this was the climax to a situation which had been developing for some time past : the same licensed ruffian, Domenico Franceschi by name, had in the previous year plundered an English ship bound from Tunis to Smyrna and carried off her five Turkish passengers and their effects : " for whom," wrote our Ambassador at the time, " I very much fear an *avania*." See Sir Daniel Harvey to Lord Arlington, Jan. 24, and March 15, 167$\frac{1}{2}$, enclosing " A Relation of the Damage recd. by me Thomas Parker, master of the *Lyon* pinke, from a Corsair near the Island of Delos," dated " In Smyrna, Dec. 9, 1671."

Florentine subject, so that the King of England was no longer concerned in him. With these explanations, " and other motives," he prevailed upon the Aga to give him a written and duly attested declaration that he had no claim against the Captain or any other Englishman, only suggesting that, as Finch was to be ambassador at the Porte, it would be taken kindly of him if he would, as a matter of favour, help a Pasha. Finch, after this stroke of diplomacy, proceeded to carry out his mission to the Duke. At Florence he obtained the restitution of 5,000 dollars in ready money, and some of the stolen goods. From Florence, provided with the Duke's letters, he went to Malta, where he recovered seventy-five more bales of goods. At the same time he procured for the Aga the redemption of seven of the Pasha's people who had been sold into slavery ; one of these being the Pasha's sister-in-law, who afterwards became his wife.

All these pieces of recovered property were delivered to the Aga, who with Finch and the English captain travelled to Turkey in the very ship from which they had been taken. At Smyrna Finch made the Aga give him before a Cadi a receipt for all the goods and a full discharge to the Captain, accompanied with a testimonial that the latter had behaved in all things faithfully. Finch arrived at Constantinople not a little pleased with himself. But there he was to learn that, so far from being out of the wood, he had only just entered it. The Pasha was furious with his agent, and after drubbing him unmercifully, dismissed him. When he recovered from the drubbing, the Aga went to Finch, informed him of all that had happened, and handed to him his written dismissal, saying that the Pasha was a bad man, and that document might be of use to the Ambassador himself hereafter. And so, indeed, it proved.

The Pasha appealed to the Grand Vizier for compensation by the Ambassador for such of his things as he alleged to be missing. The Vizier, far from countenancing the claim, publicly thanked Finch at his audience with him for the service he had done, and sent the Pasha away to a governorship in the uttermost confines of Arabia. Shortly afterwards, however, Ahmed Kuprili died and was succeeded by Kara Mustafa. During Mustafa's tenure of office the Pasha returned to Stambul and renewed his suit against the Ambassador. It was then that Finch's troubles really began.

The Grand Vizier appointed his Kehaya, the Rais Effendi, and the Chaoush-bashi to inquire into the case and submit to him a report. This done, he summoned both litigants to appear before him, in his great Audience Chamber, on Friday, September 3, 1680. The trial was conducted by a Grand Divan: the Vizier acting as President of the Court, with the two chief Cadis for assessors, in the presence of all the high Ministers of the Porte. He opened the proceedings by bidding the Pasha produce the list of his claims, declaring that, if he could prove his case, he would find him a just judge, and see the English Ambassador in the Seven Towers. The list was read out: the claim amounted to seven hundred purses, or 350,000 dollars.

There ensued the following dialogue between the litigants—

Finch: "Who has taken those goods?"

Pasha: "The Corsair."

Finch: "He that has taken them, let him restore them."

At this point the Vizier interposed angrily—

"Ambassador, you and all other ambassadors are sent hither by your respective princes to answer for the lives

and estates of all Moslems all over the world that are damaged by your respective subjects, and you are here a hostage to answer for all damage done by the English all over the world."

The case went on, Finch pleading his non-responsibility for the Captain who had long ceased to be an English subject, even if that man were to blame, which he was not; and by dramatically producing at the proper moments, one after another, all the documents he had from the Pasha's agent, he demolished each of the Pasha's statements. The plaintiff was proved a person of transparent unveracity, and one of the two Cadis, whose business it was to give judgment, began to write down his sentence, when the Vizier, who had behaved in anything but a judicial fashion through the long trial, stopped him, saying that this cause could not be decided at one hearing.

Finch left the Court with many misgivings and dismal forebodings, all of which were duly fulfilled. On the very next day, the Kehaya and the Rais Effendi sent for his Dragoman to inform him that, as the Pasha was a favourite at the Seraglio, the Grand Vizier would expect a very large sum of money to deliver the Ambassador from his prosecution. Finch replied that he could, as a gentleman, reward his friends, but could not as an ambassador enter into a bargain. This reply elicited a milder demand—only fifteen purses for the Vizier and seven for the other Ministers: altogether, 11,000 dollars. Finch positively declined to treat: he had a just case, "So remitting myself to the justice of the Grand Vizier, I implored the Divine Protection, and should acquiesce in His Holy Will, happen what will." The answer to this was that Finch would repent his refusal. A few days later the Kehaya sent the Vizier's Jew to reiterate the proposal

with many threats. Finch reiterated his refusal; and was left in a frame of mind which is clearly reflected in the words with which he concludes this portion of his narrative: "either victory or imprisonment of my person is like to be the result." [1]

There was a second trial. Finch went to the Porte accompanied by five of the leading English merchants and his Dragoman; and the dread of a Turkish dungeon went with them. When they saw how the trial was conducted, and how vehemently the Vizier overruled all that could be said for the defendants, they thought the dungeon unavoidable. At the critical moment, however, Finch had a happy thought: he asked that he might be allowed to write to his King for instructions. Beyond his own and everybody else's expectation, the Vizier, after some hesitation, granted the request. Thus sentence was put off, and the case adjourned from the first of October to the last of February. The defendants returned home relieved, and most thankful for small mercies. The Ambassador congratulated himself on his cleverness and his luck. Time was everything: "*chi da tempo, da vita*. I should think that when the five months are expired, it would not be hard to get three months more." [2]

But it would seem that the Vizier in granting the respite had been taken off his guard. Upon second thoughts, realizing that he had created a precedent of which all other ambassadors would take advantage, he hastened to undo his mistake. He sent, through his Kehaya, to Finch a message to the effect that it was not necessary to write to his King, as the Pasha would be ashamed to go on with the case: wherefore he expected

[1] Dispatches dated Sept. 24 and 29, 1680.

[2] Finch to Sunderland, Oct. $\frac{2}{12}$, 1680.

from the Ambassador a present of suitable dimensions. Finch replied that it was too late, as he had already written. Nor could he consider himself really freed from the Pasha's claims until sentence was given in his favour. The Kehaya insisted on a present, threatened the Ambassador with all sorts of pains and penalties, and, on failing to elicit a single asper, called his dragomans "infidels" and "dogs" and dismissed them with the taunt, "Let your ambassador vaunt that he has outwitted us!" The dragomans left the Porte surprised at having escaped a drubbing. Just then began the Feast of the Bairam, and Finch sent to the Sultan's Ministers the customary gifts. They disdainfully refused them: "which," the wretched Ambassador comments, "everyone that knows Turkey knows how to interpret: God Almighty protect me!" [1]

Panic-stricken, his Britannic Majesty's representative thought that, if he paid the Kehaya the respect of sending the gifts a day's journey, when the Vizier's Assistant was on his way to Adrianople, accompanied with the addition of "a rare pendulum, an excellent gold watch, and a long prospective glass," he would receive them. But he met with another ominous rebuff. Thereupon, at his wits' ends, he sent his dragoman to sound the Chief Commissioner of the Customs, who was the last man to take leave of the Kehaya. That worthy, scenting a chance of turning an honest penny, professed himself entirely of the Ambassador's party. He had already, of his own accord, pleaded with the Kehaya, telling him that the King of England had suspended all commerce with Turkey (he had the news from the Hollanders), and that now he must throw up his office and might shut up

[1] Finch to Jenkins, Oct. $\frac{8}{18}$, 1680.

the Custom House, the English being the only people who brought any considerable profit to it. On hearing this, the Commissioner affirmed, the Vizier's Assistant had looked thoughtful. He also told the Kislar Aga, or Chief Eunuch of the Sultan's Harem, the same thing; and he advised Finch to stick to his guns.[1]

A month passed, in horrible suspense and terror, and then the Ambassador burst forth into a shout of relief: "God be praised that I can once write your Lordship good news out of Turkey." The Kehaya had his head cut off by order of the Sultan. His houses were sealed up. The whole of his estate was confiscated to the Imperial Treasury. Gone was "this tyrant and worst of men: dead he is, and a great blow given by it to the Grand Vizier!"[2]

Meanwhile Finch had obtained from the home authorities his release, and Lord Chandos had been appointed to take his thorny seat on the Bosphorus. When the fateful month of February came, he dispatched a dragoman to the Grand Vizier at Adrianople, informing him that the King, on account of the many sinister accidents that had befallen him in that post, had named a new ambassador. Therefore, it would be well to adjourn the case again, till the new envoy's arrival. The Vizier listened to the dragoman with unwonted patience and readily assented: "so great and sudden a change does this taking away one Kehaya's head make in this vast Empire!"[3]

The change continued. When the Vizier returned to

[1] Finch to Sunderland, Nov. $\frac{6}{16}$, 1680.

[2] Finch to Sunderland, Dec. $\frac{3}{13}$, 1680.

[3] Finch to Sunderland, Feb. $\frac{9}{19}$, $168\frac{0}{1}$.

Constantinople, Finch, following the example of the other ambassadors, sent him a present: "which, though it was but a small one, he received with great kindness, presenting my dragoman ten dollars, though never before he had given a penny." [1]

The Rais Effendi followed suit. He sent Finch messages assuring him that he might rest quiet, with a contented heart: the Pasha of Tunis would give no further trouble, "he having his beard in his hand," and offering the Ambassador his services. Finch returned a cautious answer, reciprocating his compliments, asking him to explain what he meant by "having the Bassa of Tunis his beard in his hand," and assuring him, in turn, that he still had "the power in my hand to gratify them that should do me right and revenge my cause." The Rais Effendi replied that he would unfold himself fully as soon as the new Ambassador arrived at Smyrna. In brief, Finch now felt, if not reprieved, at least rested: "like a bear that hath been firstly baited, I am left to some repose that I might recover strength, whilst other Ministers are brought upon the theatre." [2]

At last, to his immense joy, Lord Chandos arrived at Gallipoli. As at that time of year (July), the Etesian winds setting N.E. make sailing into the Sea of Marmora difficult, and Finch, sick with anxiety, could not afford to wait, he dispatched to Gallipoli a brigantine with twenty oars and four boats to facilitate his successor's voyage, and a letter informing him of the Rais Effendi's mysterious message. Lord Chandos replied that he was

[1] The Same to the Same, April $\frac{12}{22}$, 1681.

[2] Finch to the Levant Company, May $\frac{9}{19}$, 1681; the Same to Jenkins, May $\frac{10}{20}$, 1681.

hastening all he could to communicate to him the King's commands and the Company's instructions, adding that he feared that their "latitude was not large on the submissive part." Upon receipt of this hint Finch put the Rais Effendi off.[1]

At the same moment there came to Constantinople news of the French Admiral de Quesne's defiance of the Sultan in Chios. Finch saw in this affair something to his advantage. While the Porte was entangled in a serious quarrel with the French, it would have no desire to push matters with the English to extremes. This calculation was justified by the event. Lord Chandos demanded and received full satisfaction on the two great points: every penny of the money extorted from Finch for restoring the Capitulations was refunded; and the great *avania* on the score of the Pasha of Tunis was "for ever damn'd." Last, and what to poor Finch was personally most important, he obtained from the Sultan permission to depart, and he only waited to recover his health sufficiently to embark on the ship that had brought his successor out.[2]

This phenomenal reasonableness, however, disappeared as soon as the Porte settled the French affair to its satisfaction. Another thing that contributed to a speedy recovery of its arrogance was the unseemly and injudicious alacrity of the English to resume commercial relations. Even while Chandos was still negotiating at Stambul, news came that the Levant Company were getting their ships ready for Turkey. The Grand Vizier, prompted by his Jewish adviser, saw in this proof that England was longing for trade at any price, and was not slow to

[1] Finch to Jenkins, July 25, 1681.
[2] Finch to Jenkins, Sept. 22, 1681; Chandos to the Same, Sept. 23.

turn it to account. The nearer our ships drew and the greater "the rumour of a vast estate coming into his hands," the bolder and more extravagant grew his demands. Presently he broke the agreement he had made with Chandos on the pretence that in ancient times the English paid 3 per cent. duty on all the silk they exported from Turkey. The Commissioner of the Customs, forced, as he said in private, by the Vizier, drew up a retrospective claim for five years' duty, amounting to 100,000 dollars; and the Vizier, summoning the Ambassador to his presence, told him that, if he did not obey his decree, he would "put him in irons." Lord Chandos held out for several days, but at last he was obliged to bargain, raising his offer from 50 to 80, and then to 110 purses, each purse being equal to 500 dollars. But the Vizier rejected the offer, detaining four of the Company's ships which were ready to sail from Smyrna richly laden. The English set to work to rescue their ships by "other means"—the phrase may cover any conceivable device —"wherein by a marvellous providence" they succeeded.

The Vizier's rage, on finding himself outmanœuvred, knew no bounds. He immediately sent for the English merchants. The Ambassador refused to let them go, unless he went with them. After a day's parley he was permitted to do so. They went all together. As soon as they appeared, two of them were seized by the chaoushes. The Ambassador tried to rescue them by force. He had the worst of the scuffle. The merchants were carried off to prison. Chandos began to pelt the Vizier with memorials; and in the end he obtained their liberation, and the revocation of the 3 per cent. decree, for 110 purses. He explains to the home Government that there was absolutely no other way. For many days he and all

the other Englishmen at Constantinople were "stuck at the pit's brink." He was ready to go in person and fight it out with the Grand Signor; but he was prevented by the merchants' reasonings and entreaties. He hopes that "all is for the best, for there is not one instance of any one's having ever got any good by wrangling with this Vizier." [1]

* * * * *

Miserable and dishonourable as were the terms on which the English lived in the capital of the Ottoman Empire and towns near it, they were tolerable, even enviable, when compared with the lot of sojourners in the provinces. Considerations of political expediency often restrained the Sultan and his Ministers from indulging their cupidity to excess. This check did not exist in the case of the provincial governors—men of great power and no principle, who often were, had been, or were going to be in open rebellion against their own sovereign. The Grand Signor could not control these magnates as he controlled the pashas of the Porte. He ruled them with a loose rein, that he might rule them at all, and got such obedience as he could. Even when not prepared to defy the central authority, these governors took full advantage of their geographical situation to oppress the stranger within their gate, presuming on distance alone as a guarantee of impunity. They reasoned, and experience had demonstrated the correctness of their reasoning, that, so long as they observed some method and measure in their depredations, there was little danger of their doings coming to the knowledge of the Sultan: the Franks would rather put up with

[1] Chandos to Jenkins, April $\frac{17}{27}$, 1682. Cp. the Same to the Same, Oct. $\frac{11}{21}$, 1682.

moderate tyranny than incur the cost of an appeal to Constantinople. Consequently even the best of local governors made a practice of violating the Capitulations, more or less, while the worst set no limit to their appetites. From the time of Queen Elizabeth onwards the records of the English Factories in Syria, in Cyprus, in Greece, teem with acts of extortion and oppression, varying in intensity according to the victims' wealth and distance from the centre of Imperial authority.

Aleppo, the richest and remotest of the English colonies,[1] was particularly fertile in outrages. There, indeed, in the words of a seventeenth century Consul from whom we shall hear more presently, Injustice seemed to have erected her throne. Take some typical examples.

In 1607 the Pasha of that place prepared to oppose the Grand Vizier by force of arms; then he thought better of it and decided to lure him to destruction by the bait of *bakshish*. To that end he taxed all the people who had the privilege to live under his rule—natives and foreigners alike. The French and the Venetian Consuls were made to pay 5,000 dollars each; the English only 3,000. Whether the difference marked the measure of the Pasha's regard for the English or of their relative inferiority in financial resources, does not appear. In any case, the English felt no gratitude to him; and their ambassador fervently prayed, "God grant (I say) it be the last they be surcharged withal in that kind!"[2]

It was not; far from it.

Here is a later performance on a far grander scale and steeped in far more gorgeous local colour.

[1] Couriers used to cover the distance from Aleppo to Constantinople in three weeks.

[2] Glover to Salisbury, Oct. 25, 1607. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 5.

In 1651 the governorship of Aleppo was assumed by one Ipser Pasha, who treated our Consul and nation with considerable kindness and civility until the end of the winter. But as soon as spring came, bringing with it great store of goods and gold to the Factory, he changed his attitude completely. Acting in collusion with the Commissioner of the Customs and the Cadi, he imposed a tax of 3 per cent. on moneys and a duty of five dollars per bale of silk; and to ensure compliance he detained the merchandise in the Custom House. The Consul protested, but the Pasha was resolved to enforce payment as violently as he had decreed it unjustly. He began by menacing the Consul "with several ignominious deaths," and on finding him proof against intimidation, he proceeded to action. His Janissaries first broke into the Consulate and dragged the Consul to prison; then they marched to the house of the Levant Company's Treasurer and, breaking open his cash chests, carried away 8,000 dollars. Next day they invaded the Consulate again, forced open a sealed cabinet and carried away 2,000 dollars more. Couriers were forbidden to take any English letters to Constantinople on pain of death, nor did any of the English residents dare to undertake a journey thither for fear of being murdered on the way by some of the Pasha's instruments. At last with much difficulty and danger they managed to report their plight to the Ambassador. While awaiting an answer, they had other samples of Ipser's "contemptious and dessecrate violation of our Capitulations." Let the Consul himself tell his tale—

"During these hot contentions . . . it pleased God to suffer the plague to break out amongst some of our own Nation. . . . This caused an interruption for some time in our national meetings and consultations at Courts

which in these extremities were almost every day and sometimes oftener. . . . We decided to repair to a Garden house (as usually in the summer we do) to take a little fresh air and there meet and advise together for the general safety; which was no sooner done than this tyrant enforced from us most barbarously 4,000 dollars for this liberty (every day assumed by the poorest Franks and Natives). Wherein we producing our Capitulations and fresh Commands from the Grand Signor for this and greater liberties . . . he grants his *boyardee* (warrant) to Bolluck Bassa, the Commander of his Infantry, to take us all into his miserable custody, and by this means enforces the money."[1]

Another act in this tragedy must be postponed to another place. Suffice it to add here that for three months the poor sufferers awaited an answer from Constantinople in vain. But the Ambassador was not idle. He had duly received the news from Aleppo, but for some time he was at a loss how to act. The plaintiffs, while crying for justice, desired him " not to make any lament against Ipser Bassa, lest, being a desperate man, he might bereave them of their lives and the rest of their estates. So," goes on the puzzled diplomatist, " my work I have to do is this: First, I am to get justice done them for their wrongs, but not name the party wronging them. Secondly, I must find such friends in Court as to be believed on my bare word without any testimony, and that in a case, too, of so dangerous consequence that, if it be not cautiously and tenderly handled, may endanger a commotion in the Empire—truly the hardest task of this nature that I ever undertook in Turkey!"

" Yet it pleased God " to smooth the ambassador's

[1] Consul Riley to the Council of State, Aleppo, June 19; July 24, 1652. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.

way. The Grand Vizier knew him well: he also knew Ipser Pasha. So when the Englishman went to him with his tale of woe, he gave credence to the giaour's word, and found a solution of the problem with a facility possible only to a Turkish Grand Vizier. Ipser Pasha, it is true, could not be touched; but Ipser Pasha's accomplice, the Commissioner of the Customs, could: he was only a Jew.[1]

"So that, although Ipser Bassa was the principal agent and actor, and the Customer but his adviser or setter on, it was most expedient for all respects that an Imperial Command and a letter from the Vizier should be sent to Ipser Bassa and the Cadi, declaring my laments against the Customer, desiring them to force him immediately to make restitution of the money taken and to free the goods stopped or else send him up here to answer." The Vizier assured the Ambassador that Ipser Pasha would not disobey the Grand Signor's command for so small a matter: "The money will be paid," he said, "if the Jew be worth it, or his life will go for it."

For such vicarious atonement there was precedent. Some three years before the Jew's uncle and predecessor in office had, for a similar injury done to the English of Aleppo, been, at the Ambassador's instance, "hanged there before the Custom House door."

Having thus settled the actual trouble, the Ambassador thought fit to provide for the future also. He besought the Grand Vizier to remove Ipser Pasha from Aleppo, if

[1] In Egypt also the Customs were in the hands of Jews, who played an analogous rôle: "A Turk told me one day that the Jews were the Turks hounds for catching money from the Franks; for the Turks of themselves are neither malicious nor cunning enough to chase the prey; but when once the Jews have made sure of the game, the Turks come and carry all away." Thevenot, i. 235.

possible; and the Grand Vizier promised to do so by offering Ipser the province of Damascus—"a place far better than this and, as I hear, will be acceptable to him."

Promotion as a reward of worthlessness is not peculiar to Turkey. Nor, it must be owned, was, at that period, official rapacity. It so happens that in the very same dispatch in which the Ambassador reports Ipser Pasha's iniquities in Syria he also reports Consul Abbot's iniquities in Egypt; and while he complained to the Vizier of the former, the Vizier overflowed with similar complaints of the latter: he had letters from Cairo reporting that all the Cadis and merchants dwelling near the Egyptian ports were in a state of profound distress "by reason of the defect of Trade caused by the great oppression Consul Abbot used towards all, as well English as strangers' ships that came into that port under the English banner, imposing on them 12 per cent. Consulage, which ought not to exceed 3½." The parallel can be carried to the very last detail without departing one inch from the path of historic accuracy. The Vizier asked the Ambassador to remove the Consul. But Abbot was as powerful in his own way as Ipser was in his. Through his influence in London, he had got the Levant Company to tie the Ambassador by bond not to displace him without their consent. All that the Ambassador could do was to inform them of the Consul's proceedings "and consequently of the damage to the Commonwealth which would accrue by keeping of him in; of which I could never to this day receive one syllable in answer."[1]

However, the sufferers of Aleppo were neither concerned nor consoled with such reflections. We feel only our own thorns, and see the beams in other people's eyes

[1] Sir Thomas Bendyshe to the Council of State, July 13, 1652. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.

only. These experiences confirmed their Consul in the opinion that the Turks "are a nation fitter to be traded with by hostages a-shipboard (as those in Barbary) rather than to be trusted with our persons and estates on shore." The only consolation they had in their affliction was the consolation which the Jews found in theirs: the belief in the approaching advent of the Messiah and the Millennium. It seemed to them that the world had reached the utmost limit of wickedness. Turkey was the most depraved part of the globe, and proportionate to its depravity was its decline. Says the Consul: "It seems to me to be in a visible declension: the king a child, the grandees factious and divided, and the whole frame of the tyranny in a most inconstant, unsettled position and seeming (by the present face of things as well as by the general injustice) to hasten on apace the accomplishment of those glorious promises that relate to the destruction thereof and the bringing in the Kings of the East and setting up the standard of our Lord Jesus the King of Kings even in the midst of these His greatest . . . (?)"[1]

But meanwhile? Our Millennarian Consul, who had his full share of that singular, yet very usual, blend of religious enthusiasm with intensely practical sense, advises that it would be well to withdraw the English Factories from the Levant for a while, as a lesson to the Turks. Their insolence sprang from the opinion that we could not subsist without the Turkey commerce—

[1] Consul Riley, *ubi supra*.
It is worthy of note that only four years before this letter was written Sabbatai Zevi had arisen at Smyrna to fulfil the prophecies to which it alludes (1648), and some years later (1666) he made his triumphal entry into Aleppo. See my *Israel in Europe*, 174–176. A contemporary account will be found in Ricaut's *Memoirs*, 200–219.

"that, if they should bore out our eyes to-day, yet we would return to trade with them again to-morrow, which opinion has been begotten and nourished by a long continuance of the Levant Trade without intermission, notwithstanding all affronts to Ambassadors, Consuls, and merchants both at the Imperial Porte itself and at further distance, and has been the ground of many insolences upon the Nation to the dishonour of the State itself." This suggestion, however, was no more acted upon than a similar advice given by the Levant Company itself twenty-four years before,[1] and the Turks were allowed to nurse their opinion that an Englishman's pride lay in his purse.

* * * * *

There are two sides to every quarrel.

It may sound strange at the present day, but in the seventeenth century the Grand Signor had frequent occasion to complain of the ravages committed on his seas and shores by English pirates. The grievance was of old standing. So far back as 1581 Elizabeth had to write to the Sultan promising redress for the outrages in the Levant of one Peter Baker of Radcliffe.[2] The evil grew worse towards the close of the Queen's reign, when old age, mental worries, and physical infirmities conspired to weaken her grasp on the helm. Then the Mediterranean began to swarm with English corsairs who de-

[1] Charles I was then recommended to instruct his ambassador, Sir Peter Wyche, to tell the Sultan that, unless redress for our numerous grievances "may be forthwith had, and his Majesty's subjects enjoy the benefit of the Emperor's Capitulations, . . . his Majesty shall be enforced to command his ambassador from his residence there and his subjects the Merchants to withdraw their estates out of that country where they are liable to so great injustice and oppression and wholly desert the trade." See the "Heads to be presented to Mr. Secretary Coke, etc." already cited.

[2] Hakluyt, v 189.

spoiled friend and foe impartially, some of them declaring that they would not spare even English ships, if they got the chance, and trusting for impunity to the political confusion they anticipated to follow upon the Queen's death.

For some time their favourite victims, apart from the Spaniards, were the French and the Venetians, with whom England was on excellent terms, and the representatives of those Powers at the Porte filled the Sultan's ears with their denunciations of English turpitude, exaggerating genuine offences, inventing false ones, and trying by all means available " to indurate and congeal the hearts " of the Turks against us. The Sultan was anything but pleased with these depredations, perpetrated as they were at his gates and upon friends or upon enemies to whom, for the sake of his revenues, he gave liberty of traffic with his ports. But so long as he was not a direct sufferer, he took a comparatively philosophical view of the scandal. It was different when the English miscreants ventured to extend their attentions to his own subjects.

Our Ambassador, while doing his best to soothe the Porte, did not cease to implore his own Government to put a stop to the scourge. Again and again he writes home, describing the situation he and his countrymen found themselves in. " There are seventeen English men of war within the Straits," he says, " and what is meant thereby I cannot imagine, unless it be to overthrow both us and our business in these parts." Incidents follow each other: An English ship has been taken by the Sultan's galleys of Rhodes, with Turkish captives and goods that the Pasha of Egypt was sending to Constantinople. Another English pirate has come even to the city of Chios and carried off a citizen's ship from the

harbour. English sailors captured by the Turkish fleet are brought to Constantinople, and he is requested to hang them out of hand. He objects that it is not lawful for him to execute people : the men should be sent home to be dealt with according to English law and their deserts. The Porte insists, and the ambassador, afraid lest, if the men are allowed to remain in a Turkish prison, they may, through misery, ill-treatment, and desperation, renounce their faith, agrees to a compromise. He begs the Secretary of State to realize that these things impair the credit of English merchants in Turkey, imperil their estates, offend England's friends, and give " very great discontent " to the Grand Signor. " The trouble I have," he concludes, " is not so grievous unto me as the shame, for where before we were esteemed the chiefest friends of all Christians in this Court, now we are termed friendly thieves."

To make bad worse, pirates of other nationalities—Maltese, Sicilians, Florentines, Sardinians—profiting by the terror which the English name inspired, used, " for their better enterprise and credit," to carry on their operations under the English banner and the name of Britons. Turkish Pashas unfavourable to us were only too ready to be deceived, while those who were on our side, seeing the truth of many of these charges, did not think it worth while to defend us against the false, but urged upon the ambassador the need of drastic measures for the sake of their own reputation as well as of ours.

The home Government was much distressed by this state of things and gave the best proof of its desire to remedy it by instructing the ambassador to seize any English ships that should be found in a Turkish port without special licence from Her Majesty or the Lord Admiral. It would have given even more convincing

proof by punishing, as the ambassador demanded, "some of these unprofitable members with death for an example to all others." But it could not do so, for the same reason for which Mrs. Glass could not cook her hare.

The non-fulfilment of our repeated promises of amendment exasperated the Turks to such a degree that all decent Englishmen in Turkey would be glad to leave her and their troubles, and return home. The ambassador himself entreated Her Majesty's Secretary to cut his term of service short, stating that, if this were done, he would consider himself "most happy and bound unto your Honour for so great a favour and benefit."[1]

Sad as our position in the Levant was under the last of the Tudors, it became much more pitiable under the first of the Stuarts. James I, like his predecessor, was loud in protesting, through his representatives, "It is not our pleasure that English pirates and malefactors, whatsoever they be, be favoured or maintained—yea, that they be apprehended and severely punished." But this noble sentiment found even less practical expression than previous declarations of the same kind. In 1611 the Venetian Bailo at Constantinople was busy assuring the Grand Signor, through the Bustanji Pasha, "who is the Grand Signor's fellow-drunkard and in greatest favour with him, that, if we might be kept out of the Straits, their seas would be very quiet."[2] It is true that the Venetian had his own reasons for inciting the Turks against the English; but that his statements were not fictitious is shown by one of King James's own

[1] See Lello to Cecil, to Lord Admiral Earl of Nottingham, and to the Lords of Her Majesty's Privy Council, under dates Oct. 4, 1600; April 2, May 29, 1602; Jan. 22, Feb. 26, 1602(=3); May 7, Dec. 10, 1603, etc. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 4.

[2] "Advertisements from Constantinople, Jan. 2, 1610–11" in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 6.

agents in the East who, at the same time, reported: "these seas do swarm with English Pirates."[1]

Mixed with ordinary piracy was the form of brigandage licensed and dignified by the name of privateering. English gentlemen who perhaps would have scorned to rob a coach on land were proud to rob ships at sea, and contributed to the disturbance of England's relations with friendly states. In 1603 Sir Thomas Shirley set the example by sailing to the Archipelago with letters of marque from the Duke of Florence, the Sultan's enemy. With forty of his fellow-adventurers he landed in the island of Zia and attempted to carry off provisions. The islanders armed against the party, killed some of them, and, as the rest fled to their boats, Sir Thomas and two others were taken prisoners, and incarcerated at Negreponte. "The scandal is great," wrote the Ambassador, when he heard the news, "and I half-ashamed to hear thereof." It grew greater still when the prisoners were transferred to Constantinople. The Ambassador did not know what to allege in excuse of Shirley's escapade and asked the King for instructions. James, instead of disowning the mischievous adventurer, as Elizabeth undoubtedly would have done, hastened to plead for him and to solicit his release. For three whole years negotiations for that unworthy object went on, and at last the King's prayers, backed by a present of 1,000 dollars to the Grand Vizier—for praying at the Porte always meant paying—won Shirley his freedom; but his two friends, Captain Arnold and Mr. Strangwayes, continued for at least two more years in gaol, petitioning King James and Lord Salisbury that they might be begged or bought off.[2]

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[1] Jonas Aldrich to Salisbury, Feb. 14, 1610(=11). *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 6.

[2] See numerous dispatches from Lello to Salisbury, their

But it was during the reign of Charles I that English residents in Turkey suffered most from the consequences of their countrymen's love of adventure. After all, Sir Thomas Shirley did not materially hurt any one except himself. The damage he did was in the main moral. Such was not the case with Sir Kenelm Digby.

This "errant mountebank," as one of his best friends described him,[1] before he began dabbling in botany, astrology, alchemy, and philosophy, dabbled in politics and piracy. In 1627, being then twenty-four years of age, he secured from the King letters of marque for a buccaneering expedition in the Mediterranean. The real aim of his mission was to harass French trade; for at that moment the King's favourite, Buckingham, was in the Isle of Rhé attacking France. In the royal commission, however, Sir Kenelm's voyage was described as undertaken "for the increase of his knowledge." With this lie in his pocket and two ships under his command, the budding dilettante sailed from Deal, and, after working havoc among Flemish, Spanish, and Dutch vessels, he carried his thirst for knowledge to the Levant.

Meanwhile he had added to his fleet, and on June 21, 1628, he appeared, with five ships, at Scanderoon, the

dates ranging from Feb. 26, 1603, to Feb. 25, 1606; also letters from Shirley to Salisbury (Nov. 8, Dec. 19, 1605; Feb. 25, 160$\frac{5}{6}$) and other influential friends in England. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, Nos. 4 and 5.* The latter bundle also contains a letter from Glover (dated Aug. 25, 1607) to Shirley, now at home, in which the writer tells his "Right Honble and verie lovinge friende" that his predecessor Lello, "hath coosened you in 1,000 dollars which he made you believe to have paid for your enlargement to the Vizier that was then—unto whom he never delivered a penny." It is pleasant to note that this letter found the valiant knight in the Tower, where he had been committed on a charge of illegal interference with the Levant Company's affairs in the East.

[1] John Evelyn, *Diary*, Nov. 7, 1651.

port of Aleppo, where he had been told by the owners of his fleet that he might find some French vessels worth between 100,000 and 200,000 dollars. The owners, be it noted, were members of the Levant Company and had interests at Aleppo. They knew perfectly well that such an act in one of the Sultan's ports would be violently resented and severely punished by the Grand Signor. But they reckoned that the Aleppo Factory could settle the matter with the Turks at the cost of some 20,000 or 30,000 dollars: and the balance would be net profit—to them and Digby. As it turned out, they reckoned without their hosts.

On reaching Scanderoon, Digby found there riding at anchor, besides four French merchantmen, four Venetian galleasses and galleons. He sent a message to the commander of the latter, saying that he had come in only for rest and recuperation after a tedious and troublesome time at sea, and that he would not molest him in any way. But it appears that Digby's reputation as a student of matters marine had preceded him, or that the French had put themselves under the protection of the Venetians. At all events, the Venetian squadron made for Digby's and let fly with a view to frightening him away. Digby at first took these shots for a salute and returned the compliment. He was soon undeceived. There ensued a fight, in which the French merchantmen joined to the best of their ability. The Venetians after two or three hours had enough of it and sued for peace, expressing their sorrow for what had occurred, and leaving the French to their fate.

The moment intelligence of the affair reached Aleppo, the Venetian and French Consuls ran to the Pasha and demanded justice, explaining to him that by this violation of the Grand Signor's dominions the English had forfeited

their title to the Grand Signor's protection, and that consequently everything the English merchants possessed was at his mercy. The Pasha pricked up his ears: the property of the Aleppo Factory, in money and merchandise, amounted to 1,200,000 dollars. Before they knew what had taken place, all the English merchants found themselves in prison. The Consul offered his own person as a pledge and was committed to custody. The others were let out, but they were forbidden to do any business, and their warehouses were guarded by soldiers, lest any of the spoil should slip through the Pasha's fingers.

Curiously enough, the French did not make much trouble, beyond presenting a grossly exaggerated claim for damages, alleging that they had been robbed by Digby of 150,000 dollars in cash, whereas their ships were really empty, cash and cargo having already been landed. But the Venetians, actuated partly by the desire to ruin their competitors out of the field, and partly by rage at the defeat of their fleet, seem to have displayed unmeasured vindictiveness. Our Consul states that they tried to induce the Pasha, with offers of large sums of money, to impale and hang the English for rebels, or, as an alternative, to drive them out of the country naked.

The English Consul obtained, at the price of 2,000 dollars, permission to send down to Scanderoon three merchants to tell Digby what his exploit involved and to beseech him to restore his prizes; which he did with a very bad grace. Then, having dispatched an express to Constantinople, the Consul decided, as at least six weeks would elapse before an answer could come, to save the colony's property from immediate confiscation by paying the Pasha a ransom of 50,000 dollars.

As soon as the Consular report reached him, the Ambassador set to work to whitewash Digby's action and

to procure from the Porte the release of the Consul and restoration to the Factory of its liberty of trade. Later on, he also tried to obtain restitution of the 50,000 dollars, blaming the Consul for his panicky settlement by hard cash of an affair which he thought he himself could have settled by specious pleading. "But," as he remarked, "restitution of money was never yet procured from a Turk: his head more easily." Repeated Imperial commands to that effect were ignored by the Pasha.

But that was not the worst. Sir Kenelm, after leaving Scanderoon, pursued his studies in the Greek Archipelago. Among other things, he was accused of carrying off some Turkish subjects and selling them at Leghorn. The friends of these unfortunates lodged a complaint at the Porte, and the Grand Vizier availed himself of a journey to Aleppo to hold an inquiry on the spot. In the meantime the Venetians both at Constantinople and at Aleppo had been busy poisoning the Turkish mind. Whenever any Ottoman vessel came to grief—as they often did at the hands of the knights of Malta and other malefactors—the crime was laid at the door of the English; and the Sultan's Ministers were urged to make those whom they had in their power pay for the sins of those beyond it. The situation had become so unendurable that some of the Aleppo merchants had already wound up their affairs and returned home, while the rest lived in perpetual fear for their purses and their lives. Such was the atmosphere in which the Vizier held his inquiry.

The English Consul pleaded that no Englishman had a hand in the abduction of those poor Turks: the outrage really was the work of Sardinian corsairs. The Vizier, already prejudiced, refused to be convinced. In a transport of anger he caused the Consul's dragoman (a native) to be hanged, and swore by the Sultan's head

that he would hang the Consul, too; but he relented to the extent of sending him to prison. The Consul was kept in a dungeon for seven days, and owed his deliverance —one is pleased to hear—to the generous efforts of the French Consul and the French Dragoman, more particularly the latter, who happened to be an old friend of the Vizier's. Thanks to this help, and, of course, lavish bakshish, the English colony got from the Vizier plenary absolution; and the wretched English Consul could find no words wherewith to express his detestation of the treacherous Venetians, and his "obleidgment" to the French—but for whom, "we had long since bidden farewell to a wicked world."[1]

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[1] My account of this affair is made up of the following materials: Sir Kenelm Digby to Sir Peter Wyche, from the Road of Scanderoon, June $\frac{13}{23}$; the Same to Sir Isaac Wake, June $\frac{14}{24}$; Sir Peter Wyche to Lord Conway, July $\frac{12}{22}$; $\frac{\text{July } 26}{\text{Aug. } 5}$; Oct. 4, 1628; Consul Potton's two reports, Aleppo, June 25, 1628, and Oct. 17, 1629. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 14.

The kindness of the French is all the more remarkable because the rivalry between the two nations was at that moment at a very acute stage. Just before Digby's attack on their ships at Scanderoon, had come a report of Buckingham's discomfiture at the Isle of Rhé, and the French Ambassador at Constantinople had hastened to make out of it all the political capital he could, causing two French vessels that chanced to be in the Golden Horn to hale off into the Bosphorus abundantly beflagged and to fire all their guns twice or thrice. The effect upon the Turks was precisely such as he intended: every man ran out to ask what was the meaning of the noisy display, and the Ambassador's servants, dispersed in the bazaar for the purpose, explained to all and sundry that their king had won a tremendous victory over the English. The English Ambassador, sorely vexed by this "foolish, vainglorious triumph," sent to the Porte to counteract its effect. He found that the Grand Vizier and the Capitan Pasha had also taken the performance ill. He blew upon the coals with such success that the masters and gunners of the French ships were forthwith "clapt in cold irons," and their ambassador, to get

The animosity aroused among the Turks by Digby's escapade and the other piratical feats which had preceded it, was further swelled by several "unlucky accidents" that followed: one day an English corsair seizing a rich Turkish vessel and, in defiance of the letters of safe conduct it carried from the English ambassador at the Porte, making a prize of it; another day another English captain wresting from the Grand Signor's galleys a rich Genoese prize of their own; and so forth. On each occasion the Turks threatened to indemnify themselves for their losses at sea by the confiscation of the English merchants' goods on land; and it needed the combined energy of the ambassador at Constantinople and of the Government in London, such as it was, to avert those calamities by bringing the culprits to book, when that was possible, and restoring, reluctantly enough, the plunder to the rightful owners.[1]

What tended further to our national disgrace was the fact that many of these crimes were perpetrated not by professional pirates, nor even by romantically-disposed adventurers, but by ordinary mercantile vessels—sometimes belonging to highly respectable merchants—whose masters, entering into the spirit of the times, liked to diversify the monotony of legitimate trade by "seeking purchase" of a more exciting sort. Mention has already been made of the two French captains who ran off with

them released, had to go to the Porte to apologize in person: "where he received a sharp check and scorn for his vanity." Sir Thomas Roe to Lord Conway, $\frac{\text{Jan. } 26}{\text{Feb. } 5}$, $162\frac{7}{8}$. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 14.

[1] See multitudinous correspondence on the subject Sir Peter, Wyche to Lord Conway, Oct. $\frac{4}{14}$, Nov. $\frac{14}{24}$, Dec. $\frac{12}{22}$, 1628; the Same to Lord Dorchester, $\frac{\text{Aug. } 22}{\text{Sept. } 1}$, $\frac{\text{Sept. } 21}{\text{Oct. } 1}$, $\frac{\text{Nov. } 14}{\text{Nov. } 24}$, $\frac{\text{Nov. } 28}{\text{Dec. } 8}$, 1629. *Ibid.*

their Turkish freights from Alexandria about 1655. It should be added here that together with them was an English captain, and that the English Consul and merchants in Egypt shared the comico-tragic punishment of the other European colonies.[1]

This form of English lawlessness passed away in time, but the privateering pest endured. Whenever Europe was distracted by war (and when was she not?) English adventurers hastened to fish in the troubled waters of the Mediterranean, greatly to the disgust of the Sultan and the detriment of the English sojourners in his dominions. At such times even the captains of the Royal Navy, in their hunger for prizes, were often guilty of acts which cost their fellow-countrymen dearly. Two instances, drawn from two widely different ages, will suffice as illustrations.

At the beginning of the Commonwealth, although there was no war between England and France, there was a great deal of unofficial brigandage; each side complaining of the piracies committed by the other, and having recourse to reprisals. In the spring of 1652 three English frigates arrived at Scanderoon, convoying the Levant Company's mercantile fleet. The French Consul at Aleppo protested to the Governor, Ipser Pasha, that his own merchant ships durst neither go out nor come into port for fear of these men of war. The Pasha, who, as we have seen, was at that very moment busy fleecing the English, snatched at this fresh excuse for robbery; and, summoning the English Consul to his Divan, denounced the frigates as "Corsairs, pirates, disturbers of the Grand Signor's ports, and hinderers of his profits and the trade of the place." The Consul answered that they were nothing of the sort: "They were ships of State and

[1] Thevenot, i. 253.

honour, belonging to the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England. That being such, and we the Grand Signor's friends and in league with him, I could not nor must endure to hear our ships of State to lie under such reproachful terms. That the French themselves were truly corsairs and had by piracy and treachery taken at sea more of our merchant ships trading into and from Turkey than Marseilles itself was worth, to the ruin of the trade of this place and the great disprofit and loss of the Grand Signor in his customs; which trade the Parliament of England, taking care to remain, has in the midst of their great occasions spared and appointed some of their own ships of State to be convoy to their merchantmen."

Ipser, unable to prove the contrary, produced some allegations of misconduct against the English crews at Scanderoon, vouched for by the local Cadi; and upon those grounds he condemned the frigates as pirates, which, translated into Turkish terms, meant that they should pay him fifteen thousand dollars for "anchorage." This fine, as it could not be exacted from the alleged culprits themselves, had to be paid by the English Consul and merchants, who were detained as prisoners in his Seraglio. Fortunately some of the leading Moslems at Aleppo, realizing the damage to their own interests that would result from a ruin of the English trade, "laboured as far as they durst to take off the tyrant's edge." The Pasha released the prisoners and condescended to reduce the avania of 15,000 dollars to 13,000. An insolent Aga with a troop of soldiers was at once sent to the Consulate to collect the sum. The Consul paid as much of it as he could; but the Aga presently returned with his myrmidons for the balance. The Consul, who was at dinner with some of the English merchants, refused to submit to any further fleecing. Thereupon the Aga seized one of the

Consul's guests and tried to carry him away from his table: "which violence and affront not enduring to see committed before my eyes, in my own house, I closed with the Aga myself to relieve the merchant. In which struggle he both tore my vest and suddenly drawing his handgarr offered to strike it violently into my bowels, but was prevented by some about me that were more vigilant for my safety than in my heat I could be of myself." Nothing could, however, prevent the Aga from carrying the Consul and his guests off to his house and locking them up. The whole city of Aleppo cried out upon this outrage, and the Pasha, yielding to Moslem public opinion, ordered the Aga to set his captives free; but would on no account remit the balance, which had to be paid to the utmost asper.

However, the poor Consul had one satisfaction: the French were no gainers by the loss they brought upon the English; "For," he writes, "the Bassa, having eaten in this business 13,000 dollars from us, now falls upon them and demands 20,000 dollars of them for a service done them against us, which he has been put upon by some that wish us well here, and will sure exact the greatest part of it, which will go near both to ruin them and their trade here and make them know the price of their malice and want of judgment in this late action; the Turk desiring no better harvest than to see two Christian Ambassadors or Consuls contend before his tribunal."[1]

Our second instance belongs to some hundred years later. During the European War which began in 1741, and ended in 1748 our Ambassador at Constantinople was faced by a similar situation. The English fleet was

[1] Consul Riley to the Council of State, Aleppo, June 19, 1652. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.

making free of the Mediterranean and the ships sailing thereon. Turkish victims of our gallant captains' passion for prizes came from Syria and Egypt to lay their grievances before the Porte, and the Porte sent them on to the Ambassador for compensation. He put them off as long as he could; but in the end he had to pay up "to prevent fatal consequences which might ensue."

"It is extremely hard," he moralizes, "that the rapaciousness of a few should make the Publick suffer."[1]

These circumstances, doubtless, in a measure explain, and even excuse, the injustices, oppressions, and exactions, of which English merchants and diplomatists in Turkey complained month after month, year after year, and century after century. For even when there was no provocation, the Turk could not shake off the habit of plunder which he had learnt to justify to himself on the plea of retaliation. Circumstances may change; customs remain. Nowhere is this more true than in a country where tradition ruled supreme, and a mere accident often was enough to establish a precedent. However, be the value of this psychological speculation such as it may, the historical fact is that all the Turkish grievances against the Englishman pale into utter insignificance beside the English grievances against the Turk. His everyday essays in iniquity present a consistent grandeur of design and breadth of style with which only the rarest of Frank masterpieces could vie.

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As has been shown, the course of Anglo-Turkish did not

[1] Sir James Porter to the Consul and Factory of Aleppo, March 23; Aug 10, 1747. *S.P. Foreign, Supplementary, No.* 67.

run much smoother than that of Franco-Turkish amity. Some of our ambassadors were apt to claim, for the benefit of people at home, that they stood on a level of exceptional distinction and wielded an exceptional degree of influence at the Porte. The claim—like the similar boast made by their French colleagues—was based on no more solid foundation than the wish which is father to the thought; and it could be disproved, only too easily, out of the claimants' own mouths. Our true place in Turkey during the whole of the seventeenth century is sufficiently illustrated by the transactions related in the preceding pages. A continuation of the record through the eighteenth century would be essentially a repetition: time did not mend the situation; it only robbed it of the peculiar sting that belongs to an unfamiliar evil. Sir James Porter, who left Turkey in 1762, six years afterwards relieved his feelings by publishing to the whole world the shameful position which he, in common with all his colleagues, occupied on the Bosphorus. His book proves much better than any modern account could do how small was English prestige at Stambul as late as the third quarter of the eighteenth century.

If the representatives of England were spared some of the worst humiliations that befell their French rivals, the true cause of their comparative immunity is to be found in their own tact, assisted by a thick skin. Sir Paul Ricaut had laid down the rule for avoiding personal violence: "wisdom to dissemble with honour, and discreet patience, seemingly to take no notice of affronts." Fortunately for themselves, most English diplomatists were fitted by temperament and training to observe this salutary rule. Having a clear perception of their interest, they pursued it with a tenacity and want of

sensitiveness such as became the representatives of a nation of shopkeepers.

Thanks, then, to their habitual exercise of self-restraint, our countrymen in the East managed not only to escape the stripes that often visited the thinner skin of the French, and to get through many a storm relatively unscathed, but even to obtain now and then favours denied to their competitors. Other things helped them. The English in the Levant, like the Phœnicians of old, were devoted entirely and exclusively to trade, nourishing no territorial ambitions; while the French, like the ancient Greeks, regarded trade as a means to ultimate conquest. Whereas to the French commercial penetration was a prelude to political domination, we were content to look upon commerce as an end in itself. From time to time politicians and publicists arose in England to advocate a less utilitarian and more adventurous policy towards the Grand Signor; but they failed to persuade the English Government to risk the enormous loss which even a few years' interruption of the Turkish trade would have involved. Financial welfare was prized more highly by our rulers than the glories of warfare; and the majority of Englishmen, far from envying the Turk's continental neighbours their ceaseless quarrels with the enemy of the Cross, congratulated themselves on their own geographical situation, thanks to which they "never have felt any smart of the rod of this great oppressor of Christianity, and yet have tasted of the good and benefit which hath proceeded from a free and open trade and amicable correspondence and friendship with this people." These conditions, initiated by the sagacity of Queen Elizabeth, "preserved by the prudence and admirable discretion of a series of worthy ambassadors, and daily improved . . by the excellent conduct and discretion

of the Right Worshipful Company of the Levant Merchants,"[1] created an Anglo-Turkish understanding which endured down to our own day.

The development of this understanding is mirrored in the literature no less than in the history of the last three centuries.

Not the least charm of that literature lies in its naïvely subjective character. Most of the books that profess to reveal the state of Turkey rather reveal the state of mind of those who wrote them. It is natural that it should be so. The only judgment that has any value at all is the judgment which is based on thorough knowledge and is biassed by no sentiment. In other words, the judge, to deserve his name, must be both well-informed and impartial. Now, very few of the Englishmen who either wrote about Turkey themselves or inspired the writings of others, possessed these indispensable qualifications. The travellers who landed in the country one day and left it the next could not be well-informed. The merchants who resided in the country for years could not be impartial. Their impressions of Turkish character were chiefly derived from the worst sections of the Turkish people: from the hooligans who insulted them and the officials who fleeced them. Close intercourse with Turks of other classes would doubtless have corrected many errors of opinion; but such intercourse, owing to linguistic, religious, and social barriers, was extremely rare. The same remark applies, in an even higher degree, to our ambassadors. The only Turks they ever came into contact with were the Pashas of the Porte: men who were tyrants, liars, and brigands by profession; and their relations with these were, for the

[1] With these eminently sensible reflections Sir Paul Ricaut concludes his quaint survey of the Ottoman Empire.

most part, such as to arouse their resentment and to mislead their judgment about the whole Turkish nation. Add, as another source of prejudice, the ignorance which made Europeans use the term "Turk" as a synonym with "Moslem," and, quite innocently, saddle the Osmanli with the sins of the Syrian, the Kurd, the Arab, and the Albanian—not to mention the Christian renegade who out-Heroded Herod in bigotry—and you have an ample explanation of the volume of vituperation which finds vent in the innumerable English tomes about Turkey and the Turks. Thus too often we see the whole race of Osman summarily dismissed as "a barbarous people," "a perfidious people," "a tyrannical people," "a gross and dull people," "a blockish people"; or summarily damned as a set of fierce fanatics, devoid of the least regard for any law save the Law of the Prophet, animated by no feeling save an unquenchable hatred of the Christian and an unappeasable hunger for the contents of his pocket. We are gravely assured that "Friendship and generosity are sentiments alien to their natures," that "they know hardly any pleasure but that of the sixth sense," that "lust, arrogance, covetousness, and the most exquisite hypocrisy complete their character."

One extreme begets another. Side by side with these dithyrambs of indiscriminate abuse, we have pæans of equally indiscriminate praise. From the very beginning we come across traces of this conflict between opposite prejudices: the arrant Turk-lover pitted against the downright Turk-hater [1]—a conflict which was to reach

[1] One instance will suffice. Henry Maundrell, a Fellow of Exeter, in a letter to another Fellow of the same College, dated Aleppo, March 10, 1698(=9), writes: "You desired an account of the Turks. . . . It would fill a volume to write my whole thoughts about them. I shall only tell you at present that I think they are very far from agreeing with that character which is

its climax of absurdity in the nineteenth century. Fortunately there always were a few Englishmen who did not permit themselves to be blinded by passion, or carried away by a passion for paradox; who could distinguish between the Turk who oppressed the Christian and the Turk who, to some extent, shared the Christian's oppression; observers who had the capacity to see the truth and the candour to tell it. At their hands the ordinary, non-official—especially the provincial—Osmanli ceases to be either a monster or a paragon: he becomes a human being, in some respects worse, in others better than ourselves. To his temperance and frugality they pay that tribute of admiration, mingled with astonishment, which is due from the man of three square meals a day to the man of one; from the habitual tippler to the total abstainer. His probity in business transactions, his courtesy in social relations, his charity—which did not always end at home; his tenderness to dumb creatures; his cleanliness; his respect for old people and for women; his love of children and flowers; his simple, unaffected, and disinterested hospitality; his religious tolerance—all meet with various degrees of recognition. An English Consul who, at the most critical moment in his life, had a taste of the Venetian's cruelty and duplicity, contrasts it with his experience of the opposite qualities among the Turks in these words: "honester men, and of better conscience; for, considering their education and religion, they show more humanity than he who is pre-

given of them in Christendom . . ."—he breaks into a denunciation as uncritical as "the extravagant commendations" which he criticizes and far more offensive. It does not for a moment occur to him that, while speaking of the Turks, he really means Moslem Syrians: the only Turks at Aleppo, Jerusalem, and the other towns of the East to which his experience was limited, were Government officials. *A Journey*, etc., pp. 504–5.

tended friend to our State."[1] But, perhaps, the most judicious and impartial estimate of the Turk in the whole of English literature is one penned by a man who, in view of his age and occupation, might have been expected to revel in hasty and irresponsible generalizations: a poet just out of his teens.[2]

As to what the average Turk thought of the average Englishman in those days, we have no direct documentary evidence. The Turks did not write books; nor were they given to expressing their feelings freely in speech. They were, as one of our ambassadors paints them, not without a tinge of malice, "an uncommunicative people, concealed and wrapped up in the veil of their own obscurity."[3] We only have the Englishman's word for it that the Turk esteemed him more, or, to put it with greater exactitude, disesteemed him less, than any other European. But the statement is highly probable on *a priori* grounds. The two nations, widely as they were severed by culture, were drawn together by many touches of nature: by their common qualities, and even more powerfully, it must be confessed, by their common limitations. They both are, on the whole, truthful above the common run of mankind; both have an abnormal partiality for soap and water; both are kinder to animals than any other race that is not impelled to such kindness by religious doctrine—as the transmigration of souls which influences the Buddhist, or the divinity of the cow which, in a measure, serves to mitigate the Hindu's cruelty towards his cattle. Then they both are inordi-

[1] Thomas Potton to Sir Peter Wyche, Oct. 17, 1629.

[2] See Byron's "Additional Note on the Turks," appended to Canto II of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (Paris ed. 1842), pp. 103–4. It was written in 1811.

[3] Porter, *Intr.* xiv.

nately attached to tradition, distrustful of new experiments, prone to look upon mental alertness as inconsistent with moral uprightness: to think that the more stupid a man is the more honest he must be. Slow to apprehend and secretive, they do not annoy each other with excess of words. Both the Englishman and the Turk love to sulk in company, and in both sulkiness proceeds from the same cause: they hold their tongues not so much because they disdain to talk, as because they have nothing to say.

Indeed, if it were not for a certain physical restlessness and a certain moral cussedness (which we call independence) the typical Englishman would, with a little training, make an excellent Turk.

So pronounced and so palpable was this similarity of disposition that it gave rise among the Turks to a strange theory on the origin of the English. There is in Asia Minor, somewhere between Anatolia and Caramania, a district called Caz Dangli, and this the Turks, in the eighteenth century, believed was the country from which the Angli sprang. "On this account, they never fail to claim kindred with the English wherever they meet, especially if they stand in need of their assistance." The traveller who tells this story illustrates it from personal experience. While crossing the desert from the Nile to the Red Sea, he was joined by a party of Asiatic Turks on their way to Mecca. They informed him that, not knowing the language and customs of Egypt, they had been but indifferently treated by their own vassals and co-religionists since they landed at Alexandria; so, on hearing that an Englishman was in the caravan, they came straight into his tent, without ceremony, regarding him as a compatriot, and offered that they should stand side by side against the rapacious Arabs. The English-

man agreed, and later on he had occasion to test the practical value of the alliance.[1]

This incident happened in 1769; and there is other evidence to show that by that time, at all events, Anglo-Turkish sympathy had ripened into something like friendship. In 1777 an English visitor noted a partiality for his nation even among the rascals of Tunis: "They are indeed civil enough to us, and generally are so to the English, for whom they profess a great friendship, and I believe do esteem more than any Christian Power whatever. Not but they would cheat and rob you, but then I mean they would not spit at you or perhaps murder you as you walk along, which they will do in several other parts, and this they look upon as the highest proof of their moderation and urbanity."[2] At a later date, we hear of a Turk saying to an Englishman: "*L'Anglisi star bono Christiano*—the English are the best of Christians."[3] I do not wish to overrate the significance of such utterances, and I readily echo the chronicler's comment on the last statement: "it is to be remarked, that he said this to an Englishman." But neither do I think it wise to overlook them.

It was at this epoch that the friendship founded on community of interests, and cemented by affinity of temperaments, received its coping-stone.

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Until now the rôle which England had played on the stage of Turkey's international relations had been the humble rôle of an honest broker. It was the practice of

[1] James Bruce, *Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile* (3rd. ed., 1813), ii. 77–78.

[2] Lord Robert Manners to Thomas Thornton, "The *Enterprize*, off Cape Finistère, June 3, 1777." *Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep. XIV. Pt. i.* 8.

[3] "Constantinople, Dec., 1788," in *A Picturesque Tour.* By an Italian Gentleman (1793), 145.

our ambassadors, whenever a suitable opportunity presented itself, to offer to the Porte their services as mediators of peace, chiefly in order, by laying the Sultan under an obligation, to procure for the Levant Company some mercantile concession. As yet, to side with Turkey actively in her quarrels was no part of English policy: the most that English statesmen could bring themselves to do was to abstain from siding with her enemies. So late as 1768, George III endeavoured to impress upon the Porte his "delicacy" towards it, "in having hitherto rejected the Russian Alliance, purely upon account of what is called the Turkish Clause"—a clause by which, if Catherine's diplomacy had succeeded, a Russo-Turkish war was to constitute a *casus fœderis*. But at the same time his representative at Constantinople was instructed to "assure the Russian Resident of his Majesty's favourable sentiments towards the Empress." In trying to effect a reconciliation between Petersburg and Stambul the London Cabinet was prompted by the desire to curry favour with both Courts at once; and the English ambassador was warned "to hold out nothing more than good offices both to Russia and the Porte, without raising the hopes of the first or the fears of the latter."[1]

In the next twenty years, however, the English attitude assumed a more positive character, and England's active participation in the Eastern Question began. In 1790, Pitt, anxious for the balance of power generally and of the balance of Anglo-Russian forces in the East more especially, made the first effort to rescue the Sultan from the enemy who, after destroying the integrity of his Empire, threatened its existence. It is true that the Minister's wish to enforce his policy by war was frustrated

[1] Lord Weymouth to John Murray, Nov. 1, 1768. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 44.

by public opinion. English merchants refused to curb Catherine's ambition at the cost of their Baltic trade; and English Liberals refused to let English blood be shed in defence of a State which, at best, was a disgrace to civilized Europe. None the less, Pitt's friendly intentions were highly appreciated at Constantinople; and Turkish appreciation reached the point of enthusiasm a few years later, when English ships and English armies co-operated with the Sultan's troops to win back Syria and Egypt to his rule (1801). Nelson's victory at Aboukir was acclaimed in Stambul even more warmly than it was in London, and the Sultan overwhelmed the victor with honours and presents, while Abercromby was addressed by the affectionate term *Baba*, or "Father."

Shortly afterwards the Sultan's subservience to Napoleon against whom England had defended him induced her to reverse her attitude, and an English admiral appeared before Constantinople—not as a friend (1807). Also the anti-Turkish part which the British Government was compelled, much against its inclinations, to play in the Greek War of Independence naturally tried the Turk's faith in England sorely: it was hard to reconcile the English ambassador's professions on the Bosphorus with the action of the English admiral at Navarino (1827). For all that, the whole trend of this country's policy from the beginning of the nineteenth century onwards was consistently pro-Turkish. The maintenance of the Ottoman Empire came to be regarded as a dogma equivalent to the maintenance of British interests in the East. Those interests were menaced by the same danger as Turkey: every stride Russia took at Turkey's expense brought her nearer to the British sphere—Eastern Mediterranean, Persian Gulf, India. The Sultan's enemies were our enemies, and his friends our friends.

When, in 1849, after the suppression of the Hungarian rebellion, Austria and Russia demanded from the Porte the surrender of the rebels who had taken refuge in its territory, Lord Palmerston sent the British fleet to the Dardanelles to support the Sultan: an act which earned us the gratitude of all Turks.

There continued to be, as there had always been, an anti-Turkish body of opinion in England: people misguided enough to set ideal aims above material gains—to think of the claims of liberty, of the rights of small nationalities to independent existence, of human progress and civilization, more than they thought of British interests. But in England, as everywhere, the idealists are few and the men who proudly call themselves "practical" many. Consequently, with whatever opposition from certain sections of public opinion, the British Government adhered to the path which Pitt had marked out for it, with a steady and undeviating step.

The whole difference between the Conservatives and Liberals as regarded the Ottoman Empire was one of degree. So great a Liberal as the Duke of Argyll was a member of the Ministry responsible for the Crimean War; and he accurately defined the respective views of the two parties in later years, when he said that the Conservative policy was to support Turkey at whatever cost to the subject populations, as a garrison against the military encroachments of Russia; the Liberal policy had always been that the partition of Turkey and the protection of Eastern Christians were matters for combined Europe to settle—not for Russia alone.[1] But, since Europe could not combine——?

[1] Speech at Leeds, Nov. 14, 1879. The moral justification for the Liberal attitude is to be found in one of Burke's letters. Writing in 1772, he said that he did not wish well to Turkey—for

Of course, even the most cynical of British statesmen did not fail to recognize that the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire could not be effected by external support alone. No building can stand on other than its own foundations. Besides, an internal purification and pacification of Turkey, they realized, would add to their materialistic programme a moral sanction not wholly without its value even in politics. Therefore, while they strenuously buttressed up the crazy old fabric from without, they did all that was humanly possible to restore it from within. In Stratford Canning (afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe)—a diplomatist who knew how to combine strength with subtlety and to impose his will upon others—the Turks found a friend, counsellor, and schoolmaster ever ready to chastise them for their good. The reforming Sultan Abdul Mejid and his well-meaning Grand Vizier Reshid Pasha allowed themselves to be driven by him where they would not have been led by others: he was their *Elchi*—The Ambassador. So great was the Englishman's influence in Stambul and so unremittingly did he exert it to shield Turkey from Russian hostility and intrigue, that the Tsar regarded him rather than the Sultan as his adversary. Whatever the Sultan did, whatever he said, was received at Petersburg as an expression of English thought translated into Turkish. The Crimean War was very largely the work of this impetuous and imperious, yet persuasive, diplomatist: the last of a vanishing type.[1]

any people but the Turks, situated as they were, would have been cultivated in three hundred years; yet they grew more gross in the very native soil of civility and refinement. But he did not expect to live to see the Turkish barbarism civilized by the Russian. *Corr.* i. 402, cited in John Morley's *Life of W. E. Gladstone* (1903), i. 479. n.

[1] See his own writings on the *Eastern Question*; his life by Stanley Lane Poole; and A. W Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*, i.

The tradition thus established at Constantinople was faithfully carried on by the great Elchi's successors. Turkey's regeneration was their mission. Midhat Pasha had in Sir Henry Elliot a mentor as devoted as Reshid Pasha had had in Stratford de Redcliffe, and Russia quite as zealous an opponent.[1] Sir Henry Layard, with his usual love for ruins, wasted on the restoration of Turkey as much of his time as he could spare from his excavations in Nineveh.[2] At the same time, one of the most resourceful and skilful of English sailors, Hobart, was labouring to resuscitate the Ottoman navy.

This unwearied and seemingly disinterested display of English goodwill during the saddest period in their national history produced a profound effect upon the Turks. The events which shook their faith in themselves served to strengthen their faith in us : if in the eighteenth century they had been inclined to recognize in the Englishman a cousin, in the nineteenth they discovered in him a brother. Of this sentiment I could give no better idea than by quoting what a Turkish officer told me some years ago. His father, when he was a boy, used to say to him : " Know, my son, that we have two kings : one is the Padishah in Stambul ; the other lives in a far-away island called England."

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[1] Sir Henry Elliot has left a record of his activities at Constantinople, which, however, has not yet been made public. As much as he thought fit for publication is embodied in his article on " The death of Abdul Aziz and of Turkish Reform," *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1888. For the Russian view of those events see Nelidow's " Souvenirs " in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 15, July 15, 1915.

[2] See his *Autobiography and Letters*. As a diplomatist this gentleman was little better than a fussy amateur. After reading his letters, one understands the feeling which prompted Palmerston to say that he could not forgive Nineveh for discovering Layard.

But even the best of friends must part.

The last occasion on which England demonstrated her anxiety for the preservation of the Sick Man was the Russo-Turkish War of 1877–1878. Disraeli would gladly have intervened at the very outset to save the Sultan from the dissecting knife of the Tsar. But the atrocities perpetrated by the Turks in Bulgaria—reprisals which, though provoked by the Russo-Bulgarian agitators themselves and though grossly exaggerated by diplomatic mendacity and popular credulity, were yet revolting enough to turn the least sensitive stomach—supplied Gladstone with a pro-Russian argument which he used with all the skill of a practised humanitarian.[1] British interests were very well; but after all there was such a thing as a British conscience. Downing Street had to yield to Exeter Hall and content itself with sending again Hobart to blockade, with the Ottoman fleet, the ports of South Russia and the mouths of the Danube: until the Petersburg Government made the mistake of claiming more than its pound of flesh.

Russia's inordinate severity brought about in England the usual change of feeling, which journalists with unusual felicity term the swing of the pendulum. The Sultan from a culprit became a victim. Exeter Hall had had

[1] Gladstone in 1856 had upheld the integrity of the Ottoman Empire against Russia, but when he was taunted, in 1876, by Lord Hartington with inconsistency, he had no difficulty in reconciling his present with his past attitude. He held now that Turkish integrity was conditional on Turkish reform. British interests were falsely understood, if they involved the continued ill-government of Christians. When it was said that his own Government, in 1871, had solemnly renewed all the stipulations of the Treaty of 1856, his reply was that he was not then aware that the promised reforms had never been carried out by the Sultan! See Bernard Holland's *Life of Spencer Compton, Eighth Duke of Devonshire*, i. 168–170. Obviously there is more than one way of tearing up a "scrap of paper."

its day; it was now Downing Street's turn. The British fleet went east; British Indian troops came west; British diplomacy busied itself in Austria, France, Italy, Germany. The upshot was the Congress of Berlin which tore up the Treaty of San Stefano and reduced the mutilation which it could not altogether prevent. England got for her pains a slice of Turkish territory in the shape of the island of Cyprus: a shady transaction which demolished the myth of English disinterestedness, without diminishing the Sultan's trust in English protection. One more effort was made to moralize that protection by exacting from him a fresh promise of reform. But by this time it had become plain to all those who had eyes and cared to use them that the Ottoman polity was beyond repair.[1] It had rotted too long—its walls were seamed with fissures extending from the roof to the very foundations; foreign assistance might paper over the cracks: no earthly power could save the edifice from ulti-

[1] Already in 1866 the British Ambassador at Constantinople wrote: "I am not one of those who look upon the Turkish Empire as good *per se*—to be upheld at all hazards—but, in the interest of all parties, I should like to let it down gently."—Lord Lyons to Lord Stanley, Dec. 19, 1866, in Lord Newton's *Life* of the former, i. 160. Even Sir Henry Layard, by 1878, had ceased to believe in the Turk's revivification, only he dreaded the consequences of a violent dissolution: he would have England "keep matters as they were as long as possible; using at the same time her endeavours to improve the government of the country and to secure to Christians and Mussulmans alike justice and equal rights, thus preparing them for the changes which were sooner or later inevitable, but which might have been brought about without the frightful bloodshed and misery caused by the Russian invasion, and without the risk of plunging Europe into war." Layard to White, March 1, 1878, in H. S. Edwards' *Sir William White; his Life and Correspondence*, 129. Indeed, the only statesman who still nursed his faith in the Turks was Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, too old to abandon habits of thought that had been his companions for half a century: see a very interesting glimpse of the veteran Elchi in the Hon. Arthur D. Elliot's *Life of Lord Goschen*, i. 198

mate collapse. The policy of the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire as a bulwark against Russia's advance had utterly failed. British finance began to shun a bankrupt client. British statesmanship began to cast about for a new dogma.

Meanwhile, there were others who gazed upon the decrepit fabric with greedy eyes. When a State has reached this stage of rottenness, it becomes a matter of vital interest to its neighbours that they should all share alike in the distribution of its territory. Lord Salisbury, alive to realities, did not hesitate, even while signing the Treaty which, once more, guaranteed the integrity of the Sultan's dominions, to favour French designs on Tunis. He told France in as many words that, "if she occupied Tunis to-morrow, we should not even remonstrate."[1] France proceeded at her convenience to help herself. The Sultan naturally turned to England, for was it not England who had insisted at the Congress of Berlin that Tunis should be recognized as a part of Turkey? The British Ambassador at Constantinople, who was entirely uninformed on the subject, when the Sultan asked him how her Majesty's Ministers regarded that question, could only say that he did not know. What Abdul Hamid thought of this answer must remain a matter for conjecture. The Liberal English Administration which had succeeded the Conservatives was, of course, obliged to abide by the secret pledge Salisbury had given to France. Much as they would have liked to adopt a high moral tone on French unscrupulousness, they could not do so: "We think," they said, "Cyprus and the language of Lord Salisbury leaves little ground under our

[1] See Lord Salisbury to Lord Lyons, May 11, July 20, July 24, 1878, in Lord Newton's *Lord Lyons; A Record of British Diplomacy*, ii. 139, 155, 158.

feet to take a strong attitude." We were not clean-handed.[1]

If the Sultan was mystified by England's conduct over the Tunis affair, he was only too well enlightened by her attitude in the Turco-Greek dispute over Thessaly and Epirus that went on at the same time (1881). Abdul Hamid in a rather pathetic interview with the English ambassador suggested that Great Britain now had it in her power to give Turkey a striking proof of her friendship. To this Goschen replied that to accept a solution, in appearance favourable to Turkey, would be no real kindness, if it were to lack the all-important quality of permanence. " It was a strange and somewhat distressing position," England's representative wrote to his wife, " for the ambassador of a friendly Power to urge in personal conversation with the Sovereign of a great Empire that it was his duty to part with two fair provinces." [2] Abdul Hamid, one is hardly surprised to hear, failed to be impressed by this kind of friendliness.

But that was not all. After conniving at France's occupation of Tunis, England, a few months afterwards, proceeded herself to occupy Egypt. The Turks expressed their view of that act in suitable terms: " while pretending to protect us, you have picked our pocket."

These, however, were only desultory pilferings, inspired by no definite plan for the future. Our statesmen were still groping for a new dogma to take the place of the obsolete " Ottoman integrity." Such a dogma they found suddenly in 1885, when Bulgaria, whom Russia had created and England curtailed seven years before, revolted against her creator: declaring that, while glad enough to be mothered by Russia, she did not want to be smothered by her.

[1] See Arthur D. Elliot's *Life of Lord Goschen*, i. 236–238.
[2] *Ibid.* 219.

So utterly blind are diplomatists to all but the most obvious of the facts they have to deal with—so incapable of grasping or even of suspecting the psychological intangibilties which lie deep at the root of national movements—that the Bulgarian *coup* took every Chancellery in Europe by surprise: Truly, said the pompous simpletons to whom nations still entrust the shaping of their ends, truly in diplomacy it is always the unexpected that happens! In Downing Street the astonishment was mingled with a feeling of great relief. British diplomacy hastened to reap the field which Russian blood had fertilized. With our encouragement Bulgaria could be converted from a Russian outpost into a barrier against further Russian advance. Acting upon this calculation, England supported the Bulgars in their violation of the Treaty of Berlin, and henceforth, abandoning the hopeless invalid to his fate, addressed herself to the protection of the young State which had in it the sap of life.[1]

Thus, by the grace of God, the principle of British interests was reconciled at last with the principle of the small nationalities; the Liberal party, so far as foreign affairs were concerned, identified itself with the Conservative party; and while working for her own supremacy, England could, with a clear conscience, pose as the champion of other people's liberty.

Abdul Hamid was, of course, perfectly aware of this change of front; and even if he were not, there were those in Constantinople who made it their business to open his eyes. But ordinary Turks, as far removed from the diplomatic laboratories as are the bulk of every other people, still continued to look upon England as their patron; the Sultan himself deriving some consolation

[1] For the beginnings of this new policy, see H. S. Edwards's *Sir William White*, ch. xviii; and Blue Book *Turkey*, 1 (1886).

from the thought that, while the antagonism between England and Russia endured, Turkey was bound by the nature of things to gain. The soundness of this view was proved in the crisis of 1894–1896, when the British Government, despite the indignation which the persecution of the Armenians aroused in this country, maintained a passive attitude, realizing that any European intervention on behalf of the Armenians would have given Russia an opportunity of stepping into Asia Minor.

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The Sultan's estimate of the situation was shared by his opponents—the Young Turks. Keenly though they resented England's encroachment on the Persian Gulf,[1] they felt that it formed, in a sense, a guarantee of protection against Russian encroachment. It was this view that impelled the authors of the Turkish Revolution, in 1908, to turn to England first of all for sympathy and support in their attempt to arrest the decomposition of their Empire by its reorganization. The establishment of Constitutional Government in Stambul was signalized by a revival of pro-English enthusiasm. The British Ambassador, Sir Gerard Lowther, was made the recipient of an ovation. Both the first two Grand Viziers under the new regime, Said Pasha and Kiamil Pasha, were inveterate Anglophiles who had in he past found shelter from the wrath of Yildiz Kiosk in the precincts of the British Embassy. England, the mother of Parliamentary institutions, was expected to take this latest essay in Parliamentarism under her fostering care. Turkish patriots were doomed to a bitter disenchantment.

From 1903 England's foreign policy had taken a new

[1] I refer to British aggression in the district of Koweyt, whose Sheikh was instigated in 1899 to throw off the Sultan's suzerainty and to place himself under the wing of Great Britain.

and momentous step. After Lord Salisbury's retirement the diplomacy for which he stood—opposition to France and Russia and harmony with Germany—was completely reversed. The new German peril had pushed into the background the old Russian peril. The Kaiser, in the opinion of Salisbury's successors, was a nearer and more formidable enemy than the Tsar. The balance of power demanded a readjustment of the political weights. Hence the Anglo-French *entente* (1904) which was to pave the way for the Anglo-Russian *entente* (1907). The basis of our understanding with Russia in things relating to the Near East was no other than this: we would no longer obstruct her advance to the Mediterranean. The dominant position we had acquired in Egypt, our statesmen reckoned, rendered the control of the Dardanelles a matter of comparative indifference to us. It was not long before the Young Turks were made to feel the effects of this novel and, for them, sinister orientation of British diplomacy. The inauguration of Parliamentary institutions in Constantinople, it is true, evoked a great deal of sympathy in England. But that sympathy was of a purely platonic nature. The Foreign Office, while praising and petting Young Turkey effusively, declined to give any material tokens of friendship, beyond the loan of some British naval officers sent on the futile errand to reanimate the Ottoman fleet. The Young Turks needed money wherewith to carry out the reorganization of the administration and to strengthen their military defences. Russia saw to it that they got no more money in London than they did in Paris. Loans were not refused flatly—such a course would have been at variance with the devious methods in which diplomacy delights; they were simply coupled with conditions of supervision tantamount to the interference of a foreign Government in the domestic

affairs of the Ottoman Empire—the very thing that the Young Turks had risked civil war to escape from. By putting two and two together, they arrived at the truth: if English and French capitalists were forbidden by their respective Governments to supply funds on equitable terms (the security offered was acknowledged to be first-rate), the reason was that those Governments did not wish to promote the regeneration and invigoration of Turkey; they wished to promote Russia's designs against Turkey.

It would be unphilosophical and unfair to blame the Triple Entente Powers alone for the failure of the Young Turk experiment. That failure was primarily due to the Young Turks' own fatuity. Had they not exasperated the non-Turkish elements by their suicidal Chauvinism, there would have been no Balkan Coalition. They had a unique opportunity for conciliating those elements, and they did everything in their power to alienate them.[1] But it is none the less true that, had England genuinely desired Turkey's regeneration, she could have saved the Young Turks from the errors which brought about their calamities. They prayed for British guidance, and they would have let themselves be guided by us, had we taken the trouble to earn their confidence. As it was, they complained, with perfect justice, that our conduct belied our professions. No matter what the British Government said: it acted, not as the friend of Turkey, but as the ally of Turkey's deadly foe.

Of England's complicity in the robbery of the Ottoman province of Tripoli by Italy in 1911 little need be said; as was the case with France's seizure of Tunis thirty years

[1] See *Turkey in Transition*, by G. F. Abbott (1909); "The Turkish Empire," in the *Quarterly Review*, April, 1909; "Turkey under the Constitution," *ibid.* Jan., 1912.

before, all the Great Powers were equally implicated. But we must dwell on England's part in that other conspiracy—the first Balkan War—which very nearly put an end to Turkey in Europe. On September 20, 1912, M. Sazonoff, the Russian Foreign Minister, came to England. He passed a whole week at Balmoral conferring with Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Bonar Law. He left this country on the 28th of the month; and on the 30th the Balkan States mobilized. The inference from this sequence of events was unavoidable. The Turks again put two and two together, and again they concluded that he British Government was behaving in strict conformity with the cardinal article of its new creed. All that followed corroborated this deduction. At the beginning of the war, the British Government, anticipating the possibility of a Turkish victory, associated itself in the solemn declaration that "in no circumstances would the Great Powers agree to any change of the *status quo* in South-East Europe." [1] When the war ended in a Turkish rout, it discreetly forgot that declaration and did its best to bring about a peace (Treaty of London) which secured to the Balkan States all their territorial conquests.

We then consoled the Turks with the reflection that their losses were gains in disguise—endeavoured to make them drop the Adrianople bit which the rupture between their Balkan enemies enabled them to recover—and kindly advised them, now that they were relieved of their troublesome possessions in Europe, to devote their whole attention to consolidating their rule in Asia. The Turks took us at our word. Early in 1913 the Ottoman Government begged the British for money and men to carry out

[1] See Statement by Lord Crew in the House of Lords, Oct. 8, 1912.

the reform of the Asiatic provinces, offering to invest the English officials with full executive powers : it practically invited England to take Asia Minor under her tutelage. The invitation was peculiarly appropriate, because the British Government and the British Press had never ceased, since 1878, to remind the Turks of the obligations they had contracted by Art. 61 of the Treaty of Berlin and to warn them of the dangers they ran by not introducing the reforms promised. Nevertheless, the Foreign Office declined the invitation. Sir Edward Grey gave an official explanation of his refusal in the following terms—

"Our policy towards Turkey . . . of consolidating and securing Turkish authority and Turkish integrity in her dominions in Asiatic Turkey—a policy which depends upon reforms in Asiatic Turkey, which depend on sound finance . . . that policy which we wish to pursue is one which for its success depends on the consent and goodwill of the other European Powers. It is idle to suppose that we alone by lending British officers to Turkey or giving assistance of that kind can make a success of that policy. Asiatic Turkey interests so many of the Powers and interests them so importantly that whatever is to be done there must be done with the consent of all. We have expressed our opinion with regard to the assistance that should be given to Turkey in the form of sound finance by being constantly of opinion that Turkey should not have placed upon her as a consequence of this war an indemnity which would cripple her finances and make the re-establishment of her authority difficult or impossible. . . . That, we believe, is the true policy and true interest of Turkey, but it needs the goodwill of all the Powers." [1]

[1] Statement in the House of Commons, Aug. 12, 1913.

The Leader of the Opposition, as was to be expected, cordially agreed with all the Foreign Secretary said.

By struggling through the labyrinthic involutions of this remarkable specimen of English prose, the Turks gathered two things: one was that the British Government considered that it had rendered them all the financial assistance they needed by saving them from the burden of a crushing indemnity; the other was that it was prevented from rendering them any administrative assistance by its regard for the susceptibilities of other Powers. Who were those jealous Powers? Their English friends whispered "Germany!" But the Turks knew that Germany had for ten years been inviting England to share with her the economic development of Asia Minor. They also knew that the Power which would have really taken umbrage at any sincere attempt to strengthen their Asiatic position was Russia. Their conclusion was that England refused to interest herself in Turkish reforms because Russia did not wish to have Turkey reformed. Her desire was to keep Asia Minor in a state of disorder, so that she herself might eventually step in "to restore order"—as she did long ago in Poland, and lately in Persia.

This is the gist of England's policy towards her ancient ally during the five years (1908–1913) that followed the Revolution. Whatever she did, whatever she refrained from doing, was inspired by the anxiety to defer to Russia's wishes; and the net result of that policy was such as will appear in the sequel.

Chapter V

THE GERMANIC POWERS AND TURKEY

1. Austria

NATIONAL feuds are always fiercest between neighbours; and the closer the vicinity, the more violent the enmity. The history of Franco-Turkish and Anglo-Turkish relations until the nineteenth century is, as we saw, a chronicle of friendship marred only by occasional bickerings. The history of Russo-Turkish and Austro-Turkish relations during the same period is one long monotonous tale of warfare broken only by short truces. Austria, being nearer to the Turk, became his enemy before Russia.

From the fourteenth century, when the Osmanli first set foot in the Balkan Peninsula, they found Hungary leading the Balkan peoples' desperate struggles for freedom. After the Turk's firm settlement on the ruins of the Byzantine Empire, Hungary continued irreconcilable. In 1526 Suleiman the Magnificent crushed Hungarian resistance on the battlefield of Mohacz, and captured Buda-Pesth without firing a shot. But the hostility, instead of ceasing, spread over a larger area. In 1529 Ferdinand of Austria joined in the fray, and Suleiman very nearly did to Vienna what he had already done to Buda-Pesth. Ferdinand in 1547 was obliged to sign a treaty whereby not only he relinquished Hungary and Transylvania to

the Sultan, but even agreed to pay him an annual tribute of thirty thousand ducats.

From that hour the two States entered upon a career of perpetual friction. When not actually at war, they were engaged in preparing for war; and the mutual animosity was kept fresh by constant raids along the whole frontier. They did not even pretend to look upon their periodical treaties of peace as anything but precarious armistices, concluded for limited periods and to be torn up the instant either side felt ready to resume the offensive.

In 1547 Ferdinand appointed Malvezzy to be his Resident at Constantinople; but while this envoy complained to the Porte of Turkish incursions into Hungary, the Porte had reason to complain of Austrian intrigues in Transylvania. The ambassador emphatically contradicted these rumours and lulled the Turks' suspicions till his master threw off the mask and openly seized Transylvania. Thereupon Malvezzy was thrown into the Seven Towers, and remained there for nearly two years, when three new ambassadors arrived to negotiate peace (1553). On his return home he succumbed to a disease which he had contracted whilst in prison and which, as he was not allowed to procure medical assistance, had become mortal.

The new ambassadors had anything but a pleasant time. The Grand Signor at their audience entertained them "with a sour and frowning look." His Ministers did all they could to browbeat them into compliance with their demands: "the mildest punishment they denounced against us was that two of us would be cast into a nasty dungeon and the third would have his nose and ears cut off and so sent back to his master." All the time they were kept under close surveillance, allowed neither to leave their lodging nor to receive visitors, and

every Turk who passed by scowled threateningly at them. After three years spent in this agreeable fashion, two of the Austrian envoys obtained the Sultan's permission to return home, and the third stayed behind to carry on the negotiations (1557). This was Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq, whose name, in its latinized form (Augerius Gislenius Busbequius) was to become familiar to all students of Turkish affairs in after ages as that of the author of one of the most instructive books on Turkey ever written by a European. It consists of four admirable Letters, covering the whole of his term of service (1554–1562), and presenting a vivid picture of the Ottoman Empire at the zenith of its power and insolence. In those letters we see rather than read how an Imperial ambassador fared at Constantinople.

At first he was lodged in a stuffy old house with a Chaoush mounting guard over his door and locking him in every evening. After a while he obtained leave to hire a spacious residence with a garden. But as soon as the Chaoush realized that, in a building that had several doors and windows, he could not keep so strict an eye on his charge, he got him transferred to an inn with one gate leading into a courtyard. It was a typical Turkish *khan*: the ground floor stables, the upper part a gallery lined with cells bare of every comfort, but, as if to make up for the absence of furniture, rich in lizards, scorpions, and other pests: "so that sometimes, when you would fetch your hat in the morning from the place where you left it the night before, you find it surrounded with a snake, as with terrible hatband."

In that vile abode Busbequius and his suite dwelt for six whole years, subjected to systematic harshness—the result not of spontaneous cruelty, but of deep and premeditated policy. The Ambassador bore it all with the

fortitude of a stoic. He seldom stirred abroad, unless he had occasion to go to the Porte on business, which happened two or three times a year. Perhaps, he thought, if he asked for leave to ride about the city with his keeper, it might not be denied him. But he refrained partly because he thought it good policy to pretend that he did not mind his confinement and partly, "to speak truth, what comfort can I have to ride up and down among a parcel of Turks who will either slight or else jeer and reproach me?" So he kept indoors, and amused himself by reading or by studying the habits of the animals which formed his constant company and annoyance. When he exhausted the entertainment which domestic vermin afforded, he began to import exotic beasts: apes, wolves, bears, deer, ferrets, hogs; also a great variety of birds: eagles, jackdaws, cranes, partridges. In the care of these pets, the Grand Signor's guests forgot the tedium of their exile: "for, seeing we were debarred of human society, what better conversation could we have to drive grief out of our minds than among wild beasts? Otherwise stones, walls, and solitude had been but lamentable divertisements for us."

One little touch more, and we may close this most human of diplomatic records. Now and again, finding the keeper in a genial humour, Busbecq obtained from him permission to receive visits from the Italian and Greek inhabitants of Constantinople. But no private correspondence with them was allowed, and the Ambassador, in order to carry on such correspondence, had recourse to an ingenious stratagem. He instructed his friends in the city every time they wished to send him a confidential message to put it in a bag together with a little pig. The Chaoush would punch the bag, and on hearing the pig grunt would run away, spitting on the

ground to escape pollution, and turning to his fellow-Moslems he would say: "'Tis strange to see how these Christians do dote on this filthy, impure beast!"

Not less pitiable was the lot of Busbecq's successors. George Hossutoti and Albert de Wyss were imprisoned in 1566. Twenty-five years afterwards Frederic de Khrekwitz's apothecary Seidel and his page Mitrowitz described the sad destiny of that embassy. This, however, marked a turning-point in the relations between Vienna and Stambul.

* * * * *

In 1596 the Austro-Turkish war which had broken out three years before was signalized by an Ottoman victory, brilliant and barren. Mohammed III was no Suleiman. Anxious to exchange as soon as possible the hardships of the camp for the pleasures of the harem, he returned to Constantinople empty-handed. Hostilities dragged on for another decade, when that worthless Sultan's worthy successor Ahmed I concluded the peace of Sitvatorok (1606). By that treaty the annual tribute was abandoned; the Emperor's envoys, unlike those of every other Christian monarch, were in future to receive as well as to give presents; the allowance made to them by the Grand Signor was to be continued during the whole of their sojourn, not, as was the case with the other ambassadors, cease on arrival at the capital; lastly, the Turkish envoys to Vienna were to be high officials of the Porte and not, like those sent to other Christian Courts, domestics of the Seraglio or common Chaoushes. The equality of treatment thus secured by the Empire henceforth distinguished its representatives from their colleagues; for the Turk never departed from a custom once established. That treaty is also notable as being the first to describe the cessation of hostilities as a "peace."

Some sixty years afterwards Turkey found herself once more involved in war with Austria. The Sultan's army was completely routed by inferior Austrian forces (1664). This defeat instilled in the Turks a lasting respect for their neighbours; and successive English ambassadors commented, with intelligible envy, on the preferential treatment accorded to their Imperial colleague.[1] Before the end of the seventeenth century an effort was made by the ambitious Grand Vizier Kara-Mustafa to reverse the terms.

Such were still the resources of the Ottoman Empire that, after a twenty-four years' war with Venice for the possession of Crete (1645–1669), followed by a five years' war with Poland (1671–1676), Kara-Mustafa was able to lead an army of about half a million men against Vienna, with the Imperial Resident de Khuniz in his train. The Grand Vizier's schemes were as vast as his forces. He dreamed of a new Turkish province extending from the Danube to the Rhine, with himself as its ruler under the nominal suzerainty of the Grand Signor. His ability, however, fell far short of his imagination and his means. This second siege of the Austrian capital (1683) began under the most auspicious omens for the invaders. The Emperor Leopold, at the approach of the enemy, fled with his Court and did not stop to take breath till he reached Bavaria. The Viennese aristocracy loyally followed upon the Kaiser's panic-winged heels; but, unable to emulate his fleetness, many of them fell into the hands of the Turks, who, cruel to the brave, had no pity for cowards. The burghers, deserted by their noble leaders, proceeded to shame them. Men and women went to work to repair and defend the fortifications, and with wonderful spirit endured all the priva-

[1] See Ricaut, 55; Porter, 140.

tions of an unprepared city, while for miles around them they could see the flames and smoke of the devastated countryside. In the plain beneath the walls spread Kara-Mustafa's immense camp with its silken tents, its baths, its gardens—all the pomp and pageantry of a vainglorious Eastern satrap. Suddenly the whole scene was transformed. The Poles, under their gallant king Sobieski, came to the rescue of the Austrian capital and of Christendom. A fierce fight ensued. The religious ardour of the Giaours proved superior to the fervour of the Moslems. Kara-Mustafa fled, leaving his gorgeous camp to the enemy. He reached Belgrade covered with dust and dishonour, to lose at the hands of the Sultan's executioner the empty head he had saved from Sobieski's sword.

Venice and Russia now joined in the Holy Alliance against Turkey, and for fifteen years the war raged as only those wars do in which human savagery is inflamed by a divine sanction.

After many vicissitudes, Prince Eugène at the head of the Austrian forces dealt the first decisive blow to the decadent Osmanli's pride on the banks of the Theiss (September 11, 1697). It was a blow which has been well described as the "breaking of the Grand Turk's back in this world." Since that date, indeed, the Ottoman Empire "staggered about, less and less of a terror and outrage, more and more of a nuisance." [1]

The effect of that blow was instantaneous. The Turks made no secret of the feelings with which the Austrians now inspired them: "those iron fellows," they called them.[2] Commensurate with her prestige were the tan-

[1] Carlyle, *History of Frederick the Great*, ii. 315.

[2] Nathaniel Harley to Sir Edward Harley, Aleppo, June 8, 1698. *Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep. XIII. Pt. ii.* 27.

gible gains which accrued to Austria from Prince Eugène's triumph. By the Peace of Carlowitz (January 26, 1699) the whole of his trans-Danubian possessions were lost to the Sultan.

After a while the Turk tried to win back from some of his adversaries what he had lost to the others. In 1715 the Grand Vizier who had humbled Peter the Great on the Pruth four years before carried his victorious arms against the Venetians in the Morea ; and, thanks to the weakness of their resistance rather than to the vigour of his assault, he attained his end by a single summer's work. As always, the result was taken as a proof of merit, without any consideration of the causes to which it was due. This " prodigious success," a contemporary tells us, " puffed the Turks up to a degree not to be imagined."[1] So that, although there were many among them who had not forgotten the lesson they had received from the Austrians, the Grand Vizier met with no opposition when he proposed another campaign against the Emperor. His failure was as prodigious as his successes elsewhere had been : by a single battle he lost both his army and his life (1716). Prince Eugène followed up this fresh triumph with the capture of Belgrade. The Peace of Passarowitz (1718) added more lands and laurels to the Austrian crown. Nor did the Emperor omit to stipulate that in future his ambassadors should appear at their audiences with the Sultan in their native garb and not, as heretofore, in a Turkish dress : a concession trifling in itself, but not devoid of a certain symbolic value.

Austria's next venture went far to dim her lustre at Stambul. When Russia, in 1736, resolved to avenge her sad overthrow on the Pruth, the Emperor seized the

[1] Nathaniel Harley to Auditor Harley, Aleppo, May 15, 1716, *op. cit.* 256.

opportunity for increasing his own gains. But Eugène was no longer to lead the Imperial armies to victory. There were in his place generals of quite another stamp. Divided counsels, confused plans, and comprehensive mismanagement ruined the Imperial cause. The Turks made short work of their disorganized enemy; and the Emperor who, after losing Belgrade and wide territories farther east, had begun to dread another siege of Vienna, was only too glad to jump at the French offer of mediation. By the Treaty of Belgrade (1739) the Hapsburgs had to give up much of what they had got by that of Passarowitz.

What Austria's programme—if she had one—in the next Russo-Turkish rupture (1768–1774) was, it is hard to say. The Court of Vienna professed to be anxious for peace; but its professions did not seem to correspond with the behaviour of its representative at Constantinople. This Minister, in conjunction with the French Ambassador, did everything to pour oil on the Turkish flame.[1] However, as soon as the course of events made it plain that the Turks had no chance of success, jealousy of Russia decided the Austrian Government to urge a speedy cessation of hostilities; and, on finding its advice disregarded by the triumphant Catherine, it began to mass troops on the Hungarian frontier, ready to side with the Sultan against the Tsarina, or to share with her the Sultan's Empire, as the case might be. But the first partition of Poland, while putting off the final partition of Turkey, restored the balance of power somewhat to Austria's favour, and rendered possible the Kaiser's co-operation with the Tsarina in her last attack on Turkey (1788–1792). The view then taken by Vienna was that the

[1] John Murray to the Earl of Shelburne, Nov. 16, 1768. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 44.

Sultan was the common prey, and the two aspirants to his inheritance should not quarrel over its division. But Austria in that war failed to do her share of the work, and missed her share of the spoils, with the result that the balance of power in the Balkan Peninsula was disturbed seriously to her disadvantage. With this disturbance the identity of the two Empires' interests vanished, and a new chapter was opened in their relations.

* * * * *

The rivalry between Vienna and Petersburg remained, perforce, in abeyance while the fear of Napoleon hung over them both. But it came to the front as soon as that fear was removed.

In the meantime Russia had established her ascendancy at Stambul, and commanded where Austria was only able to counsel. The difference in their positions brought about a striking contrast in their respective views touching the Ottoman Empire, and this contrast became manifest during the Greek War of Independence. In that crisis Austria assumed towards the Sultan the novel character of a preserver. Her diplomacy was controlled by Prince Metternich, and it was no part of Metternich's policy or nature to tolerate anything so revolutionary as Hellenic liberty to be established, least of all under the auspices of Russian liberators. On the other hand, it was part of both his policy and his nature to prolong the existence of despotism wherever found, to champion everywhere hereditary authority and to suppress, as much as in him lay, every popular movement of the age. Moreover, the type of the Ottoman Empire, composed of many discordant elements, presented so close a parallel to the Austrian that Metternich in defending the Sultan felt that he defended the principle of government on which the throne of the Hapsburgs also

rested: the principle that the small were created to obey the great, and the great, inasmuch as they owed their power to Heaven only, were accountable for their use of it to no earthly tribunal. Lastly, the two States had a strong bond of sympathy in their common abhorrence of change. Of both, though in varying degrees, it might be said that, fastened to their ancient moorings, they had for ages marked, by their stagnant immobility, the progress which the rest of Europe had made. Thus it came about that the House of Hapsburg discovered in the House of Osman its kin, and the Sultan, having ceased to consider the Emperor a formidable enemy, came to regard him almost as a friend.

Before the end of 1827, however, Metternich found that he could not bolster up Turkey, save at the cost of a war with Russia; and that price he was not prepared to pay. His sole concern henceforth was, not to incur risks and waste energy in trying to prevent Russia from delivering Christian populations from the Sultan's yoke, but to preserve the balance of power by preventing the delivered populations from falling under the yoke of the Tsar. This diplomacy lost Austria the Turk's confidence, without earning for her the confidence of the Christians; but it was the only sound diplomacy possible in the circumstances. Metternich adopted it from sheer opportunism; his successors pursued it on principle. They came to realize, before 1867, that the negation of national rights and the rigid adherence to the creed of conservative autocratism, which formed the cardinal features of his statesmanship, were dangerous anachronisms. Whether they liked it or not, there was such a thing as movement in human affairs. This realization found expression in a radical change of the Hapsburgs' treatment of both domestic and foreign questions. If they could

not stifle the national spirit within their own dominions, much less could they arrest its growth across their frontiers. Bending to the force of facts, they endeavoured to beat Russia at her own game. They also would become "liberators."

In 1872 the Archduke Charles Louis, under the pretext of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, paid to the Ottoman Empire a visit, which was of the nature of a demonstration to its Christian inhabitants. At the same time Vienna did in Bosnia and Herzegovina what Petersburg was doing in Bulgaria, only more subtly. Since discontent there was, Austria was determined to profit by it; and in 1875 she stole a march on her competitor by precipitating the Herzegovinian rising before Bulgaria was quite ripe for revolt. Petersburg, however, soon caught Vienna up, and Vienna, seeing the hopelessness of these tactics, came to terms with her neighbour at Turkey's expense. By a secret bargain, the two parties agreed to play into each other's hand. Russia would not seek for herself any territorial aggrandizement in Europe, and would not oppose an eventual occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria. Austria, on her side, agreed not to oppose Russia's efforts on behalf of Bulgaria. By this bargain Petersburg secured in advance Vienna's malevolent neutrality.

This cordial understanding was arrived at in the spring of 1876—exactly twelve months before the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war.[1] But, as soon as hostilities were over, the conflict of interests reasserted itself. In 1879

[1] See Lord Derby to Sir A. Buchanan, May 4, 1876; *Turkey*, 3 (1876), No. 195. There followed the meetings of Prince Gortchakoff and Count Andrassy at Berlin (May 11–15), and of the two Emperors at Reichstadt (July 8, 1876). The terms of this preliminary pact were afterwards embodied in the Buda-Pesth Convention of 1877.

the Austrian occupation of Novi Bazar, though expressly sanctioned by the Berlin Treaty to which the Russian Government had been a party, gave great umbrage at Petersburg, for it cut off the Slavonic State of Montenegro from the sister State of Servia, and moreover seemed to open the way for an Austrian advance to Salonica. Language of such extraordinary violence was used by the semi-official Russian Press against the Hapsburgs that they were forced to an alliance with the Power which had supplanted them in the hegemony of the Germanic race.

Looking back at the sequence of events which led up to their calamities of 1878, the Turks, while cursing Russia, were unable to bless Austria. The former Power had doubtless been organizing the ball for twenty years, and the War of 1877–1878 was, essentially, only a corollary of the Peace of 1856. But it was Austria and not Russia who opened that ball. No matter what the internal condition of their Empire might have been, the question of its future lay, so far as the external world was concerned, dormant until the Herzegovinian insurrection, which was exploited, even if it had not been engineered, by Vienna. From that moment the Turks were able to perceive, amidst all the minor situations which arose within the circle of the larger drama, the part of the Austrian Government gradually unfolding itself along clearly defined lines. The celebrated Andrassy Note of December 1875 paved the way for foreign intervention in their domestic troubles, the natural course of events did the rest.

Nor did Austria's fresh readjustment of her diplomatic compass after the Berlin Treaty bring any comfort to the Turks. The late Lord Salisbury hailed the anti-Russian turn of Austrian policy implied by the Austro-

German alliance of 1879 as a guarantee of Ottoman territorial integrity in the future: "If you don't trust the Turk who is on the rampart of the fortress," he said, "at least you cannot refuse the Austrian sentinel who is at the door." [1] But the Turks knew the sentinel's trustworthiness. They knew that Austria did not oppose Russia to save them, but to save her own share in the ultimate division of their property. That was the motive that induced her in 1880 to decline participation in the coercion of the Sultan on behalf of Montenegro, which Gladstone urged upon the Concert of Europe. And it was the same reason that, fifteen years later, prompted the Vienna Cabinet to come forward as Abdul Hamid's protector against the wrath which his Armenian orgies had aroused in Russia. Austria countenanced those massacres not from any love for atrocities or for the Turks, but simply from fear lest that crime should give her rival a pretext for a further essay in vivisection. Actuated by this fear, the Austrian Government endeavoured to secure England's support by appealing to the clauses of the Treaty of Paris which provided for the maintenance of the *status quo* at Constantinople and in the Straits; and on finding no active response in England, it was obliged to readjust its compass once more by coming to a new compromise with Russia. It was during the visit paid by the Emperor Francis Joseph to Petersburg, at the end of April, 1897, that the bases were laid for a direct Austro-Russian agreement on Balkan affairs which lasted through the next ten years.[2]

This agreement was the source of yet another disappointment for the Turks. Hitherto the Sultan, with the wisdom of the weak, and the skill that comes of prac-

[1] Speech at Manchester, October, 1879.
[2] See Sir Horace Rumbold's *Final Recollections*, 272, 275.

tice, had managed to play off Vienna against Petersburg, and so to maintain his hold on Macedonia. But now he had to face a combination fatal to his rule. The change became immediately apparent in that harassed province. Russian and Austrian Consuls no longer pulled in opposite directions. Both encouraged the malcontents, collected complaints without troubling to ascertain whether they were true or not, and insisted on the punishment of the accused officials whether the charges brought against them were proved or not.[1] If at the same time they discouraged an open insurrection, they did so merely because their respective Governments did not consider the time had yet arrived.

During the acutest stage of the Macedonian problem the two Governments, as the most intimately interested parties, were commissioned by the Concert to co-operate in the reform of the Macedonian administration; and they imposed upon Abdul Hamid a recipe which neither he intended to make up nor they wished to see made up. It was only an attempt to put off the day of final reckoning.

While dividing with Russia the responsibility for Macedonian unrest in Turkish eyes, Austria carried on a parallel business in Albania on her own account—the Catholic Arnaouts affording her an even better field for intrigue than did the Orthodox Bulgars. Her influence over the Catholic clans of Northern Albania grew year after year. Partly by espousing their side in their sempiternal feud with the Slavs of Montenegro and Old Servia,

[1] I had many opportunities of studying these tactics on the spot in 1903. But I prefer to send the reader for illustrations to official documents: See the Blue Book *Turkey*, 2 (1904). Enclosure in No. 76 (Vice-Consul Fontana to Consul-General Graves, Uskub, Oct. 3, 1903) is a particularly illuminating and entertaining example.

partly by judiciously bribing their chiefs, Austria succeeded in establishing over those primitive and turbulent highlanders something not far removed from a protectorate.

Such was the tenor of Austrian policy in Turkey from 1878 till 1908. The outbreak of the Turkish Revolution in the latter year necessitated another readjustment of the compass to the altered conditions. Co-operation with Russia, never very cordial, came to an end; and Austria endeavoured to score off her rival first by formally incorporating Bosnia and Herzegovina in the Hapsburg Empire, which was a blow at Young Turkey as well as at Russia; then by posing as the friend of the Young Turks, till the Balkan War of 1912 proved the futility of her diplomacy.

For the rest, Austria's dealings with the Porte during the last thirty-five years cannot be dissociated from those of her German ally, and can only be treated as part of Germany's general programme in the Near East. The Dual Monarchy, though by no means lacking an individual point of view, ceased to have any strictly independent policy from the moment it hitched its decrepit old wagon to the Prussian star.

2. Prussia

Until the middle of the eighteenth century the Turks were hardly aware of the existence of Prussia. If the Sultan heard at all of the Prussian king, he heard of him as one of the numerous German princes who revolved, like so many satellites, round the great Austrian Emperor. Frederick's brilliant victories over Austria (1741–1742) brought the Prussian Power for the first time within the Ottoman ken as a distinct planet of a very respectable magnitude. Frederick lost no time in deepening the im-

pression on the Porte in a more direct manner. Knowing that Austria would not, if she could help it, leave him in the tranquil enjoyment of the provinces he had wrested from her, he hastened to make common cause with Austria's hereditary enemy. In 1744 a Prussian emissary appeared at Constantinople to negotiate a treaty of friendship with the Porte; and twenty years afterwards he returned with the title of Minister.

Frederick's policy towards Turkey was naturally guided by his own relations with Turkey's neighbours. To preserve the balance of power, constantly disturbed by Austria's and Russia's aggrandizement at the Sultan's expense, was his main motive; and, perceiving that war nowadays meant for the Ottoman Empire loss of territory, he did all that in him lay to preserve peace in the East. In 1768 his representative at the Porte strove as hard as the English Ambassador to save its infatuated inmates from themselves; but, as we have seen, without success. After failing to avert the conflagration, Frederick addressed himself to the task of localizing it. All the resources of his diplomacy were employed in urging Vienna to keep still and Petersburg to stop before Vienna's jealousy led to complications that might drag him also into the zone of fire. By 1770 the Turks had learned from cruel experience the value of Frederick's counsels and implored him to undertake, with Austria, the part of mediator between themselves and the terrible Catherine. Austria was only too ready to assist Frederick in his attempts to arrest the Russian advance south; but Russia would not be arrested in the midst of her victories, until events obliged her; and then the King of Prussia did what he could to secure for his friend the Sultan the easiest terms possible in the circumstances.

The service which Prussia rendered to the Sultan in

1774 was repeated, and for the same reasons, fifteen years later, when she joined England in the effort to rescue the Ottoman Empire from the destruction that once more menaced it from its two neighbours. These services were highly appreciated by the Turks; but other things intervened to check the nascent friendship between Stambul and Berlin for a hundred years.

During the earlier period of the great Napoleonic drama Prussia's star appeared to have set for good. Internal disorganization, social, economic, and military, had paralysed and demoralized her thoroughly. By the Treaty of Tilsit she lost one half of her territory, saw her fortresses occupied by French garrisons, and found herself burdened with an enormous financial load. Incapable of helping herself, she could offer no help to others. There followed a period of recovery, which enabled Prussia to take in the later acts of the drama (1813–1815) a prominent part. She emerged from the Napoleonic nightmare of terror and confusion "like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks." But Turkey did not benefit by Prussia's second rise to power, for it was accompanied by that movement of unrest throughout Germany which was for a long time to absorb all the energies of the Hohenzollern. And by the time they achieved the national unity of the Germans under their rule new conditions prevailed in Europe. The new German Empire, threatened by a revengeful France on her western frontier, could not afford to estrange the Power which commanded her eastern flank; and, so far as Bismarck was concerned, Russia might have taken Constantinople and realized her secular dream. The whole of the sick Ottoman Empire was not worth to Bismarck the sound bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier.[1]

[1] As in many other matters, so in this, Bismarck could claim to

To the Turks this unfriendly attitude was painfully obvious.

During the paroxysm of intrigue that preceded the last Russo-Turkish war, the German Ambassador at Constantinople vied with his French colleague in courting General Ignatieff. In the diplomatic conferences that took place the Turks had the mortification of seeing the representative of Germany seated close to their arch-enemy and supporting him by might and main. When Midhat Pasha's Constitution was proclaimed, and the foreign ambassadors were invited to assist at the solemn opening of the National Assembly at the Palace of Dolma Baghché, the German Chargé d'Affaires followed the example of the Russian by ostentatiously abstaining from that "comedy." When the rupture occurred the departing Russian Chargé d'Affaires entrusted Russian interests to his German colleague.[1] Needless to say that the same Russophilism was displayed by the German Consuls in every part of the Ottoman Empire. The Turks gave characteristic vent to their annoyance by massacring Mr. Henry Abbott, a British subject, who happened to be Germany's Consul at Salonica, together with his French colleague and brother-in-law.[2]

be the spokesman of his nation: "The Turk has no friends in Germany," reports the British Ambassador at Berlin. "Even Russia might take possession of Constantinople without objection on the part of Germany." Lord Odo Russell to Lord Derby, Nov. 12, 1875, in Lord Newton's life of *Lord Lyons*, ii. 89.

[1] See Nelidow's "Souvenirs d'avant et d'après la Guerre de 1877–1878," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 15, July 15, 1915.

[2] The immediate cause of this double tragedy, which at the time produced an immense sensation in the world, setting in motion the Chancelleries and the Fleets of all the Powers, was a Bulgarian peasant girl of doubtful morals. From motives best known to herself, she embraced Islam and came to Salonica to make before the Grand Council a formal declaration of faith. The local Christians snatched her away. The Moslem population rose

The behaviour of Germany's representatives in Turkey was, of course, dictated from Berlin and was in complete accord with the Chancellor's own conduct. Bismarck throughout that crisis acted as Turkey's enemy in order to please Russia. The comparatively mild memorandum issued from Vienna (the Andrassy Note) was followed (May 15, 1876) by a far severer manifesto from Berlin. In that document Bismarck outlined the diplomatic strategy soon afterwards employed towards the Sultan, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that that document was the outcome of Austro-Russo-German collaboration. It was Bismarck who had smoothed the way for the secret pact between Vienna and Petersburg, who played host at the meeting of Count Andrassy and Prince Gortchakoff, and who, after the two senior partners had arranged their Eastern plans to their mutual satisfaction, invited the other members of the Concert to support them.[1] Nor did the Chancellor swerve from his Russophile attitude through the war of which these diplomatic manœuvres were only the preliminaries. " Bismarck's speech appears to me very unsatisfactory. Cold to all

in arms and demanded the restoration of the convert. The two Consuls, to prevent bloodshed, hastened to see the Turkish Governor-General. On their way, they were hustled by an armed and excited Moslem crowd into a mosque that stood close by the Government House and ruthlessly murdered, in the presence of the Governor. The incident was symptomatic of the psychological ferment stirred up by the Russian machinations in the Balkan Peninsula, with the sympathetic approval of France and Germany, the two unfortunate Consuls being caught in the clash of rival fanaticisms. This is the lesson to be drawn from the voluminous *Correspondence Respecting the Murder of the French and German Consuls at Salonica*, published by the Foreign Office : *Turkey*, 4 (1876).

[1] See the report of these rather singular proceedings from Lord Odo Russell, the British Ambassador at Berlin, dated May 13, 1876, in *Turkey*, 3 (1876), No. 248.

parties except Russia," wrote Goschen in his diary so late as February 20, 1878.[1]

Fortunately for the Sultan, Bismarck's good offices met with very inadequate response at Petersburg. Prince Gortchakoff was not well disposed towards him, and under Gortchakoff's inspiration Russia saw fit to antagonize Germany—the excuse being that the impartial rôle (the rôle of an "honest broker") which Bismarck played at the Congress of Berlin was less than what Russia had a right to expect from him. It would seem that Russia under Gortchakoff could only reason, speak, and behave like a vain woman spoilt by too many attentions. The extraordinary outburst of Russian anger which, as we have noted, followed the Austrian occupation of Novi Bazar was directed not only against Austria, but also against Germany, who was taxed with ungratefully abandoning her old ally and was threatened with a Franco-Russian combination. To this threat Bismarck replied with his usual decision by going to Vienna and concluding with Count Andrassy a treaty of mutual protection against Russia (October, 1879): an event which was welcomed by the Sultan and by his friends in England as erecting a new bulwark against Russian aggression in the East.

* * * * *

Bismarck's change of front was not prompted by any concern for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. It is true that in 1880 he frustrated Gladstone's efforts to coerce Turkey on behalf of Montenegro by declaring, with Austria, that in no circumstances would Germany fire a shot. But that was merely because an extension of Montenegrin power was detrimental to Austrian inter-

[1] See the *Life of Lord Goschen*, by the Hon. Arthur D. Elliot, i. 187.

ests. He, at the same time, expressed himself quite willing to countenance the employment of force against Turkey for the extension of Greek power, which should have been acceptable to Austria as a counterpoise to the aggrandizement of the Slavonic elements through Russia's recent action. For similar reasons, he earnestly favoured Austria's pacific penetration into Albania.[1] Other indications of the true inwardness of the Chancellor's policy towards Turkey in those days are not wanting. Six years before he had strenuously and successfully opposed the endeavours of France to increase her influence at the Sultan's expense by the confirmation of her old protectorate over Eastern Catholics and by the establishment of a new protectorate over Tunis.[2] By 1878, however, he had given up all opposition to French aspirations in Tunis,[3] and, in 1881, he welcomed their virtual annexation of the province, as calculated to alienate Italy from France and to draw her towards the Austro-German group, which actually happened. Likewise in the following year, when the French were exercised over Germany's possible action, should they be involved in a campaign against Egypt, Bismarck assured them that he would continue to observe the same benevolent attitude, even if they should get into difficulties on the Nile, "so long as they kept away from the Rhine."[4] That Bismarck was absolutely sincere in giving these assurances, no one can doubt who takes into account his general style of diplomacy—often brutal, but never cheaply disingenuous—and the particular situation with which he was then

[1] See Elliot's *Goschen*, i. 212, 215.

[2] See Lord Lyons to Lord Derby, Feb. 24, 1874, in Lord Newton's life of *Lord Lyons*, ii. 55.

[3] *Ibid.* 139.

[4] See Prince Hohenlohe's *Memoirs*, Nov. 8, 1882, (Eng. tr. 1906), ii. 291. Cp. 271.

confronted in Europe: it was plainly to Germany's interest, by letting France penetrate into Egypt, to earn her England's enmity, just as by letting her penetrate into Tunis she had succeeded in earning her Italy's enmity. If the French did not believe Bismarck, it was entirely their own fault.

From all this it will be seen that a protection of Turkey as yet formed no definitely conceived part of German policy. Bismarck still hoped to bring about a solid understanding with Russia; and, in fact, immediately after Gortchakoff's death (1883) he tried to revive the former connexion by the so-called "Reinsurance Treaty" of 1884. But Russia's gradual rapprochement towards France was inconsistent with any genuine and lasting friendship for Germany, and Bismarck had no choice but to act accordingly. His tentative experiments at Constantinople—originally begun with the negative object of making France and Russia draw in their horns—by degrees assumed a more positive character. The establishment of German influence in the Ottoman Empire, from being an incident, became an essential feature of Prussia's foreign policy.

It is not the Prussian way to do things by halves. In 1882 a German military mission under the distinguished soldier Colman von der Goltz was sent from Berlin to take seriously in hand the reorganization of the Turkish army, and simultaneously a scheme for railway construction on a large scale in the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan was drawn up in Berlin and adopted by the Porte. The benefits of this enterprise to Turkey were twofold—economic and strategic: the economic benefit was the development of agricultural and mineral industry in the districts traversed; the strategic was the Porte's increased capacity for mobilizing its armies and concen-

trating them rapidly for the defence of the frontiers against external danger or for the suppression of internal troubles in Arabia and elsewhere.

The first steps in this *Drang nach Osten*, as it came to be called, were taken by Bismarck, but the statesman who had the chief share in giving to it its greatest impetus was the Kaiser William II. The young Emperor was not satisfied with the pace that had satisfied the aged Chancellor. His accession to the throne inaugurated an era of vigorous advance in every direction, including the department of *Welt-Politik* represented by the Ottoman Empire. His two historic, and slightly histrionic, visits to Turkey (1889 and 1898) were intended to tighten the bonds of reciprocity between his own country and the Sultan's; and on more than one critical occasion he distinguished himself as the one Western potentate upon whose support Abdul Hamid could rely to withstand the increasing hostility of the civilized world towards his rule and his person. International bargains are never, of course, one-sided; and the Kaiser was repaid for his valuable aid by the favour, not less valuable, extended by the Sultan towards German commercial interests in his dominions: the result being the creation of a powerful German element in regions which formerly knew the German trader and financier by hearsay only.[1]

[1] Germany's activity in Asia Minor has given birth to a vast amount of literature. To those who desire sound information on this very important subject I commend the following works, in their chronological order: *La Question d'Orient*, by André Chéradame (1903); *Notes on a Journey Across Asia* (Proceedings of the Central Asian Society), by the Earl of Ronaldshay (1904); *Report for the year* 1905 *on the Trade of Constantinople and District* (Diplomatic and Consular Reports, No. 3533), by A. T. Waugh (1906); *The Destruction and the Restoration of Agriculture in Asia Minor* (Lecture delivered before the Geographical Section of the British Association), by W. M. Ramsay (1906); *Die Hedschasbahn. Mit einer Einführung von Frhr. Colman*

Political advantages went hand in hand with the financial, and here also the law of reciprocity held good: if the Sultan profited by German assistance in the Armenian troubles of 1894–1896, and the Greek troubles of 1886 and 1897, the Kaiser profited by Turkish gratitude in 1898 when he obtained the right to protect his own Catholic subjects in the East, thus administering a slap at the claim of France to be regarded as the sole guardian of all Roman Christians in that part of the world.

The idea embodied in these proceedings was not new. Fifty years before Prince Hohenlohe lamented the fact that the East knew nothing of Germany and recorded his opinion that influence in the Ottoman Empire would enhance Germany's power, increase German commerce, and perhaps open a door for German colonization. In order to establish such influence, he urged that a German Catholic Consul should be appointed at Jerusalem and use be made of the religious element of the Latin clergy.[1] But the unification of Germany had to be achieved before any serious attention could be paid to her expansion; and the Prince had, in his old age, an opportunity of giving effect to the views of his youth. It is not improbable that the vigorous development of German *Weltpolitik* after Bismarck's retirement was due as much to this Imperial Chancellor as to the Emperor himself. At all events, it synchronized with his tenure of office (1894–1900).

Thus from 1882 Germany gradually assumed towards

von der Goltz, by Auler Pasha (1906); *Report for the year* 1906 *on the Trade of Baghdad* (Diplomatic and Consular Reports, No. 3873), by Major Ramsay (1907); "The Bagdad Railway," by Edwin Pears (in the *Contemporary Review*, Nov., 1908); "The Baghdad Railway and the Question of British Co-operation," by Arthur von Gwinner (in the *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1909).

[1] *Memoirs*, Jan. 16, 1849, i. 51.

the Ottoman Empire the rôle which England had thrown up. As long as Abdul Hamid ruled, German influence was paramount in Stambul. But with the Revolution a new order of ideas came in. The Kaiser's magnificent Embassy in their capital stood identified in the eyes of the Young Turks with Yildiz Kiosk. The Kaiser was regarded by them, not as the friend of Turkey, but as the friend of Turkey's tyrant. Abdul Hamid gone, one might have expected German influence to go, too. And that is what did happen at first. While the British Ambassador was treated as a hero, his German colleague was treated as an outcast; the rather because it was the Kaiser's championship that enabled Austria to flout Young Turkey by the Bosnian *coup* of 1908. But these trifles did not disconcert the Kaiser's representative. He was not a man to be easily daunted. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, who had already proved his great ability during ten years of brilliant service at Constantinople, knew that all he had to do was just to wait: England's popularity could not be anything but ephemeral in view of England's *entente* with Russia. He did not have to wait long. Very soon the Young Turks realized how illusory were the hopes they had built on British favour. The tide turned in 1910 when, rebuffed in London and Paris, they went to Berlin and Vienna for loans: they had no other course.[1]

The reception with which they met at Berlin formed a most exhilarating contrast to their experiences in the Western capitals. Although the German Government could not raise funds as easily as the British and the French, it welcomed the applicants warmly, assisted them in the financial operations which ensued, and flat-

[1] See Sir Adam Block's *Special Report on the Ottoman Public Debt* for 1909–1910.

tered their self-esteem in every way. The Imperial Chancellor in explaining the transaction to the Reichstag afterwards described how Germany had watched with benevolent interest Turkey's efforts in other markets, and how, at the proper moment, she came forward to meet the pressing needs of a Government which had hitherto shown so great devotion in carrying out its task of reorganization, thereby serving the cause of peace and at the same time Germany's policy of maintaining the *status quo* in the East. "It appeared, therefore, just and reasonable, on economic and political grounds, that we should stand by our friends the Turkish Government in overcoming the difficulties which had arisen out of their financial position and provide them with the means to carry farther the work of consolidation." [1]

These words, accompanied as they were with corresponding deeds, rejoiced the Turks. The Kaiser was, after all, Turkey's true friend. Much of the enthusiasm which had been wasted on Sir Gerard Lowther was transferred to Baron Marschall von Bieberstein. England's subsequent conduct in the events of 1912 and 1913 intensified the estrangement to the advantage of her rival, who did not fail to underline every English sin of omission or commission. And so German influence which had been supreme on the Bosphorus under the old regime became supreme under the new, and the German Ambassador quietly stepped into the shoes left by his British antagonist on the threshold of the Sublime Porte.

The Ottoman field so patiently and skilfully tilled by Germany in peace yielded its most valuable fruit in the European War.

[1] Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's Speech in the Reichstag, Dec. 10, 1910.

Chapter VI

TURKEY'S CHOICE

FOR three months after the declaration of hostilities Constantinople was the centre of rival intrigues: the representatives of the Austro-German Alliance endeavouring to gain Turkey over to their side, while those of the Anglo-Russo-French Alliance endeavoured to persuade her to remain neutral. The Porte wavered and vacillated: the more intrepid spirits, led by Enver Pasha, the Minister of War, were for casting in their lot with the Central Powers; but the Sultan, the Heir Apparent, the Grand Vizier, a majority of the Ministry, and a considerable section of the Committee of Union and Progress were opposed to so hazardous a course. Public opinion, in so far as such a thing may be said to exist in Turkey, was similarly divided: some of the newspapers said one thing, others said the contrary.[1]

[1] See the official *Correspondence Respecting Events Leading to the Rupture of Relations with Turkey* (Cd. 7628). It is curious to compare the tale told in these dispatches, written on the spot and while things were still uncertain, with the narrative which the Foreign Office issued after the catastrophe for the satisfaction of a public angrily wanting to know "Why we lost Turkey." I refer to the Foreign Office Statement of Nov. 1, 1914, to Sir Louis Mallet's letter to Sir Edward Grey, dated London, Nov. 20, and to Sir Edward Grey's reply, dated Dec. 4: these last two documents were not made public till Dec. 11 (Cd. 7716).

To understand the situation it is necessary to be able to visualize it from the Turkish standpoint—to see the value of the various factors as it appeared to the Turks themselves. Their indecision arose mainly from the uncertainty they felt about their future; and, naturally, in trying to peer into the future they used as an index their experience in the past and the present. What was that experience? Hitherto, deprived of British support, they had seen their Empire drifting helplessly towards the Russian gulf. And there was not the least sign of a change in England's attitude towards them. On the contrary, the first thing the British Government had done, when the war broke out, was to lay hands on the two Ottoman battleships that were just ready to be delivered to the Porte by their English builders: the vessels upon which Turkey anxiously counted in order to settle her still open differences with Greece. England was Russia's ally; so was France. If Russia beat Germany, their doom would be nearer after the war than it had been before: there would be no power left on earth to check the Russian advance on Constantinople. These considerations pulled the Turks towards Germany. On the other hand, there was the old, old faith in English and French friendship—a faith which, in spite of many disappointments, still survived in the hearts of a people as slow to forget as they are to learn. Thus fear of Russia and gratitude to Germany for the aid she had given them of late years impelled the Turks to the Central group; the lingering memory of ancient days prevented them from lightly joining the enemies of England and France. Small wonder that they wavered and vacillated.

Let us now compare the pressure which each group of Powers brought to bear on the Turkish mind. To begin with the Germans. The Foreign Office, in its famous

apologia of November 1, 1914, told us that "German officers in large numbers invaded Constantinople, usurped the authority of the Government, and coerced the Sultan's Ministers into taking up a policy of aggression," and, in the same breath, it told us that these gentlemen succeeded "by the bribes of which they have been so lavish." I am afraid this will hardly do: if the Germans were in command and in a position to coerce, they would not have been so foolish as to waste their money on bribery; if, on the other hand, they did have recourse to bribery (as I believe to have been the case—not with the Germans only), that implies that they had not the power to coerce. Even in diplomacy you cannot have it both ways. The truth is much simpler. Besides appealing to personal prejudices and interests, the advocates of Germany made use of every form of reasoning calculated to impress Turkish patriots—for, after all, dearly as the Turks love *bakshish*, some of them love their country, too. They pointed to their own military superiority; they played upon their hearers' ambitions, promising to them the recovery of Egypt and the emancipation of the Indian and other Mohammedans from Christian rule; they kindled their imagination with visions of an Ottoman Empire supreme in the East as the German would, after the war, be in the West. But, above all, they wrought upon their deep-rooted fear of Russia. Self-preservation is an even more potent incentive than self-aggrandizement. So behind all German blandishments and bribes there was always the argument: If Russia comes out of this struggle victorious, you Turks are lost for ever. You may see how little you can rely on English and French aid in the future, not only from Anglo-French policy in the past six years, but also from England's recent action. If England was

not hostile to you, would she have crippled your poor navy by seizing those two battleships?

Such was the substance of what our Ambassador was pleased to call "German misrepresentations."

The partisans of Germany at the Porte and in the Press of Stambul wielded that last argument with an effect all the more irresistible because it was accompanied with material proofs of Germany's earnestness. She hastened to turn our gratuitous blunder to account by filling the gap left in the Ottoman navy with units from her own fleet (the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* more than made up for the loss of the *Sultan Osman* and the *Reshadie*), and presented to the starving State the wherewithal to pay its officials their long overdue salaries.

England and her allies, in opposition to these German tactics, offered the Porte "definite assurances that, if Turkey remained neutral, her independence and integrity would be respected during the war and in the terms of peace." [1]

Did Sir Edward Grey really believe that these assurances were an adequate counterpoise to the temptations held out by our rivals? Had he forgotten, or did he imagine that the Turks had forgotten, not only the old treaties of Paris and Berlin, which guaranteed "the independence and integrity" of Turkey in a far more binding form, but the very recent declaration of the Powers that the Balkan States would not be permitted to acquire territory at Turkey's expense? Did he seriously expect the Turks to set off his "definite assurances" against their bitter and oft-repeated experience of the value of such pledges?

Thus, while the Germans gave the Turks battleships

[1] Foreign Office Statement, Nov. 1, 1914; Sir Edward Grey, in the House of Commons, Oct. 14, 1915.

and gold, we gave them empty words. The result was that our partisans at Constantinople, left without any solid support, had to succumb.

Some English diplomatists, intimately connected with this affair, have been heard to say in private conversation that the Young Turks had made up their minds long before the present war broke out—that for some years past their policy had been settled—and that their apparent hesitation was a mere expedient to gain time. This theory, in the light of antecedent events, is extremely probable. But it does not tally with the official *apologia*. Nor, what is more important, is it borne out by the published official documents. According to those documents, the situation, at the beginning, was by no means hopeless for us. The Sultan's and the Grand Vizier's protestations of goodwill, our Ambassador declares, were neither a mere blind nor worthless. They were both genuine and weighty. And they coincided with the views of a majority of the Ministers, as well as with a very large body of less sophisticated and hardly articulate opinion. Yet we lost. Why? Our failure cannot justly be ascribed to our Ambassador's incapacity, as it has been by certain newspapers. A British ambassador, under modern conditions, is nothing more than a monstrously overpaid clerk sitting at the end of a telegraph wire. Deprived of all initiative, he has but one duty: to carry out the instructions he receives from headquarters. Sir Louis Mallet performed this duty. According to his Chief's testimony, he showed "marked ability, patience, and discretion in carrying out, in the face of great difficulties, the policy of His Majesty's Government." The responsibility for our failure, therefore, lies entirely with "the policy of His Majesty's Government": the policy which the Foreign Office had consistently pursued

towards the Ottoman Empire since 1907, and was still pursuing in 1914—the policy which had driven Turkey into Germany's arms—the policy which was dictated by the Anglo-Russian *entente*. Even if our late Ambassador to the Porte was a diplomatist dowered with the local knowledge of a Stratford de Redcliffe, the energy of an Ignatieff, and the finesse of a Talleyrand, he could not have saved Turkey for us, unless he was authorized to reverse that policy. It is highly probable that, if at that critical moment the British Government had come forward to convince Turkey that she had nothing to fear from a Russian victory, the balance would have inclined to our side. By "convince" I do not mean empty "assurances," however "definite." No amount of platonic promises would have sufficed. What the occasion demanded was a prompt restitution of those two wretched battleships and generous financial assistance—substantial tokens of a sincere determination to see the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire maintained.

The Turks certainly had a right to expect a guarantee of this sort. From their point of view, the time had come for the British Government to begin fulfilling the bargain for which it got paid so long ago as 1878: England then received from the Sultan the island of Cyprus in return for a definite guarantee of his remaining dominions in Asia. From our point of view the moment was eminently opportune for redeeming that "scrap of paper." Russia would have been thankful enough to have Great Britain's co-operation in the European War without insisting on Great Britain continuing to favour her ulterior ambitions in the Near East. The Tsar's advisers knew better than anybody else the tremendous blow to their most urgent interests that Turkey could

deal by simply closing the Dardanelles. But, even if the Russian Government remained obdurate, we could afford, in the circumstances created by the war, to ignore her obduracy. The need of keeping Turkey out of the German camp at such a crisis was so imperative that it ought to have overridden all minor considerations.

Instead of taking this strong line, the British Government preferred the line of least resistance. It adhered blindly to the path which possessed for it the fascination of familiarity. Its lack of vision, of courage, of originality—whatever the proper name for its shortcomings may be—has cost Russia military and political losses which cannot yet be computed, but can be conjectured. It has cost England all the ships and all the thousands of gallant lives that perished in the ill-starred attempt to force the Straits, and all the losses of men and prestige that the Mesopotamian expedition involved—not to mention the millions of pounds thrown away on both those thrice-unfortunate operations. A fraction of that sum judiciously invested at Constantinople in time would have averted all those calamities, and all the indirect consequences of Turkey's choice.

But while the practical statesman must deplore the effects of that choice, the philosophical onlooker will derive a certain cold satisfaction from its perfect logicality. The capricious hand of chance had nothing to do with it. It all came about in strict accordance with the law of causation. Each side reaped precisely what it had sown. Indeed, when we contemplate the evolution of the various belligerents' policy towards Turkey, as it has been set out in the foregoing pages, we cannot avoid sharing Sir Edward Grey's naïve wonder " that the inevitable catastrophe did not occur sooner."

PART II

Chapter I

GREECE AND THE POWERS

THE relations of the Great Powers of Europe with the Greek people fall naturally into two distinct periods: the period from the Ottoman conquest to the outbreak of the War for Independence—in which Greece had no political history; and the period from 1821—in which she has had too much.

During the three and a half centuries which followed the fall of the Byzantine Empire the Greeks appear on the European canvas as a nation with a glorious past, a miserable present, and no future at all: a nation practically dead. Every now and again the world heard of them as being slaughtered, enslaved, or deported; of their land being ravaged by the inundations of rival conquests and counter-conquests; of their spirit being crushed under the duplicate weight of Turkish and Venetian tyranny. These were the oustanding features of the picture: the background was made up of a uniform gloom, in which the country that had taught mankind the meaning of civilization was seen as a desert strewn with the debris of its shattered glory. Western travellers and sojourners of all nationalities were busy among the mounds of rubbish, picking manuscripts, medals, and

marbles, buying or stealing what they could, sketching what they could not carry away, and scorning the people to whom they owed their ability to appreciate the literary and artistic value of their plunder.

But if the Greeks had ceased to play an active part on the theatre of European politics, they played a passive part of considerable importance. All the Great Powers, France, England, and Russia, used them as a pawn in their Eastern game; and their several ways of handling that pawn moulded the Greek attitude towards each of them.

1. France and the Greeks

No two races seem better designed by nature to esteem and love one another than the Hellenic and the Gallic. Both are lively and unreserved, eager for human intercourse, ever ready to absorb and impart information. In both acute intelligence and a propensity to disputation are combined with a breadth of view that makes for tolerance. Neither ever experience any difficulty in fraternizing with people who differ from them in dress, speech, opinions, or customs. And yet during the long martyrdom of its subjection to the Turk the Greek found no more implacable enemy than the Frenchman.

Since the ancient feud between the Eastern and the Western branches of the Catholic Church had culminated in a final schism (1054), the gulf that divided the two great communions of the Christian world had been deepened and widened by the Pope's unwearied efforts to reduce the Patriarchs to submission. The most unscrupulous and most successful of those efforts, the Fourth Crusade (1204), had resulted in the capture of Constantinople, the massacre of her Christian inhabitants by the soldiers of the Cross, the pillage of her churches

and her palaces, and the partition of the Greek Empire between the French and the Venetians. For sixty years the Greeks groaned under the heavy Latin yoke, and even after they succeeded in recovering their eapital, a large portion of their country had remained in the hands of various Western adventurers who, with few exceptions, treated the native populations in such a manner that the latter in most cases welcomed the Turk as a deliverer.

The Ottoman cataclysm suspended for a moment the hostilities without reconciling the hearts of the two sects; and from the middle of the sixteenth century Rome found her principal champion, and the most zealous promoter of her schemes of domination, in France. Religion, of course, was not the sole motive of French action in the Levant. The bigotry of the French monarchs, strong as it was, obeyed the dictates of their ambition. The conversion of the Greeks would not have been of much use to them unless they could number the converts among the tools of their power. Thus temporal policy conspired with spiritual vanity: a new organization *de propaganda fide* was formed at Rome, and Catholic missionaries of all sorts were employed in the Ottoman Empire at a prodigious cost to conquer souls for the Pope and subjects for the King of France.

The main field of this activity was Palestine. To get possession of the Holy Places was the pet object of the Western apostles, and they pursued that object without rest or remorse, in strict conformity to the maxim that the end sanctifies the means. To the cunning and violence of the Latins the Greeks opposed their own cunning and violence; and the enmity on both sides broke out in frequent riots, which proved a source of endless annoyance, amusement and emolument to the Sultan and his

Ministers. So long ago as 1599 we hear that " the Great Turk, displeased with the Christians, has commanded the Sepulchre of Christ with the Church at Jerusalem to be destroyed." [1] The command was not carried out, and the Holy Places continued throughout Ottoman history to supply an unholy battlefield to Greco-Latin animosity. These contests filled disinterested spectators with shame, and the uninitiated with amazement. They were ashamed at the iniquity of his Most Christian Majesty's methods, and amazed at the inexhaustible folly of his and all other Catholic subjects: immense sums were raised in every country of the Romish persuasion to support the Latin against the Greek friars in their pretensions to the guardianship of spots of ground which they fancied sacred. It was a mystery to them why Christian princes should suffer their subjects to be despoiled of so much wealth to enrich the enemies of Christendom.

The Turks, naturally, took good care to foment so lucrative a dispute, giving sentence sometimes in favour of the one side and sometimes of the other; and they further availed themselves of these quarrels to fleece both sides by exacting from each " loans " (amounting to £20,000 or £30,000) for their annual caravan of pilgrims to Mecca when it approached Jerusalem. The Ambassador whose peculiar duty it was to protect the Romanists became on these occasions an object of pity to his colleagues: " He wears out his very soul in fruitless applications at the Porte to recover the sum of which his convent has been stripped. . . . What is more vexatious still, he is frequently imposed upon by the misrepresentations and downright falsities of the priests and monks

[1] Henry Lello to Sir Robert Cecil, March 21, April 7, 1599. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 4.

established in Palestine, who are continually pestering him with slanderous accusations against the Greeks: he is officially bound to support them, and after suffering in his credit at the Turkish Court, by the mortifications he is obliged to bear when these falsities are detected, he is reviled at Rome by the whole body of clergy as a lukewarm Christian and an unskilful politician." [1]

But the machinations of the missionaries were not limited to Palestine, nor was the French ambassador always an unwilling puppet in the hands of fanatical priests. In the earlier part of the seventeenth century the Jesuits who had established themselves at Constantinople planned with their patron the total subversion of the Eastern Church. All the episcopal sees were to be filled with proselytes bred in a Greek college founded for that purpose in Rome. Beginning at the very head, the conspirators attempted in 1623 to replace the Œcumenical Patriarch by a creature of their own, who privately submitted to the Pope and undertook to sow by degrees the Romish doctrine among the Greeks, so that in time the whole Church might be seduced into subjection. Their zeal for the Faith was reinforced by personal hatred of the man who at the moment occupied the patriarchal throne: Cyril Lucaris—an enlightened and virtuous prelate with a strong leaning towards the Reformed Religion. Holding that the differences between Protestants and Greeks were but shells, while those between Latins and Greeks were kernels,[2] he tried to bring the theology of the Eastern Church into harmony with the teaching of Luther, and to that end he sent young Greek students to English and other Protestant universities

[1] Porter, 342–346. For other illustrations of this perennial feud see Ricaut's *Memoirs*, 315–317; Hammer, ix, x, xi, xii.
[2] George Sandys, in *Purchas*, vi. 185.

in Western Europe. To the machinations of the Jesuits Cyril replied by publicly excommunicating their protégé and his adherents—for, needless to say, the Patriarch's theological views did not commend themselves to all Greeks. The Jesuits and the French Ambassador then tried to ruin Cyril by accusing him to the Porte of an intention to betray an island in the Archipelago to the Florentines. The charge was absurd on the face of it; but, as it was supported by the promise of 20,000 dollars, the Grand Vizier entertained it seriously. Cyril was arrested and put upon his trial. Nothing was proved against him, for there was nothing to prove. Nevertheless, the Vizier, determined to earn his *bakshish*, banished him to Rhodes, where he was subjected to outrageous treatment, while the papal proselyte reigned in his stead. The Greeks at Constantinople, unwilling to submit to an excommunicated usurper, yet afraid to incur the wrath of the Grand Vizier by open rebellion, had recourse to passive resistance. They boycotted the cathedral, and refused to contribute the fees due to the Porte on the installation of a new Patriarch. The Jesuits and the French Ambassador, who had been relying upon these contributions for making good to the Grand Vizier their promise—for the money they expected from Rome had not yet been raised—found themselves in an awkward corner. But their ingenuity proved equal to the difficulty. Discarding their protégé, they offered the patriarchate to one Anthimos, a silly but wealthy Archbishop of Adrianople, who promptly advanced part of the *bakshish* out of his own pocket, and levied the balance on his helpless flock by force of a Turkish command.

The plan of the Jesuits was to keep Anthimos—who was not privy to their ulterior schemes, and had no ntention of recognizing the Pope's supremacy—on the

throne until a suitable successor should come from Rome. But the fall of the friendly Grand Vizier upset all their calculations. Cyril's partisans, seizing the chance presented by the change of Government, borrowed from the Dutch Resident, at usurious interest, 60,000 dollars, and, armed with this irrefutable proof of the old Patriarch's innocence, they found no difficulty in obtaining his liberty. Cyril returned suddenly to Constantinople, and met with a warm welcome from the vast majority of the Greek people. His sensational arrival startled Anthimos out of his few wits. Without delay he voluntarily offered to surrender his place to the rightful owner. But the French Ambassador, as soon as he heard of his decision, sent for him, and by promising, on one hand, the protection of the Pope and the King of France, and, on the other, a sum of 40,000 dollars wherewith to support his claim at the Porte, induced him to change his mind. Anthimos went back to his seat escorted by M. de Césy's dragoman and a guard of Janissaries, who threatened with condign punishment all those who refused to acknowledge him. But the bulk of the Greek population, both lay and clerical, adhered to their old pastor with so much resolution that the wretched Anthimos, frightened at the consequences, once more changed his mind. Without saying a word to his French patron, he crossed the Golden Horn in the night, went to the Dutch Embassy where Cyril was staying, acknowledged his error, begged for pardon, and resigned. Thereupon Cyril, with the help of the Dutch dollars and the all but unanimous consent of his flock, was restored to the throne.

The French Ambassador, enraged, swore that he would continue persecuting Cyril with the last drop of his blood. The Jesuits did not give up hope; they

only gave way to time, and watched for another opportunity. In January, 1624, there arrived from Rome an archimandrite with a message from the society *de propaganda fide* that, notwithstanding their first failure for want of funds, they were determined to carry on the struggle, and promised to find 20,000 dollars, if they were assured of the deposition of Cyril and the election of this emissary in his place. A fresh series of intrigues was set on foot. New charges were invented against Cyril. But Cyril succeeded in foiling his enemies and again establishing his innocence at the Porte by another round sum of money. For nearly twelve months nothing further happened to disturb the peace of the Patriarch. But his enemies had not abandoned their hostility; they had only changed their tactics. A resolution was taken in Rome first to discredit him with his supporters and then to undo him. For this purpose they sent to Constantinople, in February, 1625, a young Levantine graduate of the College at Rome—subtle, cunning, and, compared with those with whom he was matched, learned. This agent approached Cyril with the offer, in the Pope's name, of a sum of money to relieve the Greek Church of its actual debt and a pension for the future, asking in return that the Patriarch should subscribe to the decisions of the Council of Florence, yield some degree of pre-eminence to Rome, and publicly condemn and anathematize the Protestants. Cyril, longing for rest, abstained from entering into a controversy, but played with the emissary. The latter, when he saw the futility of his efforts to buy the Patriarch, turned the same pecuniary argument against him. By pointing out to some leading Greeks how much of their community's financial burden was due to Cyril, and working upon the theological or personal bias of others, he managed to form a party

of opposition, who, pretending to speak for the whole community, complained to the Grand Vizier of the Patriarch and demanded the appointment of another, promising a fee of 20,000 dollars. The bait, of course, was easily swallowed by the Vizier, and poor Cyril was forced to retire and hide, till the storm blew over; for had he been taken while it raged, he knew that not only his liberty but his very life would be in danger. This gave time to his friends to plead for him, and another spell of peace was purchased from the Porte at the expense of 10,000 dollars.

But, though Cyril was wearied, Rome was not. Towards the end of 1626 there appeared at Constantinople an Antipatriarch from the Pope, with the title of Apostolic Suffragan: accompanied by a Treasurer—for St. Peter dared not trust the bankrupt French Ambassador with his purse. These emissaries were invested with plenary powers to plant and uproot, to create new Latin bishops in Smyrna and many of the Greek islands, and, in short, to do all that might conduce to the triumph of the cause, in co-operation with M. de Césy and the Jesuits. But the Antipatriarch's zeal was greater than his discretion. From the moment he landed in the Levant he began to flaunt the authority that was to be his before the Latin friars and the Catholic population. Some of these persons were alarmed for their own interests and privileges; others were far-sighted enough to perceive that, should any serious trouble arise, all Catholics in the East would be involved in a common ruin. The dread of a papal excommunication restrained these malcontents from offering open opposition; but the Greeks, free from such fear and determined to preserve their freedom, spared no efforts to discover the inner springs of this new plot and to denounce it to the Turks. Assisted by

some powerful friends, of whom more anon, they succeeded. The Apostolic Suffragan had to flee; the new Latin bishops he had created were imprisoned and deprived of their patents, and the French Ambassador was furious.[1]

The sequel of this sordid story must be deferred to the next chapter. What has been said is enough to show the aims and the methods of French diplomacy towards the Greeks at that period. Under the auspices of that same diplomacy the Jesuits, in spite of occasional setbacks, extended their operations. About 1645 they settled at Athens, where they were reinforced, in 1658, by a contingent of Capuchins. Chios, Naxos, Milos, Crete, Cyprus, and other parts of the Greek world were flooded with French monks. To French travellers these "good fathers" were nothing but apostles of light: "They teach Humanity and the Christian Doctrine to the children that are sent to school to them," writes one.[2] Another adds: "They instruct such as offer themselves; they baptize; they bring back to the Flock sheep that have strayed; and open the Gates of Heaven to the Elect."[3] But from the same witnesses we learn how those Gates were opened.

When theological eloquence failed, recourse was had to physical force; and French pirates were called in to give point to the sermons of the French priests. If a Greek fell out with a Latin, the latter had but to complain to the first corsair that put into port; the Greek

[1] See Sir Thomas Roe's "Relation of the Practices of the Jesuits against Cyrillus, Patriarch of Constantinople," enclosed in his letter to Charles I, Feb. 22, O.S., 1627 (=8); and various letters of his to Archbishop Abbot and others. *Negotiations of Sir Thomas Roe in his Embassy to the Ottoman Porte*, pp. 134, 146, 184, 214, 487, 758, etc.

[2] Thevenot, i. 93.

[3] Tournefort, iii. 252.

was sent for, taken up if he refused to obey the summons, and bastinadoed. The corsairs decided lawsuits, without barristers or attorneys. The evidence was carried on board ship, and the party against whom the trial went was sentenced to give satisfaction either in money or in dry blows. These judges acted gratis—"for the glory of God"—unless, perhaps, the successful litigant presented them with a hogshead of wine or a good fat calf.

The Greeks, it seems, would now and then seek to exchange the lot of schismatics for the less odious name of infidels, choosing to turn Turks rather than Papists. When this happened, the French corsairs were more efficient in preserving Christianity than the cleverest missionaries: witness the following incident. Once ten families of Naxos embraced Islam; the Christians of the Latin communion got them snapped up by the privateers, who carried them off and sold them at Malta. After this, we are assured, "no one has thought it worth while to turn Mohammedan at Naxos." [1]

The Greeks retaliated by the only means available: "The Grand Signor never need to fear any rebellion in this island: the moment a Latin stirs, they give notice to the Cadi." [2]

The scientist to whom we owe these pleasant sidelights on missionary work exhibits in his own tone the attitude which his royal patron and his readers expected from him. His instinctive disposition as a Frenchman is one of sympathy with the Greeks. He is attracted by their sociability and vivacity. Of one of them he says: "He is a fine old gentleman, has wit at will, and crowns conversation with the charms of that Greek eloquence which is the soul of good-fellowship." Even for the Greek monks, who generally were his hosts, he has

[1] Tournefort, i. 188. [2] *Ibid.* i. 230.

nothing but good to say, as human beings: their ready hospitality, their courtesy, their kindliness appeal to him strongly: "These Greek monks, it is true, are a good sort of people," and, to apply to them the words he uses about the Armenians, "would be very good Christians were it not for the Schism whereby they separate from us." But, alas! "Their ancient heresy concerning the Holy Ghost which, according to most of their doctors, does not proceed from the Son," their habit of administering the Eucharist in two kinds, their non-belief in Purgatory, and (an objection most strange in the mouth of a Romanist) "their devotion to saints and particularly to the Holy Virgin"—all these were crimes for which there could be no pardon. Then again, the obstinacy of these schismatics! They are neither to be bought nor bent! "Our missionaries find it very difficult to recall the Greeks to their true belief." [1] Thus the amiable scientist does his best to descend to the mental level of a theologian.

When such was the attitude of a cultivated man of the world, it is easy to imagine the aversion, embittered by perpetual disputes and mutual injuries, which each sect of ignorant bigots must have nourished for the other. Yet, human nature being, on the whole, stronger and better than theology, the French and the Greeks would intermingle when left alone. The same witness who in one volume of his work tells us that at Naxos "the enmity between the Greek and Latin gentry is irreconcilable: the Latins would rather make alliance with the meanest peasant than marry Greek ladies; which made them procure from Rome a dispensation to intermarry with their cousin-germans," in another volume informs us that the male offspring of mixed marriages

[1] Tournefort, i. 39, 95, 148.

at Naxos followed the father's way of worship, and the female the mother's.[1] The truth is that the ban on intermarriage, like the dispensation for incest, proceeded from Rome and Paris. The French Government forbade French merchants to marry in Turkey, on the grounds that, "women in that country are very apt to run men into excessive expenses"—a palpable absurdity, for a mistress the world over is a far more expensive luxury than a wife—and, which was the true reason, "to alienate a husband from his native country."[2] This was precisely the suicidal policy which the French conquerors of Greece had adopted in the thirteenth century to their undoing.[3] But, again, human nature being stronger and wiser than human policy, we find that even French corsairs, "notwithstanding the King's orders, who for the Nation's honour has very wisely forbid any of his subjects marrying in the Levant without leave of his Ambassador," would marry Greek women.[4] But Paris always was as determined to keep up national distinctions as Rome was to maintain religious barriers. For two centuries the whole influence and energy of France seemed to be directed by a conclave of Inquisitors.

This deliberate policy had its inevitable effect on public opinion. An independent thinker like Voltaire might lift his voice on behalf of the Greeks; the average French writer had no independent point of view. He wrote as journalists write. Voltaire's contemporary Volney records for us the French estimate of the Greeks, common in the eighteenth century, with refreshing conciseness: "Travellers and our merchants agree that the Greek Christians are in general wicked and deceitful,

[1] Tournefort, i. 229; ii. 1.
[2] Porter, 407.
[3] See W. Miller's *The Latins in the Levant*, 148.
[4] Tournefort, i. 271.

abject in adversity, insolent in prosperity." [1] Indeed, Volney, in speaking of the Greeks as Christians, displayed unusual generosity. The Catholics in the Levant usually spoke of Christians *and* Greeks.

It had a corresponding effect upon the Greeks also. Their temperament inclined them to like the French; their miserable position impelled them to look to France, as to every other Christian State, for salvation from the Moslem hell. But, instead of succour from their more fortunate co-religionists, they got insults, blows, and rancour: instead of being cherished as fellow-Christians, they found themselves anathematized as schismatics, persecuted as heretics, and despised as slaves—men fit only to be drubbed in this world and damned in the next. In brief, treated as enemies, the Greeks became enemies. It may be that they often dissembled their hostility in order to avoid injury, that they had recourse to flattery in order to find favour. But in their hearts they could not but reciprocate the feelings which they inspired.

And yet—such is the blinding potency of sectarian and patriotic ardour—a brilliant Frenchman like Chateaubriand, in describing the missionary activities of his nation during this period, could write of those missioners as persons " who spread the name, the glory, and the love of France " in the Levant ! [2]

2. England and the Greeks

An agreeable contrast to the dealings of France with the Greek people at the time of its sore tribulation is offered by the dealings of England. Religion and politics

[1] *Travels*, 550.

[2] *Travels in Greece, Palestine, Egypt, and Barbary* (Eng. tr. 1811), i. 34.

here also were the motives, but they moved the persons concerned to an entirely different measure.

Under Queen Elizabeth and her immediate successors the English Government never ceased to display the kindest interest in the Christians of the East, and to protect them, if not against their Turkish tyrants, who were England's friends, at least against their Catholic persecutors, who were England's rivals. Our statesmen realized that the French intrigues in the Ottoman Empire had a wider scope than the conversion of the Greek Church into a papal dependency: they were part of that far-reaching Romanist campaign which began directly after the triumph of the Reformation. The hundred years between the rise of the Order of Jesus and the Peace of Westphalia (1540–1648) were years of frantic endeavour on the part of the Catholic Powers to subdue or seduce Europe to the double slavery represented by ecclesiastical dogmatism and political despotism. It behoved the opponents of Rome to present to her aggression a front marked by similar solidarity. The danger which threatened the Greek Church was the same danger that threatened to Protestant interest and the independence of England. It followed that England, by espousing the Greek cause, served her own.[1] Acting

[1] This view is expounded with great force and insight by Sir Thomas Roe in his letters from Constantinople: "Your Grace may now see the universal practice of those engines; no Church shall be safe that is not theirs: Germany, France, Bohemia hath lately felt it; Greece is now in project, and God defend thy little flock in England. Who is so blind as not to discern these miners? Here it may be my happiness to repay them."—To the Archbishop of Canterbury, May $\frac{2}{12}$, 1623. "Certainly, my Lord, it is time to oppose all wit and strength against a bitter cup mingling for us. I know, you are advised from better and nearer hands, yet at this great distance I am able to judge that the enemy mineth universally at the root both of our kingdom and religion

on this view, those who controlled England's foreign policy devoted themselves from the first to the cultivation of cordial relations with the Eastern Church, and even dreamed of a union between it and the Church of England.

Elizabeth's ambassador, Edward Barton, used his influence at the Porte to procure the promotion to the Œcumenical see of Constantinople of the Patriarch of Alexandria Meletios [1]—a prelate credited with Reforming tendencies. The relations between that Greek ecclesiastic and the English diplomatist were those between two affectionate brothers. They often dined and prayed together, and bewailed in company that they had been born in such an age—" worse than the World of Iron." [2] A contemporary has left us a most sympathetic portrait of " this holy Patriarke Padre Melete—a very comely black long-bearded man. He never did eat any sort of flesh in all his lifetime. . . . When he hath eaten with the Ambassador, our table was ever furnished with the best fish, and not the weakest wine. . . . This man was very meek in the shew of his behaviour towards all sorts and manner of men, which amongst the Greeks made him to be much respected and beloved. . . . Of all these Moderne Greekes, I have not heard of a better man ; most certainly he was a true Christian Professor, although the times permitted not that he might declare it, except in private, to some of learning and understanding." The friendship ended only with Barton's

. . . a general resolution now to pursue the monarchy of Europe." —To Lord Conway, Jan. 26, O.S., 1627 (=8). *Negotiations,* etc., pp. 147, 739.

[1] Barton to Cecil, April 4, 1597. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 3.

[2] Letter from Meletios to Barton, dated May 26, 1593, in *Purchas,* ix. 483.

life. When the Englishman was on his death-bed, the Greek came to him, and thus an eyewitness describes what passed between them: "The Patriarke and he did weep upon one another's necks, he kissed the dying man who had seriously recommended a kinsman and other his servants unto him, pretending that, of the monies which by his promises he was behind with him, his desire was that he would be good unto his said servants, and so they parted." The monies in question were the sums which Barton had advanced to get Meletios his promotion to the throne of Constantinople. But Meletios found that seat so thorny—"the Turk's Ministers did so much and extraordinarily exact upon him"[1]—that he afterwards resigned it, and went back to Alexandria.

Henry Lello, Barton's successor, carried on the tradition, taking an active part in the planting and supplanting of Greek prelates, and co-operating with them against the common enemy. Likewise Lello's successor Glover found in the Patriarch of Constantinople a useful ally in his fight with his French colleague for the consulage.[2]

Throughout the reign of James I this close intercourse between the English Embassy and the Greek Patriarchate was energetically promoted by George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, not content with propagating his Calvinistic doctrines at home, had persuaded the King to exert all his influence for their dissemination in

[1] John Sanderson (1601), in *Purchas*, ix. 484–485. Cp. William Biddulph, *ibid.* viii. 259. Biddulph ascribes the Patriarch's resignation to the ill-feeling which his Protestant sympathies had excited against him among the Greeks: "they said, their Patriarch was an Englishman and therefore displaced him. Yet bearing some reverence towards him for his learning, they made him Patriarch of Alexandria." No doubt both statements are true.

[2] Biddulph, *l.c.*; Glover to Salisbury, Sept. 24, 1607. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 5.

every country in Europe. The Greeks came in for a full share of Abbot's zeal, and several of them were educated at Oxford at his expense. Anglo-Greek amity reached its acme in the decade during which the ambassadorial post at Constantinople was filled by Abbot's friend Sir Thomas Roe, and the Patriarchal throne by the great Cyril Lucaris.

Roe sang to people at home the praises of Cyril: "The Patriarch of the Greek Church here is a man of more learning and wit than hath possessed that place in many years, and in religion a direct Calvinist; yet he dares not shew it: but it were an easy work, upon any alteration here, to settle that Church in a right way: the ways of the Almighty are wonderful and secret." People at home responded in the same key: "I do not doubt but that in opinion of religion he is, as we term him, a pure Calvinist; and so the Jesuits in these parts do brand him. I have therefore received from him divers letters written in the old Greek, by which I do perceive that there breatheth in him a soul as, on the one side, full of piety and devotion; so, on the other side, full of prudence and discretion. I had published his letters to the whole world, but that peradventure it might have caused him some blame for some free, but true, speeches touching the place wherein you live. I do now write unto him, and do desire that by you all good correspondence between him and me may be continued." [1]

It was just then that the Jesuit plot for the utter subversion of the Greek Church came to a head. As was to be expected, the English ambassador threw himself into the very thick of it. Cyril took no step without Roe's advice, and the two hunted and were hunted in

[1] Roe to the Lord Keeper, April 29, 1622; Abbot to Roe, Nov. 20, 1622: *Negotiations*, pp. 36, 102.

couples. We left the Pope's Antipatriarch fleeing, and the French Ambassador fuming. This situation lasted till the summer of 1627, when another act was added to the drama.

There was a certain Greek monk of the name of Metaxa, a member of a well-known family of Cephalonia, connected with the merchants of the Levant Company. This monk, impelled by love of learning and his country, went to England to study, and after some years spent there he came to Constantinople in an English ship, bringing with him a printing-press made at his expense and a number of books printed in England, his object being to do what he could to rescue his compatriots from being "drowned in invincible ignorance." Now, the Turkish Government in those days was very careful to prevent the least ray of light from penetrating among its subjects. Schools, if they existed at all, existed only through the corruptibility of its servants. Books, in so far as they found their way into Turkey, did so thanks to the corruptibility of the Custom House officers. In the circumstances, it can easily be understood that the importation of a printing-press into the very capital of the Empire, and the setting it up under the very nose of the Sultan, was an operation of some delicacy and danger. Metaxa, as soon as he landed, went to confer with the Patriarch, and the Patriarch recommended him to the English ambassador, asking for his assistance to smuggle the printing-press through the Customs.

"After having well considered the religious purpose, and that I found it was undertaken by the consent of many wise men in England, and for the glory of God; though I foresaw some possibility of trouble," says the Ambassador, "yet I resolved to assist them, if they would be directed and proceed in my way and by my

counsel." There followed a secret and earnest consultation in the English Embassy between Roe, the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Patriarch of Alexandria, who happened to be there, and the Dutch Resident. They decided that it would be more safe and less scandalous to proceed openly in a matter which could not be concealed. Cyril first applied to the Grand Vizier for permission. Then Roe took the matter up, got through the Custom House both the printing-press and the books unsearched, and brought them to the embassy. The two Patriarchs, knowing the Turks and the Jesuits as they did, were afraid that, in spite of the official permission, there might be trouble, and begged the English Ambassador to allow the press to work in his house. Roe, equally well aware of the conditions, was afraid to compromise himself to that extent, but advised them to go on with the work on their own account, using all necessary caution, and promised his help if there should be any trouble. So a house near the embassy was found, and the press was set up.

But the French embassy was not far off, and no sooner was Metaxa settled to his work than M. de Césy and his Jesuits betook themselves to theirs. Their grievance was that the object of that press was to publish books against the Church of Rome, or at least, by printing catechisms, to take away from the Latin missionaries their monopoly of teaching children. The Jesuits began by inviting Metaxa to join them in their monastery and carry on his literary labours under their protection. On finding the Greek proof against these crude tactics, they hastened to denounce him to the Orthodox as a Lutheran, pointing in proof to the royal arms of England which adorned the press and the front page of the books he had brought with him: books so adorned could not but be

tainted with heresy. Metaxa went on with his work unmoved, when a report reached him that he was to be murdered in his bed. Roe thereupon consented to let him sleep in the embassy for safety. The Jesuits remained quiescent, until Cyril sent to the press a little treatise on the tenets of the Greek Church, chiefly intended to exculpate the author from the charges of heresy which were brought against him. It was apparently a sort of declaration of faith like Bishop Jewell's *Apologia* of the Church of England, which John Smith had translated into excellent Greek for the information of the Eastern Church.[1] Cyril had written it some time before with the intention of having it printed in England and dedicated to James I; but now, having the opportunity of producing the work in Constantinople, he did so, only changing the epistle dedicatory from James, who was dead, to Charles. "This," says Roe, "provoked the rancour of the French and the spite of the Jesuits, who, not able to endure that any honour from the East-church should be done to his Majesty, could no longer contain themselves, but conspired to disturb and overthrow both the author, work, and workmen."

The method they adopted to satisfy their malice was characteristic. They got hold of another work of Cyril's printed in England and brought out by Metaxa, and studied it carefully to discover some utterance hostile to Islam. They succeeded. The subject of that book was to prove the divinity of Jesus against the Jews, but it touched incidentally on the Mohammedan view of Christ. With this weapon in their hands, they approached a favourite of the Grand Vizier's, through whom they informed his Highness that this Metaxa was a military officer sent to Constantinople to stir up

[1] *Apologia Ecclesiae Anglicanae Graece versa.* Oxoniae, 1614.

sedition; that, under the pretext of printing books for children, he had distributed other works against the Koran; that these works, written by the Patriarch in order to inflame the Greeks, had been brought from England secretly in an English ship, and many of them had been sent to the Cossacks to incite them to join in a revolt; lastly, that Metaxa and the Patriarch carried on their nefarious intrigues under the English Ambassador's protection.

These accusations were capital; and the accusers, while aiming at the life of the two Greeks, hoped, at least, to discredit the English Ambassador so that he should no longer be in a position to protect their victims. The Vizier, *more Turcico*, without examination, ordered a company of Janissaries to break into Metaxa's house and surprise him in his revolutionary work. On the French Ambassador's advice, this assault was timed so as to take place on Twelfth Night, when Roe had invited the Patriarch, the Bailo of Venice, and other friends to see an English mask: M. de Césy saying that he wished to provide sauce for the Englishman's feast. And so on that day, at high noon, suddenly one hundred and fifty armed Janissaries attacked Metaxa's house and blocked all the approaches to the English Embassy. In the midst of the tumult Roe's secretary and Metaxa, coming from Galata, found their way to the Embassy barred. Some of Metaxa's servants, who had already been arrested, pointed him out to the Janissaries; but others affirmed that he was one of the English Ambassador's staff. This lie and the hat he wore helped him to get through the cordon and under Roe's roof, half dead with fright. The Janissaries, having failed to secure the master, bound all his servants, broke open his chests, and carried everything away—printing-press, books,

papers, plate, cash. As they went off with the booty, one of the French dragomans informed them that the offender was hiding in the English Embassy; but the captain of the Janissaries replied that he had no order to follow him thither. Roe had his mask all the same, only the poor Patriarch, with such a charge hanging over his head, durst not cross the Golden Horn and join in the feast.

The next day his books were examined, the passage referring to Mohammed was submitted to the interpretation of two Greek renegades and some Churchmen before the Vizier; but it turned out to be not of such a nature as to incriminate the author or the printer. Nevertheless, the Patriarch, confident in his innocence, presented himself at the Porte to answer his accusers in person. The Vizier acquitted Cyril of the charge of blasphemy; but he still had his suspicions of Metaxa. The story of his being a warrior in disguise and of his correspondence with the Cossacks had sunk; the fact that he lived under the English Ambassador's protection looked suspicious; and then there were those English armorial devices on his books: all these circumstances savoured of high treason.

Roe thought it advisable, before the Vizier's suspicions struck deep roots, to go and tell him the whole truth: he had received Metaxa into his house to save him from the fury of the Janissaries, but had not the least desire to stand between him and justice. Metaxa, he reminded the Vizier, was the gentleman who had been presented to his Highness by the Bailo—a Venetian subject from Cephalonia, a monk. The Venetian Bailo must answer for Metaxa's actions if they were reprehensible. Really, Roe went on, it was most singular conduct on his Highness's part, after giving official permission for the press,

to suspect so rashly friends in whom he had often professed confidence, to attack the houses of their subjects and to despoil them at the instigation of persons whom he knew to be enemies to the State. The Vizier, having recalled Metaxa to mind, and considered Roe's words, felt ashamed of his precipitation and credulity. He said nothing had been farther from his thoughts than to doubt Roe or to affront him : he could only wonder at the impudence of those who had so grossly deceived him. He concluded with an assurance that, if he had done Roe an injustice unwittingly, he was ready to do him justice deliberately. All the goods of Metaxa would be restored with honour, and those who had brought about this scandal would be punished in an exemplary manner. The Vizier proved as good as his word. The Jesuits were arrested, put in irons, and deported, as disturbers of the peace of the Empire ; and Roe was able to moralize on the lot of those who dig pits for others, while he thanked God for having saved him from " the hazard of the soldiers' fury and a sack of his house or some worse conclusion." [1]

Roe was not an English diplomatist of the sort with which we are familiar : he was a man of wide experience, indefatigable energy, and manifold attainments. No merchant of his time had a more thorough first-hand acquaintance with the requirements of English commerce

[1] See Roe's " Relation " to the King, Feb. 10, 1627 (=8), and for further details his letters to Conway, $\frac{\text{Jan. } 26}{\text{Feb. } 5}$; Feb. $\frac{9}{19}$, to Sir Isaac Wake, March $\frac{7}{17}$, $162\frac{7}{8}$, in *Negotiations*, pp. 738, 742, 779. The originals of these documents are to be found in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 14. The same Bundle contains no fewer than twenty-two letters from Cyril to Roe, their dates ranging from Jan. 16, to March 8, some of them dated the same day.

in every part of the world, from the West Indies to the East Indies; few contemporary statesmen could rival him in knowledge of European politics; and to all his other attributes he joined an enthusiasm for learning which could not be surpassed by any professional scholar. While engaged in this perilous diplomatic war at Constantinople, he found time to hunt for ancient statues and coins, on behalf of influential dilettantes at home such as the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Arundel, and to conspire with the Archbishop of Canterbury to rob the Greek Church of such old ecclesiastical manuscripts as had escaped the clutches of previous collectors. And, as the irony of things would have it, if any memory of the great Jacobean diplomat still lingers among his countrymen, it is associated not with his lifelong labours in Europe and Asia, but with the prosecution of his hobby in the dingy cells of a Greek monastery.

The Patriarch Cyril, as ardent in the preservation of the remnants of his country's literary patrimony as Roe was in its spoliation, had brought together a large quantity of volumes from Alexandria and other parts of the East. Roe represented to him that his treasures should not be suffered to rot and rust among ignorant Greek caloyers who would never make use of them: that, by rights, they belonged to the Church of God, namely the Church of England, which would publish them and use their contents as cudgels for the Papists. If Cyril would let him have those musty old tomes, Roe promised to supply him in exchange with a complete library of brand new editions of the classical authors, and he got King James and Archbishop Abbot to help him in this campaign of cajolery. The Patriarch could not very well refuse to be coaxed by an ally to whom he owed his life, and so many a piece of patristic literature found its way from Con-

stantinople to London. Most of the loot, no doubt, consisted of polemical rubbish for which we have now very little use; but there were exceptions. At the very moment when the crisis just described was over, Roe was able to report to the Archbishop's chaplain that he had obtained from the Patriarch ten volumes—one of them very old, worm-eaten and decayed: "but by the industry of Mataxa (*sic*), we shall repair it to be well-read." [1] This, perhaps, was the famous *Codex Alexandrinus*—a manuscript of the Old and New Testaments, according to palæographers dating from the fifth century. Originally presented by Cyril to King Charles, it graced the royal library till 1753, when it was transferred to the British Museum, to form one of the numerous glories for which Bloomsbury is indebted to Greece.

Directly the crisis was over, Roe obtained the release from his infernal post, for which he had repeatedly begged the home Government. After his departure, Cyril continued to enjoy the protection of his successor Sir Peter Wyche (1628–1639), who, to use his own words, "had very good correspondence with this Patriarch, and did employ maine times the authority of your Majesty towards the advancement of the Church's affairs." [2] But the combination of French enmity, Jesuitical craft, and Greek conservatism proved too powerful for English diplomacy. After being deposed and reinstated several times, this progressive prelate was finally thrown into the Seven Towers—on a charge, brought against him by the Jesuits and other French

[1] Roe to Dr. Goad, Feb. $\frac{16}{26}$, $162\frac{7}{8}$. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 14.

[2] Wyche to the King, April $\frac{17}{27}$, 1629. *Ibid.*

religious of Galata, of carrying on a secret correspondence with the Muscovites and Cossacks—and strangled (1638).[1]

During the next twenty years England was too engrossed by her own feuds to participate in those of others. But the thread which had been cut by the Rebellion was taken up at the Restoration.

Charles II, at the beginning of his reign, spared some time from his dogs and his duchesses to interest himself in the destinies, if not in the doctrines, of Eastern Christendom, commanding his representative at Constantinople, "You are by all fair means to countenance and encourage all good Christians within your precinct. . . . And, as far as it may consist with our honour and the Interests of our Merchants trading into those parts, you shall show all kindness and humanity to those of the Greek Church. You must be very diligent to observe and prevent the contrivances of such as labour underhand by indirect means to engage the chief Ministers of that State, especially such Jesuits and friars as under religious pretences compass other ends."[2] But later on, when he sold himself to France, the Merry Monarch changed his whole attitude towards her victims. His ambassador Sir John Finch (1674–1681) went out with instructions to act in concord with his French colleague M. de Nointel (1670–1680). In pursuance of these orders, he immediately entered with the latter into friendly negotiations, and "happily accommodated the differences between us and the French Nation."[3]

[1] Ricaut's *History of the Turkish Empire* (1680), i. 51, 71. Ricaut adds: "In his place one Carsila was ordained—a pretended friend to the Roman Faction—and his Commission was obtained from the Grand Signor at the expense of 50,000 crowns, one moiety whereof was paid from Rome."

[2] "Instructions for Lord Winchilsea," 1661, in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 17.

[3] Sir Paul Ricaut to . . .?, Smyrna, July 3, 1675. *Ibid. No.* 19.

The impression of this *entente cordiale* on the poor Greeks was deplorable. They saw the representative of the country which had hitherto posed as their protector hand in glove with their arch-persecutor; and M. de Nointel, freed from English opposition, pushed the propaganda for the "union" of the Churches without scruple, though also without success. The Porte, as we have seen, had no reason to love France at that time, and the Greek Church had at the Porte a very able champion in the person of the Dragoman Panayotis—a highly accomplished Greek, who, "having by his parts and excellent address arrived to the honour of being Interpreter for the Western Tongues to the Great Vizier [Ahmed Kuprili], at length obtained that favour with his master, that he seldom refused whatsoever he with reason and modesty requested." [1] Being as good a patriot and diplomatist as he was a linguist and a mathematician, Panayotis managed, not only to foil the efforts of the Latins to extend their power, but even to oust them from the position they had already conquered. The only fruit of these French efforts was the production of a fresh quantity of theological literature in England as well as on the Continent.[2] But though the Greeks did not owe their escape from this new storm to English support, they enjoyed the passive sympathy of the bulk of English Protestants.

There is no bond like a common hate. Their common abhorrence of Popery for ages acted as a magnet between

[1] Ricaut's *Memoirs* (1679), 316.

[2] See, for instance, Ricaut's *Present State of the Greek and Armenian Churches* (1678); *An Account of the Greek Church*, by Tho. Smith (1680); Dr. Covel's *Some Account of the present Greek Church* (compiled during his residence at Constantinople as chaplain to the Embassy, 1670–1677, though not published till shortly before his death in 1722).

Greeks and Englishmen. This sentiment found expression in a great variety of ways. At Easter, 1600, Master Burrell and Master Timberley went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. At the gate they had to obtain official permission to enter, and such permission was given only to Christians who belonged to either of the recognized categories: Greeks and Latins. The Greeks entered under the ægis of their Patriarch, the Latins under that of a Pater Guardian. Our two pilgrims belonged to neither category. Burrell, who spoke Greek fluently, did not scruple to describe himself as a Greek, and got in. Timberley, "not having the Greeke Tongue," made, *more Anglico*, a virtue of his deficiency, and "refused absolutely so to doe; affirming that I would neither deny my Country nor Religion." So, when asked by the Turks what he was, he replied "an Englishman." The Turks had never heard of such a creature—"they did all denie that they had heard either of my Queene or Country." The Catholic Pater Guardian offered to take him under his protection. The Englishman said he would rather be protected under the Turk than under a Papist. The Guardian then whispered to the Turks that Timberley was a spy, and the Turks duly threw him into a dungeon. Presently he was offered his liberty, through the intercession of a friendly Moor, on condition that he should go to the Latin convent. The Englishman still preferred the Turkish prison, until he was assured that he would not have to attend Mass—only hold a wax candle. On those terms he went, after paying "the charges of the prison." But even then he hesitated to partake of the food the Pater Guardian gave him, "for fear of poyson." [1] Next year we hear of another English pilgrim arriving at Jerusalem with "Letters of

[1] *Purchas*, ix. 487 foll.

favour" from the Patriarch of Constantinople to the local Patriarch, who treated him as an honoured guest, and had him personally conducted to all the sacred sites.[1] Even without such recommendations, English travellers invariably met with a hearty welcome from the Greeks, and often found them very good friends in need. We mentioned in an earlier part of this book William Lithgow who had been most pitifully drubbed by some Turks in Cyprus, and left lying on the road "almost for dead." He goes on to inform us that "if it had not been for some compassionate Greeks, who by accident came by and relieved me, I had (doubtless) immediately perished."[2] It would be easy and tiresome to multiply instances.

It is amusing to see this regard for the Greeks oozing out of the pages of old English writers in quaint little remarks. One of them notes: "They compute the yeare as we doe."[3] Another observes that their priests are "all maryed."[4] A third is impressed by the ascetic frugality of their monks: "These Greek friars are very continent and chaste, and surely I have seldom seen (which I have well noted) any of them fat."[5]

Unfavourable verdicts are not wanting—even from those who, for one reason or another, befriended the Greeks; and the whole race was often condemned for the misdeeds of individuals. Archbishop Abbot, when disappointed in one of his protégés, reflects bitterly on "the baseness and slavishness of that nation." Sir Thomas Roe, under similar provocation, breaks out into most undiplomatic language: "The truth is they are *futilissima natio.* Long slavery hath made them for the

[1] *Purchas*, ix. 482. [2] *Ibid.* x. 478.
[3] George Sandys, in *Purchas*, viii. 169.
[4] John Covel, *Diary*, 157.
[5] John Locke, in *Hakluyt*, v. 98.

most part liars, base, and treacherous."[1] Sir Paul Ricaut speaks of "*fides Graeca*, or the honesty of a Greek."[2] The Rev. Dr. Covel composes a whole homily on the same text: "Believe me, Greeks are Greeks still: for falseness and treachery they still deserve Iphigenia's character of them in *Euripides:* Trust them and hang them, or rather hang them first for sureness."[3] But, in the period with which we are dealing, such ebullitions of ill-humour were exceptional. The general tone was friendly. Now and then we hear even of Englishmen carrying their appreciation to the length of conversion. Such was the case of an English Consul at Patras who, towards the end of the sixteenth century, caused the Greek priests to baptize him, and when asked by an astonished fellow-countryman what induced him to take that step, he replied that "as he had lived in credit amongst those Greeks, so his purpose was to be carried to his grave with credit."[4]

This community of sentiment and interest helped to overcome the Englishman's national conceit—a conceit not inferior in its dimensions to the Turk's;[5] and the English in the Levant, cut off from home by distance and from other Franks by religious prejudice, made a practice of taking Greek wives. These ladies adhered to their own Church after their marriage, and the children, where no English chaplain was available, were baptized according to the rites of the same Church. The sons were educated in England, but the daughters—

[1] Abbot to Roe, Aug. 12, 1623; Roe to Abbot, Feb. 12, 1625 (=6): *Negotiations*, 172, 488.

[2] *Memoirs*, 172. [3] *Diary*, 133.

[4] John Sanderson, in *Purchas*, ix. 427.

[5] Bishop Burnet described this trait in words almost identical with those which Thevenot applied to the contemporary Turks: "The English who are too apt to despise all other nations and to overvalue themselves." Burnet MS. Harl. 6584, in Macaulay's *History of England*, ch. xviii.

education being considered unnecessary, if not unsuitable, to the feminine mind—often could speak only Greek. As to their mode of living, the Anglo-Levantine families in those days generally adapted themselves to the habits of Greek society.[1]

To this chapter of Anglo-Greek relations belongs an episode of more than local interest. Whilst Consul at Algiers, James Bruce came across a Greek priest and took him to his house as his chaplain. They got on very well together. The priest found in the Consul a cultivated gentleman, and the Consul in the priest a tutor in spoken Greek. The connexion was to prove of the utmost value to the celebrated explorer. It all came about as things do in Eastern tales. Father Christopher, when Bruce left Algiers, finding himself less conveniently situated, went to Alexandria, where he was promoted to the highest ecclesiastical dignity under that of Patriarch. There Bruce met him again by chance in 1768, when he was preparing to start on his great expedition. Father Christopher saw an opportunity of repaying the ex-Consul for his kindness, and seized it. There were then in Abyssinia many Greeks, some of them occupying the highest places in the Government of that Empire. Father Christopher got the Patriarch of Alexandria to provide Bruce with letters to those adventurers, in which he enjoined them to concur, heart and hand, in serving the traveller. It was essential for his purpose that Bruce should pose before the Emperor of Abyssinia as a very great man. The Greek magnates were therefore ordered by the Patriarch "to lay aside their pride and vanity, great sins with which he knew them much infected," and, before it could be supposed that they had received any

[1] See Richard Chandler's *Travels in Asia Minor* (1775), ch. xix.

instructions from the Englishman, to declare to the Emperor that they were hardly fit to black his boots. This they were to do as a sort of penance, and if they did it, all their past sins would be forgiven. This Patriarchal Bull, faithfully obeyed by the pious sinners, Bruce states, contributed to the success of his work more than any other help he received throughout his historic journey.[1]

The episode may serve as an appropriate tail-piece. By the middle of the eighteenth century England's foreign policy had undergone an evolution fatal to Anglo-Greek friendship. Doctrine had ceased to be the mainspring of European diplomacy, and new groupings of the Powers in the West had altered the perspective of English statesmanship in the East. The Greek Church, it is true, continued to exercise a curious fascination over a certain school of Anglican theologians. But the very antiquity and formalism that attracted reactionary divines to the Eastern Church repelled from it good Protestants: these had long since lost their hopes of moving that hoary institution from its traditional moorings; and, after all, it is these worshippers of the living present, not the academic admirers of a picturesque yesterday, who represent modern England. By that time, too, the fear of Rome, which had acted as a bond between official England and the Greeks, was a spent force. The "No Popery" cry survived as a mere echo of days gone by. This change of attitude was symbolized by, and synchronized with, a change in the Calendar. While the Greeks still adhered to the Old Style and would have nothing to do with an innovation emanating from the Vatican, in 1752 the English Government adopted—much to the relief of public record students—the New Style

[1] *Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile*, i. 26, 109–110.

which had long been in use among private individuals.

In the utterances of English diplomatists and journalists we find, as we might have expected, abundant illustrations of this altered point of view. The representative of George the Second at the Porte writes of the Greeks in a manner which would have made his Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Caroline predecessors shudder. Like their country, the character of the people seems to him a mass of ruins—decayed and deformed fragments of a monument once, more or less, noble. Valour, veracity, virility —any virtues the race may have once possessed—have either vanished totally, or lie buried deep under the accumulation of ages of servitude. Of their ancestral heritage they retain only the vices. He carries his indictment back to bygone times and retrospectively condemns the Patriarch Cyril Lucaris for hypocritical opportunism—without adducing a scrap of evidence in support of his assertion.[1]

Much to the same effect are the comments on the Greeks which appeared at the same time in the most serious of London periodicals: "a people immersed in a corruption of two thousand years, broken by long slavery, and sunk through every state of degradation; whose depravity, and total insensibility of condition, were become proverbial and whose imaginary bravery only depended upon their having never seen the face of an enemy."[2]

It can hardly be doubted that there must have been some special grievance in the minds of those who penned and of those who perused these unmeasured tirades. The grievance arose from the unfortunate Greek insurrection of which we shall speak in the following chapter.

[1] Porter (1771), 314–337.
[2] *The Annual Register for the Year* 1770, 4.

England's chief interest in Turkey was a commercial interest, and the Levant Company was very influential in London. Sir James Porter, a servant of the Company as much as of the Crown, was particularly keen on the invigoration of the Levant trade, then at a very low ebb.[1] Insurrections are bad for trade.

But that was not all. The Greeks, after making themselves objectionable by their attempt, had made themselves contemptible by its failure. For that failure the Russians and not the Greeks were responsible, as we shall see. But the close relations between the Cabinets of London and Petersburg at that time rendered it expedient for English diplomatists and journalists to promulgate a version of the facts as favourable to our political friends as it was unfair to their hapless dupes. Hence those philippics.

3. Russia and the Greeks

The concept of Nationality is of comparatively recent growth. During the Middle Age Europe knew little or nothing of it. This does not mean, of course, that

[1] He began life in a London counting-house, was employed on several missions connected with Continental commerce, and when he was appointed ambassador at Constantinople, in 1746, he says that "one great reason for my cheerfully accepting the honour . . . was the hope with which I flattered myself of being of some use to the Commerce of my Country" (Letter addressed to "the Consul and Factory, Aleppo," from "Pera of Constantinople, March 23, 1746-7," in *S.P. Foreign, Supplementary, No.* 67). During his fifteen years' residence in Turkey he laboured energetically to that end; but the supineness of his countrymen defeated all his efforts. The condition in which he left things may be judged from a single fact: in 1768 the Parliament had to make the Levant Company a grant of £5,000—a sum representing less than half of the Company's liabilities at Constantinople alone. See John Murray to Lord Shelburne, June 1, 1768. *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 44.

national consciousness was non-existent. Springing as it does from a very primitive perception of difference, that sentiment is coeval with historic mankind: differences of dress, of diet, of language, of complexion, have always and everywhere tended to split up the inhabitants of the globe into distinct groups or "nations." But the feeling was inarticulate and unacknowledged. Peoples did not appeal to it to idealize their passions or politicians their plans.

Religion and not race served the purposes of cant, and supplied the main lines of cleavage. In the West, all Christians called themselves "Catholics" before they thought of calling themselves Frenchmen or Spaniards, Germans or Englishmen: these were mere family designations obscured by that generic name. Likewise in the East all Christians were "Orthodox" before they were Greeks or Russians, Bulgars, Vlachs, or Serbs. The same event which brought the Middle Age to an end in one half of Europe perpetuated it in the other. The Ottoman conquest sent the legacy of Hellenic twilight abroad, leaving its guardians in absolute darkness. Hence, long after the creed of Nationality had separated itself from the creed of Religion in Occidental politics, in the Orient the two sets of ideas continued identified; and to be an Orthodox Christian was almost equivalent to being a Greek. Now, after the fall of the Byzantine Empire, the only Orthodox State that remained was the Russian. The result was that the Sultan's Christian subjects looked upon the ruler of Muscovy as their Head—their "Emperor and Protector"—pretty much as King George's Mohammedan subjects look upon the Sultan of Turkey as their Caliph. Similar conditions produce similar results the world over—as if to prove to the foolish sons of men the fundamental oneness of the species which

they strive to divide into so many sections by their paltry dogmas of religion or race.

In their attitude towards the Tsar the Greeks of the period presented a parallel to the Mohammedans. In another of their characteristics they offered an equally instructive parallel to the Jews. Man loves to take refuge from his misery in his imagination; and the more miserable his present, the wilder his expectations from the future. The Greek imagination under the impulse of suffering ran riot: prophecies of deliverance were nourished into luxuriance. The monks produced and the ignorant masses consumed with avidity predictions in essence like the Messianic revelations which have deluded the children of Israel for two thousand years. In this instance the Redeemer was to come from the North. Agathangelos, the titular author of the best known of these chimeras, spoke in cryptic yet perfectly intelligible terms of "the blond race" which was destined to chase "the sons of Hagar" from Europe and to restore the Greek Empire to its pristine grandeur.[1]

These expectations lent point and probability to the Jesuit accusations of secret correspondence between the Patriarch of Constantinople and the Muscovites.

Russian diplomacy turned Greek credulity to account. Its agents from the time of Peter the Great, if not before, visited every province of the Sultan's European dominions instigating his subjects to rise and establish their vision with the help of the Tsar. The day of redemption and retribution was at hand: the mighty Muscovite was coming to replant the cross on the dome of St. Sophia.

[1] Ricaut (176) found this prophetic spirit rife in 1660, and Tournefort (i. 104) in 1700. I found it still lingering among the peasants of Macedonia in 1900: see my *Macedonian Folklore*, 116–117.

He came, in 1711 ; and his rout on the Pruth confounded both him and those who had put their faith in his divine mission. The disenchantment, however, was only temporary. The triumphs of the Empress Anne (1736–1739) made up for Peter's discomfiture. Heaven had but deferred the fulfilment of the prophecies. The Greeks continued to feed their hopes in Russia. Then the Empress Catherine arose with a grandiose scheme which was, this time, to bring the ancient promise to fruition.

During the two or three years preceding the Russo-Turkish War of 1768–1774 the Tsarina's emissaries were busy among the Greeks preparing their minds. The Turks were not wholly blind to these intrigues, and when, in 1768, they decided to precipitate matters, all their Christian subjects throughout the Empire were ordered to deliver up their arms, exception being made only in favour of the Greek and Armenian merchants who were allowed to keep such as were necessary for defence in their journeys. This order was received with great reluctance and, save near the capital and in places where a military force commanded obedience, was very little complied with. The Greeks of the Morea, in particular, and of several of the islands of the Archipelago, absolutely refused to part with their arms, and some blood was shed in consequence. Such was the state of things when, in the winter of 1769–1770, Catherine's fleet under Alexis Orloff arrived in the Eastern Mediterranean to give substance to the dream of redemption.[1]

Seldom has the faith of a nation been subjected to a more cruel trial than was the faith of the Greeks in 1770. At the sight of the Russian flag off their coast, the brave and fierce Mainotes fell upon the Turks, sparing them as

[1] See Richard Chandler's *Travels in Greece* (1765–1766), and *The Annual Register for the Year* 1768, 33.

little as they had been spared. But instead of the ten thousand Russians they had been led to expect, they saw only a handful land to assist them, and of the artillery which had been promised them there was no sign. They allowed themselves, however, to be persuaded that men and munitions were coming. The unsubdued highlanders of Crete and Klephts from other parts of Greece rushed to the assistance of their brethren of Maina. But these auxiliaries also were much better furnished with prowess than with guns and powder. Nor were the few Russian officers who came to lead the ill-organized and ill-equipped bands by any means equal to their task.

Three thousand half-armed Greeks, commanded by half a dozen incompetent Russian officers, and no artillery: such were the forces that were to overthrow the Ottoman Empire! The population of the Morea were overwhelmed with terror at the prospect, and the warriors, after a few initial successes, by the Turco-Albanian hordes which the Sultan poured into the peninsula. In seven weeks the Liberation of Greece was quenched in Greek blood. Catherine's admiral—one of the most worthless seamen and men who ever climbed to a post of command by the backstairs of Court favour—abandoned her dupes to their fate: the boundless and inexorable vengeance of their Moslem masters. The Greeks had served the Tsarina's purpose by creating a diversion to her advantage in the war against Turkey. She had no further use for them. Russian historians dismiss the episode with the plaintive comment that their Government found the Greeks a broken reed. The Greeks, with much better reason, complained that they had found in the Russians, not deliverers, but heartless deceivers and poltroons.

Fate seemed to have ordained that Russia's successes

should be as disastrous to the Greeks as her failures. After leaving his allies in the lurch, Orloff pretended to seek out his enemies. The rotten Ottoman fleet retired before the less rotten Russian fleet, and found shelter in the narrow sea that separates the island of Chios from the coast of Smyrna, anchoring in the Bay of Chesmé. Orloff was quite incapable of profiting by the trap into which the Capitan Pasha had let himself. But he had among his subordinates three intrepid Britons : Elphinstone, Gregg, and Dugdale. This trio took matters into their own hands, and one dark night they made a bonfire of the Sultan's galleys.

Even then—when the way had been cleared for him—Catherine's phantom admiral refused to move in any direction. The Sultan's governors of Caramania, very seldom loyal to their master, were then in actual rebellion a great part of Syria was also up in arms, while Ali Bey of Egypt wished for nothing so much as to contribute his part to the work of rending the Ottoman Empire to pieces. The prize for which the Petersburg Cabinet had been labouring for generations was within its grasp. Orloff had only to shake the tree, and the Empire of the East must have fallen into Catherine's lap. Never had such a chance offered itself to Russian ambition. "But," as a shrewd observer then in Egypt noted, "never was there an expedition where the officers were less instructed from the Cabinet, more ignorant of the countries, more given to useless parade, or more intoxicated with pleasure, than the Russians on the Mediterranean then were."[1]

Meantime that British bonfire afloat had kindled a worse conflagration ashore. While the infuriated Moslem populace of Stambul was barely restrained from murdering the Russian and the other Christian ambassadors, the

[1] James Bruce, *Travels*, i. 104.

mob of Smyrna, maddened with hate and fear, massacred all the Greeks they met in the streets. Similar assaults occurred in other cities of the Empire, while the ill-starred inhabitants of the Morea found themselves exposed to the merciless brutality of the Turco-Albanians for ten whole years.

In the peace which the Tsarina concluded with the Sultan no provision whatever was made for her allies.

Such was the end of this Russian effort for the Liberation of the Greeks :

> Lone, lost, abandon'd in their utmost need
> By Christians unto whom they gave their creed,

they were left to ruminate on the ways of diplomacy.

But popular superstitions die hard. Despite their terrible lesson, many Greeks continued to flatter themselves with hopes that the ruler of the " blond race " would one day destroy the House of Osman and free them from servitude. Encouraged by Catherine's agents and exasperated by their sufferings, the inhabitants of the Morea were once more tempted to rise in 1780 ; and Catherine, by sending her fleet again into the Mediterranean, renewed the delusive prospect of succour. But again the promise proved empty, and the Turks renewed their oppression. The faith of most Greeks broke down under these repeated desertions. Muscovite assurances had been touched and found base metal. The ruler of Russia was, indeed, an instrument of the divine vengeance, but in a totally different sense.

In the next Russo-Turkish War (1788–1792) the great body of the Greek people refused to let themselves be massacred to oblige Catherine, and she transferred her intrigues from Greece proper to Epirus and the Archipelago. The Souliotes and some of the islanders were induced

to revolt, and were, as usual, left to pay for their credulity.

Yet even then the faith in Russia did not wholly die out of the Greek heart, *Libenter enim homines id quod volunt credunt.*[1]

[1] For a full account of Russia's dealings with Greece at this period see Gordon's *History of the Greek Revolution* (1832), i.; and Finlay's *Greece under Ottoman and Venetian Dominion* (1856)—a confused and splenetic but suggestive work.

Chapter II

RENASCENCE

NOTWITHSTANDING all adverse circumstances, and, as it were, in contradiction of the universal opinion concerning its debility, the Greek race had managed not only to survive, but even to recuperate. As in the Hebrew, so in the Hellene, there is a power of resilience which, if it does not save him from the degrading effects of oppression, saves him from sinking permanently under its weight. To this inherent vitality must primarily be ascribed the apparent miracle of the modern Greek renascence. But circumstances contributed to it.

The Moslem conquerors had neglected to establish their power on a lasting basis by the conversion of all their Christian subjects, preferring to reduce them to the position of helots.[1] The unstatesmanlike tolerance of the rulers was to prove in the long run the national salva-

[1] The original conquerors do not seem to have been unmindful of this necessary condition for the stability of Ottoman rule in Europe, only to a violent conversion of the Christians (which, for the rest, was forbidden by the Koran) they wisely preferred their gradual absorption. This, at least, is a fair inference from the Turkish law which allowed the continuance and repair of such churches as were found standing at the conquest, but not the erection of new ones or the restoration of those which, through age, fire, or some other accident, fell to ruin. But the object of the legislator was defeated by the venality of the administrator. For instance, many churches perished in the great fires which devastated Constantinople in 1660, and the Grand Vizier,

tion of the *rayahs*: the rather because these despised drudges were endowed with gifts of intelligence and industry to which their haughty masters could lay no claim. The ecclesiastical and communal autonomy they enjoyed under the political tyranny of the Sultans preserved the national existence of the Greeks and fostered in them both the desire and the capacity for emancipation.

Other favourable conditions, negative and positive, were by degrees added to this fundamental advantage. By the middle of the seventeenth century the infamous child-tribute, by which the earlier Sultans replenished the ranks of their military and civil service, had ceased: Greek blood and Greek brain no longer went to fertilize an alien field, and the Greeks thenceforth were able to climb to power without renouncing their faith. The Turks, conscious and even proud of their intellectual limitations, were prompt to employ their clever slaves for the conduct of negotiations with foreign Governments and for the administration of vassal principalities. At this epoch (1666) they inaugurated the custom of entrusting diplomatic transactions to unconverted Greeks who, mere interpreters in name, were in reality the Sultan's Ministers for Foreign Affairs. Greek officials were

in accordance with the law, issued an edict forbidding the Greeks to rebuild them. But the Maimar-bashi, or Chief of the Carpenters and Masons, connived at their restoration under the guise of dwellings and warehouses. On discovering the fraud the Vizier caused that corrupt functionary to be strangled (in his house were found 500,000—according to others, 1,000,000—dollars in ready money) and the Greek builders to be beaten and imprisoned. He also ordered the churches to be levelled to the ground, and the ground on which they stood to be confiscated. But again cupidity prevailed over policy (contemporary writers call it bigotry), and most of the sacred edifices, though unroofed, were redeemed by money. See Lord Winchilsea to Secretary Nicholas, May 20, 1662, in *S.P. Foreign, Turkey, No.* 19; Ricaut's *Memoirs*, 105, 106.

likewise sent to govern Wallachia and Moldavia as viceroys. Needless to say that round each Dragoman and Hospodar clustered a whole court of assistants and hangers-on. From that time a new aristocracy arose to take the place of the old Byzantine nobility which the Conqueror had destroyed or dispersed: the Phanariotes, so called from the quarter of Constantinople (Phanari) in which they dwelt. In that quarter the Patriarch also had his seat, which in a manner formed a centre of Greek society analogous to that supplied in former days by the Imperial Palace. Whatever the foibles of these magnates may have been—and Western writers have not spared them criticism—their virtues, as a class, were not less notable. Inspired by the Hellenic love of culture and liberty, they combined with the ecclesiastical grandees —another much-maligned and not impeccant class—to take the lead in that intellectual improvement which was to prepare the way for the national awakening of the Greek race. Cyril Lucaris's educational exertions marked the start of this pioneer work; and the Turks were certainly not wrong in regarding Metaxa's printing-press with suspicion. Age after age the educational movement went on, slowly, silently, and irresistibly like the action of a subterranean stream, sapping the foundations of the Ottoman rule and feeding the mental vigour of the Greek *rayah*.

A process of enrichment went on side by side with the process of enlightenment; and the spiritual forces of Hellenism were strengthened by the growth of its material resources. The Turks, content to batten on the sweat of their slaves' brows, had from the first left commerce almost entirely in the hands of the giaours. The mercantile genius of the Hellene, always alert, seized every opportunity for asserting itself. External events were

skilfully utilized for the furtherance of this internal development. The Greek sought protection for his commercial activity wherever he could find such—under the flags of Venice, of France, of England, and, above all, of Russia.[1] Indeed—so whimsical is the agency that presides over human affairs—the very checks which the Hellenic cause owed to Russia's self-interested interference ultimately redounded to its advancement. The intrigues of the Tsars and Tsarinas, on one hand, did much harm to the Greeks, first by diverting their moral energies and their material resources from the steady pursuit of solid social progress to the premature chase of national ideals; and secondly by drawing down upon them the vengeance of the Turks. But, on the other hand, every blow the Russian arms dealt at the Ottoman power was a blow struck, inevitably, to the benefit of Greek freedom.

The Russo-Turkish fiscal agreements about the Danubian principalities which resulted from the Peace of Belgrade (1739) contributed very largely to the increase of Greek prosperity in Wallachia and Moldavia. Even the calamities consequent on the abortive rising of 1770 formed no exception to this series of lucky accidents. By that war Catherine had relaxed still more the Ottoman grip on the Near East, and by the treaty that ensued she

[1] Every European ambassador was presented by the Sultan with fifty "Patents of Protection" (*barats*), the value of which varied according to the would-be protégé's means. Under the shelter of these patents, the recipients (*baratlis*)—wealthy Greeks Armenians, or Jews—were enabled to carry on their trades or professions in comparative security from the pashas' rapacity, and the fees which they paid to their protector formed an important item in his Excellency's budget. See Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Mrs. Sarah Chiswell, April 1, O.S., 1717; Memoir of Sir James Porter by Sir George Larpent, in *Turkey; its History and Progress* (1854), i. 6; Cp. Volney's *Travels*, 513.

obtained concessions which were to prove as profitable to the Hellenes as they were to herself. From the moment the Sultan's seas were thrown open to Russian navigation and his ports to Russian Consuls, the Petersburg Cabinet, steadfast in its subversive policy, hastened to extend these privileges to any Greek who chose to become a Russian subject. Thus Greek vessels sailed under the Russian flag, and Greek traders were employed as Russian Consuls: to the vast advantage of Hellenic commercial enterprise and—what eventually proved of particular importance—maritime power.

Remoter upheavals conduced later on to the same end. The obstacles raised to the commerce of Europe by the Continental System which Napoleon imposed during the last ten years of his reign, while creating an extreme scarcity of colonial produce in the centre of the Continent, had the natural effect of stimulating commercial activity on the periphery. New channels of trade had to be found, and central Europe received by the round-about way of Greece the goods it could no longer obtain directly through the Western ports. The islanders of the Archipelago, who already engrossed the whole coasting trade of the Levant, reaped enormous profits and their shipping received an immense increase.[1]

Meanwhile education proceeded apace. The Phanariotes and other leaders of the nation redoubled their efforts. They founded new schools in the East, subsidized poor scholars in the universities of the West, facilitated the production of books, and, in brief, within the measure of their opportunities, bore in the Greek renascence the part which the Medici had borne in the Italian Ranaissance. Before the close of the eighteenth century every important town in Greece had its educated class, its

[1] See Holland, 323–328.

scientists, its men of letters ; and the latest speculations of Occidental philosophy were eagerly discussed by acute Greek intellects.[1] It is true that among the Greeks there was no revival of paganism. But nevertheless secular culture gradually supplanted, to some extent, in their minds the older religious influences. It taught them to think of Hellenism rather than of Orthodoxy as a bond of union and a fountain of inspiration : in one word, it nursed among them the true spirit of nationality. The members of the Society of Philomuses, which directed the educational propaganda throughout the Ottoman Empire, were animated by a double enthusiasm : enthusiasm for the Fatherland (*Patris*) as well as for the Faith (*Pistis*). The result of their efforts was to instil into the Greeks a strong sentiment of pride and shame, pride in the ancient glories of their race ; shame for its actual condition.

In the midst of this psychological ferment came a great impulse from without : the fall of the French Monarchy. Coming as it did at a time when the tide of religion had ebbed and men turned from ecclesiastical formalism to become sceptics, it kindled everywhere a new flame of hope, an exaltation, and a confidence scarcely known at any other period. One tyranny had fallen and others were trembling with the shock. The Day of Freedom had dawned. The revolutionary song of the French was a trumpet call to the Greeks, as to all down-trodden nations the world over, to rise and claim their rights as men. From 1789 the educational propaganda assumed a more distinctly political aspect ; and the Society of the Philomuses was merged in the Friendly

[1] Very striking instances will be found in nearly every chapter of Holland's work, and in Byron's Appendix to *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto II.

Society (*Philikè Hetairia*)—a secret revolutionary organization with roots in Constantinople itself and ramifications reaching to every city in Europe where Greeks were to be found: from Odessa, Moscow, and Petersburg in the East, as far as Venice, Vienna, Paris, and London in the West. In every town, village, and glen of Greece the people were dreaming of the Day, and debating schemes of deliverance.

The Hellenic hope found its prophet in the great patriot-poet Rhigas of Pherae (Velestino). On the first burst of the French Revolution this Thessalian idealist joined himself to other young patriots and went to and fro, spurring the bold and encouraging the timid by his minstrelsy. His war song, "Sons of the Hellenes, arise!" has been made familiar to English readers through Byron's spirited translation. The poet, by the treachery of a Great Christian Power, fell into the hands of the Turks, who after vainly trying to torture out of him the names of his confederates, put him to death at Belgrade in 1798. But they could not put to death his memory or his message. Even young women sang his martial ballads in preference to love ditties.[1]

* * * * *

However, confidently though the Greeks spoke of the day—not very distant—which would not only restore them to freedom, but even to that cultural pre-eminence which their country enjoyed twenty centuries before, they were shrewd enough to perceive that this glorious dream could not be realized by their own unaided efforts. The Ottoman Empire, even in its senility, was far too strong for them. Indeed, it was clear to most Greeks that, without foreign assistance, they had as small a chance of redemption from the Turks as the Jews had

[1] See Holland, 323, 350.

from the Gentiles. The Deliverer had to come from outside. But whence?

The masses, swayed by religious rather than by national sentiment, still kept their eyes turned towards Russia. Old habits of thought, inherited through many generations of pious ancestors, prevailed over recent experience; and, while the dreadful disappointment they had received in the Morea was not forgotten, nothing could destroy the conviction that the Messiah was to come out of Muscovy.

Among the educated classes other opinions were current. Literary Greeks, familiar with the radical changes that had come over France, had emancipated themselves from the distrust of the French which centuries of ill-usage had produced in their minds, and they clung to the idea of liberation through the aid of the nation which was so emphatically preaching the gospel of Liberty. Many mercantile Greeks also, mostly belonging to the mainland, though less affected by the theories of French writers, were very deeply impressed by the military exploits of the French arms, and expected more from the political ambition of Napoleon than from the idealism of his compatriots. Lastly, the islanders and the inhabitants of the Morea, seeing England's growing influence in the Mediterranean, looked to her navy as the most probable instrument of deliverance. Such were the three schools of Greek thought regarding the European Powers at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Their would-be deliverers were not less divided in opinion about them and their dreams.

Of the Russians very little need be said at this stage. The bulk of the Russian people knew nothing of Hellenic aspirations, but only of Orthodox Christians suffering under an infidel yoke. To them the problem presented itself as a matter of Religion pure and simple. Had they

been capable of understanding the part which ancient Hellas played in the unrest of the modern Greeks, they would have anathematized it with horror as a heathen influence. For the rest, few Russians had any first-hand knowledge of Greece. There were neither resident merchants nor transient tourists from Russia in the towns of the Levant; and the intercourse between the two nations was chiefly confined to the Greek commercial colonies in the dominions of the Tsar.

But of Frenchmen and Englishmen Greece was full; and their respective attitudes towards the Greek people and its aspirations must be considered.

The French residents, as a body, loathed the Greeks from the bottom of their hearts as heretics, and feared them as commercial rivals. Most of them were survivors of the old regime, and, as often happens with communities long severed from the mother country, they were out of touch with the new spirit that animated France and out of sympathy with it. They lived in the traditions of the past, and those traditions were hostile to the Greeks. These gentlemen loudly affirmed that the Greeks did not deserve to be emancipated: they were much too depraved; they were *canaille*—just the same *canaille* that existed in the days of Themistocles. When asked to give their grounds for this estimate, they turned out to be such as the grounds on which a Greek in France might have condemned the French nation wholesale—because he had been cheated by a servant or overcharged by a shopkeeper.

Not much different was the attitude of the average English resident. While the older Anglo-Levantine families, bound to the Greeks by many ties of blood and tradition, identified themselves, more or less, with them, the later arrivals held aloof from the natives of the country. They

were far too conscious of their dignity to risk it by contact with mere *rayahs*. In Constantinople, English merchants actually boasted of their little social intercourse with the Greeks. This, of course, did not prevent them from dogmatizing on the qualities of people whom they only saw at a distance; and their feeling, for the most part, was similar to that of their French neighbours: a mixture of contempt and jealousy.

These Englishmen belonged to a different sort of England from the England of the Tudors and the Stuarts —an England no longer struggling to maintain her own independence between the clashing ambitions of mighty Empires, but an England that had herself become a mighty Empire: an insolent *arrivé*, very little tolerant of the pretensions of people "on the make," save where those pretensions could be turned to account. It was, doubtless, of eighteenth century England that Gibbon was thinking when he reflected on the policy of mediaeval Venice as "marked by the avarice of a trading, and the insolence of a maritime Power."

Besides, in former days the Englishman's insular contempt for foreigners was modified by circumstances, which no longer existed. Advance in the art of navigation had made it possible for residents in the Levant to keep up a much closer connexion with the old country: as the journey became shorter and safer, the Englishman abroad experienced less the necessity for adaptation to his alien environment. Even the older families indulged less in intermarriage with the Greeks and were reverting to the Western way of living.[1]

[1] Compare R. Chandler's remarks in 1764 with those of J. C. Hobhouse, *A Journey through Albania and other Provinces of Turkey in Europe and Asia to Constantinople, During the Years* 1809 *and* 1810, 621. The change, naturally, was more notable

As was to be expected, the views of the sojourners were readily adopted by most visitors—it is easier to get opinions ready-made than to form your own. And the number of Western visitors to the East had increased through the same improvement in the means of communication which had widened the chasm between resident Franks and native inhabitants. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Greece swarmed with travellers of all the denominations known to Laurence Sterne: idle travellers, inquisitive travellers, lying travellers, vain travellers, sentimental travellers, splenetic travellers, travellers impelled to travel by infirmity of body, imbecility of mind, genuine liberal curiosity, archæological faddism, artistic fervour, love of change, or the desire to be in the fashion. Armed with pen and pencil, they rushed through the length and breadth of the land, and then rushed back home to gush in tomes innumerable. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Danes and other Europeans were to be found among these well-to-do vagrants, but the English outnumbered the rest at the rate of ten to one. And they, according to their own evidence, met in every part of Greece with a reception highly flattering to their *amour-propre*. Something of this regard might be attributed to the political expectations which the Hellenes cherished from the nation which took such a keen interest in their ancestors. Another cause, doubtless, was the English "milord's" open-handedness. But it arose mainly, from the memories of old friendship: the ordinary Greek was not in a position to realize the change that English policy had undergone, or to know how London journalists wrote about him, his country, and his aspirations.

in the larger centres, like Constantinople and Smyrna, than in the smaller, like Salonica. On the latter see Holland, 312, 322.

Among the stationary Franks, it has been seen, there was hardly any difference in their estimate of the Greek character and prospects, though on all other topics they disputed with great acrimony. But the itinerant Franks displayed no such uniformity of judgment. Despite the anti-Hellenic views, so vehemently expounded by their Consuls, missionaries, and merchants, there was a number of Frenchmen who declined to contemplate things through the hazy atmosphere of second-hand prejudice; and under their influence interest in the Greeks and their cause—now beginning to get known by the name of Philhellenism—became by degrees the mode in France. French Republicans could not, without flagrant inconsistency, refuse their sympathy to an illustrious country praying for freedom from an intolerable tyranny.

Not less true was this with regard to English writers. Their books can, roughly, be divided into two categories: panegyrics and philippics. Some described the Greeks as the natural allies of Englishmen, others would not allow them to be the allies of anybody. Some waxed eloquent on the idea of rehabilitation as it was held by the most imaginative Hellenes, others denied their fitness even for the most modest degree of independence. The admirers in their antique frenzy ignored actualities, used hyperbolic phrases, and thus discredited in their readers' minds both the cause they pleaded and their own sanity. The detractors had just as little respect for facts, used scurrilous language, and disgusted their readers by their lack of sense of measure and decency. Yet, even amidst the din of dissenting zealots, the voice of reason made itself heard. There were Englishmen clear-sighted enough to see things as they were, and sober enough to draw from them deductions to which Time, the best of judges, has given value.

Two such conclusions, arrived at after a dispassionate examination of the facts, are eminently worth reproducing a hundred years after—

"The traveller in Greece, noticing those particular vices of character which are always the consequence of slavery, and contrasting them with the temper of the ancient Greeks, might be apt to believe that their regeneration was impossible, and that political change in this country would be but the transference of submission. To such an opinion I cannot, from my own observations, give assent. I certainly am far from believing that the ancient Greeks, with all their peculiarities of national spirit and usage, will be revived in the people who now inhabit this country. The race has undergone many changes—the condition of the surrounding world still more. But this belief is by no means necessary to the question; and it still remains a matter of interesting speculation whether a nation may not be created in this part of Europe, either through its own or foreign efforts, which may be capable of bearing a part in all the affairs and events of the civilized world. Were the question proposed to me as one of probability, I should be disposed to answer in the affirmative."

With these words the distinguished physician Sir Henry Holland ends his work. Almost identical views were expressed about a year before by the distinguished poet Byron, who, at that time, was anything but a Philhellene—

"To talk, as the Greeks themselves do, of their rising again to their pristine superiority, would be ridiculous; as the rest of the world must resume its barbarism after reasserting the sovereignty of Greece. But there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the

Franks, to their becoming a useful dependency, or even a free state with a proper guarantee."

* * * * *

Turning from private individuals to the public men of Europe, we find that they were not wholly indifferent to the Hellenic movement. Napoleon in his interview with the Tsar at Tilsit (1807) had discussed the partition of the Ottoman Empire, and an arrangement was outlined by which, while the Danubian Principalities and Bulgaria were allotted to Russia, and Bosnia and Servia to Austria, Albania, Epirus, Macedonia, and Greece were to be his share in the plunder. He was also believed to have offered to Ali Pasha, the satrap of Epirus who entertained thoughts of independent sovereignty, to make him King of Greece, if Ali would engage to second the designs of France. But these French schemes materialized only in the occupation of the Ionian Islands (1807). These islands—scattered along the coast from Epirus to the extreme south of the Morea—had had a most adventurous history since the destruction of the Venetian Signoria from whose corrupt and oppressive rule they had suffered for centuries. In 1797 they passed, by the Treaty of Campo Formio, under the sway of France. In 1801, by an agreement between Russia and Turkey, they were constituted into a distinct State, autonomous though tributary to the Porte, under the name of "The Republic of the Seven Isles" (Heptannesos). The independence and integrity of the scattered commonwealth was subsequently ratified by England and France in the Treaty of Amiens. By the Treaty of Tilsit, however, it was handed over to Napoleon and garrisoned by French troops. During his domination Napoleon made an effort to establish intimate relations with a people which was beginning to figure in European politics, and

to which future events might give much greater weight in the balance of European power. His administration granted a certain measure of legislative freedom to the Ionians, and planned to restore various customs of the ancient Greeks. The reckoning by Olympiads was to be revived, Olympic games were to be celebrated at each period of four years, and iron medals to be distributed as prizes. These projects looked very imposing in the columns of the *Moniteur*; but their effect on the minds of the Greeks was soon obliterated by occurrences which compelled the versatile Ionian community to undergo yet another metamorphosis.

Early in 1810 a small English expedition left Sicily, under the command of General Oswald, and seized Zante, Cephalonia, Ithaca, Leucas, and Cerigo. Corfu and the adjoining little isle of Paxos alone remained in French hands. The other five were turned into a British protectorate, under the style of "The Liberated Ionian Isles," with Zante for its capital. The British Government, prompted by the same political calculations as its predecessor, tried to earn the esteem of the population by removing some of the ancient administrative abuses, by building roads, developing commerce, putting down crime; and to conciliate its goodwill by paying great deference to its institutions and aspirations. The men of the English garrison were made to take part in the religious processions of the Greek Church, each holding a lighted candle; while the men of the local Greek militia, consisting mostly of natives of the Morea, were decked out in a hybrid costume—a Greek kilt under an English tunic, the scarlet colour of which was supposed to be agreeably reminiscent of the military garb of ancient Sparta.[1]

[1] Holland, ch. ii.

This policy had the desired effect. For some years the utmost harmony prevailed between the Protectors and their protégés, and everything seemed to point to even closer relations in the future. By a new international agreement signed in 1814, the French were expelled from the Ionian Sea altogether, and the Seven Islands were united into one free commonwealth under the exclusive protection of Great Britain. Unfortunately, the act that promised to tighten the bonds of Anglo-Greek amity, and to make England supreme in the affections of the Hellenes, was immediately followed by one which held the seeds of fatal discord.

On the coast of Epirus, opposite Paxos, there stood Parga—a prosperous Greek township which had long been considered a dependency of the Ionian State, and from 1807 till 1814 had been garrisoned by French troops. On the transference of the islands to England, the French garrison was replaced by a British, and the inhabitants took the oath of allegiance to the British Crown. The Treaty of 1815, however, while settling the destinies of the rest of the world, made no mention of Parga: the representatives of the Great Powers at the Congress of Vienna had either forgotten the existence of the little town or, which is more likely, intentionally sacrificed it to diplomatic exigencies. There is nothing very surprising about this. For those Powers—Great Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia—after bleeding the peoples of Europe for twenty years under the pretext of freeing them from French militarism, met at Vienna to cut them up and barter them away with a callous disregard of their wishes which gave to the Congress all the appearance of a meeting of stock-brokers trafficking in nations. Among other things, the Treaty stipulated for the retrocession of the Adriatic

mainland to Turkey, without any qualification or reservation. Consequently the Porte demanded Parga as part of the mainland, and Ali Pasha was especially eager to get its industrious and thriving population within his rapacious grasp.

It is not difficult to imagine the feelings with which the people of Parga heard the news. They had joyfully sworn allegiance to England, and had deemed themselves perfectly safe under her flag : and now ! In great alarm they implored the commander of the British garrison not to deliver them up to their worst enemy ; but that officer could do no more than promise—in the name of the Governor of the Ionian State—that adequate provision should be made for their safety and compensation : any citizens who might choose to emigrate would receive from the Sultan value for their property, and from the British authorities a free passage to Corfu. They answered, with one voice, that they would all emigrate : they could not leave even the bones of their fathers at the mercy of the Turco-Albanians.

After haggling for three years, the Turkish Government was induced to pay one-third of the sum which the British estimate had fixed ; and, in June, 1819, the Governor of the Ionian Islands gave notice to the inhabitants of Parga that he was ready to provide for their transportation. Thereupon every family marched out of its home. The procession, led by the priests, went first to the cemetery. Without tears or wails, but with the deliberation of utter despair, they unearthed the dead, and placing them on a pile of wood, set fire to it. While this funereal ceremony was in progress, some of Ali's troops, impatient for rapine, approached the gates of the town. The citizens sent a deputation to the English commander of the garrison to inform him that, if a single

infidel was admitted before the remains of their ancestors were secured from profanation and themselves with their families safely embarked, they would slay their wives and children and die with their arms in their hands, after taking a bloody revenge on those who had bought and sold their country.

The remonstrance was successful. The march of the Moslems was arrested, the pyre burnt out, and the people embarked in dead silence.

A scene so poignant and, in modern times, so unusual created, as well it might, the most profound sensation in Europe. The English Opposition denounced in both Houses the action of the Government in ceding Parga and condemning to expatriation its unfortunate inhabitants who had, in trusting sincerity, taken the oath of fidelity to the English Crown, as a breach of national faith and as an indelible stigma on English honour. The Government, in justification of its conduct, pleaded the letter of the Treaty; and the verdict of posterity must depend on the jury's point of view. Lawyers will doubtless acquit England, moralists may have a somewhat different opinion. In any case, the Parliamentary protest came too late. Parga had been given up to its oppressors; its citizens, like the Athenians in the days of Xerxes, had fled; and the prestige of England in the Hellenic world suffered a blow from which it never quite recovered. The surrender of Parga was a sin for which, in the opinion of the great majority of Greeks, no lip-service could compensate, and which no time could consign to oblivion.[1]

In this way the Hellenic ship with its freight of hopes and fears was buffeted to and fro between France and

[1] See *The Annual Register for the Year* 1819, 194–195; and Sir Archibald Alison's *History of Europe* (1815–52), iii. 86–89.

England from 1797 till 1821. But it was to Russia that the Greeks at that critical period of their national fortunes owed the greatest grudge. Her agents were, as usual, everywhere, encouraging them with promises of succour. Moreover, in the Tsar's own immediate circle there were Greeks intimately connected with the revolutionary movement. The most important of these was Count John Capodistrias, a native of Corfu, who had joined the Russian diplomatic service when the Ionian Islands were ceded to France, by the Treaty of Tilsit, and the partition of the Ottoman Empire brought within the range of practical discussion. In this Greek nobleman the Emperor Alexander had found an ardent sympathizer both with the political liberalism and with the religious sentimentalism which marked the earlier phase of his futile life, and had made him his Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Capodistrias was a prominent member of the Philikè Hetairia. And that was not all. The very President of that organization, the Phanariote Prince Alexander Ypsilantis, was aide-de-camp to the Tsar and stood high in his favour. Could the Greeks doubt that in the ruler of Russia they had, this time at least, a sincere ally?

The expectations of Greek patriots appeared to receive absolute confirmation when on March 8, 1821, Prince Ypsilantis crossed the Pruth from the Russian side and raised the standard of revolt in Moldavia, proclaiming—in perfect good faith—that the Russian Monarch would support the insurrection. But the Russian Monarch had, meanwhile, changed what he called his mind; and the reactionary Count Nesselrode, who had ousted Capodistrias from the Tsar's councils, hastened to declare officially that "His Imperial Majesty could not regard the enterprise of Ypsilantis as anything

but the effect of the exaltation which characterizes the present epoch, as well as of the inexperience and levity of a young man, whose name is ordered to be erased from the Russian service."

Emboldened by this unambiguous disavowal, the Turks gave rein to their fury. Among other atrocities, the octogenarian Patriarch Gregory was seized as he finished Mass and hanged in his pontifical robes. Eastern Christendom beheld the body of its venerable chief dragged through the streets of Stambul and thrown into the sea, whence it was rescued by a Greek vessel and carried to Odessa. This crime roused a storm of horrified anger among the pious Russian masses; and the Tsar, to assuage public feeling, addressed an ultimatum to the Sultan. The Sultan was quite well informed enough to take the threat at its true value, and saw with perfect equanimity the departure of the Russian Ambassador from his capital (July 27, 1821).

Ypsilantis's "Sacred Legion," discredited and unsupported, was soon crushed by the Ottoman armies; and the Government which had twice already deserted the Greeks, crowned its duplicity by a third desertion baser than all the rest.[1]

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The insurrection in Moldavia was speedily extinguished. But in the south the gallant chiefs of the Morea carried everything before them. All the strength that had been gathered during the last half-century was now put forth in a determined effort for liberty; and the nation which

[1] The melancholy story of the Moldavian rising is told at length by every historian of the Greek Revolution; but the ordinary English reader will find an adequate account of it in Alison, *op. cit.* iii. 92–97, 107–111. See also the articles on Capodistrias and Nesselrode in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (9th Ed.), v. and xvii.

had been reviled as brave only in the absence of an enemy, displayed of a sudden a capacity for self-sacrifice that won it the admiration of the whole world. The exploits of the Greek rebels kindled all the warm hearts and heads in Europe. Detractors were shamed into silence; sympathizers plumed themselves on their prescience. Byron sang his recantation. In 1813 he had written "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!" (*The Giaour*). In 1823 he wrote: "Where Greece *was*—No! she still is Greece once more" (*The Age of Bronze*). And he hastened to participate in the battle for freedom, hoping by some dazzling achievement or a clean death to regain among his own countrymen the caste he had forfeited by his dissolute life. By that time the cause of Hellas had become the theme of every Western coterie that lay any claim to culture, and for the next few years to decry the Greeks was to write oneself down a barbarian.

But while the peoples of Europe applauded the little nation which could summon enough courage to resist the might of a great empire, and did what private enthusiasm could do to help it, the Cabinets of Europe left the insurgents to sustain the combat by themselves: even the awful massacres of Chios failed to evoke any sign of compassion from official Christendom. No wonder. The dominant note of European diplomacy at the time was a note of Conservatism; through all its proceedings there ran the solemn, silly refrain: the *status quo* must be maintained. Even many of those politicians who had hailed the French Revolution as the dawn of a new era for humanity, had long since lost their illusions. The excesses of the champions of liberty had in every country frightened from their side some of the most ardent liberal statesmen. The rapid conversion of the French struggle from a democratic revolt against old

despotisms into a despotic campaign for the subjugation of Europe had forced these statesmen to make common cause with the enemies of popular and national freedom. Besides, every Crown had come out of the Napoleonic conflict financially exhausted, and not one of them was disposed to countenance any movement likely to result in another costly conflagration. The autocrats, profiting by these conditions, aspired to impose their own ideas of government on every part of the world; and the Holy Alliance, inaugurated as a measure of mutual defence against the forces of anarchy, soon degenerated into an engine of oppression. It was only when its members could discern in a national agitation a chance for self-aggrandizement that they tolerated it.

This explains the Emperor Alexander's craven conduct. Russia had her own old designs on Turkey, and some new grievances against her: alleged infractions of the Treaty of Bucharest and so on. The barbarity of the Sultan had supplied the Tsar with a moral excuse for aggression such as few conquerors have ever had. But, on the other hand, the Russian monarch, as a partner in the Holy Compact, could not sanction a popular rebellion. Nor could he afford, by moving against Turkey, to arouse Austria's jealousy. Even if Austria were squared, England, who since the latter days of the preceding century had grown more and more suspicious of Russia's liberating activities, was certain to veto any attempt that might imperil the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. France, too, was now tenderly solicitous for the balance of power. The Tsar, therefore, after instigating the insurrection, declined to help the insurgents, though he kept an army of 100,000 men ready to invade the Balkan Peninsula at any moment.

Thus for five years the Governments of Europe marked

time ; their attitude, when not actively hostile, being one of cold indifference to the struggle of the Hellenes.

Undaunted by this insensibility of princes, and encouraged by the applause of the peoples, Greece kept up the fight single-handed. It would have been an unequal fight in any case. It was rendered more unequal still by the intestine dissensions of the patriots, which consumed a great deal of the energy that should have been directed against the common enemy. Nevertheless, the movement possessed that strength which has decided more than one unequal conflict in history—the strength of the spirit. Time and again the Turkish armies were routed on land, and the Turkish fleets were burnt at sea. Alternate success and failure attended the efforts of the Hellenes ; yet, on the whole, and for the first four years, they managed to hold their own.

At length, however, the Sultan, having come to the end of his own resources, called in the aid of his vassal Mohammed Ali of Egypt, who had both a fleet and an army superior to the Turkish. The reward offered was the Morea. The Pasha without delay sent his son Ibrahim to conquer the prize, and, in February, 1825, the fresh Egyptian troops arrived to relieve the worn-out Turks. The odds proved too many for the decimated forces of Greece. Unable to meet the invaders in a pitched battle, the insurgents had recourse to guerrilla tactics. But without avail. Town after town fell into the hands of the enemy. From the Morea Ibrahim's victorious troops, in 1826, advanced north—against Mesolonghi which had been besieged by the Turco-Albanians in vain since the spring of the previous year. The garrison and the population, now closely invested and menaced with famine, attempted to break through the cordon. But the Ottoman forces, having got wind

of the contemplated sortie, prepared for it. The Greeks—soldiers and civilians: old men, women, and children—driven back upon the place they had mined, fought with the courage of despair, neither demanding nor expecting quarter. After most of them had fallen to the Moslem sword or been buried beneath the ruins of their houses, the remnant took refuge in the powder magazine: the Bishop pronounced a benediction, cried out, "Lord, remember us!" and set fire to the powder (April 12, 1826).

The noise of that explosion reverberated throughout the civilized world. The nations which had watched the heroic resistance of Greece with admiration were moved to infinite pity by her desperate plight. English, French, German, even American, volunteers hurried to her assistance, among them Lord Cochrane who took command of the Greek fleet, and Sir Richard Church who was appointed by the Greeks Generalissimo of their land forces.[1] But such assistance, though of great moral value, did not suffice. It was clear now that, if left much longer to herself, Greece would perish. Public opinion everywhere clamoured for intervention.

Nowhere was this clamour louder than in Russia, nor did anywhere the voice of the people coincide so accurately with the views of the Government. The cautious Alexander had died on the 1st of December, 1825, and with the accession of Nicholas the Petersburg Cabinet adopted a more aggressive attitude towards Turkey. The Western Powers saw that, if they remained

[1] After sharing their agony, this gallant soldier remained among the Hellenes to share their victory. So late as the 'sixties, he was still to be seen at Athens, still holding the honorary rank of Generalissimo: a spruce, frock-coated, silk-hatted octogenarian, with a coeval kilted aide-de-camp for his inseparable companion. See Sir Horace Rumbold's *Recollections of a Diplomatist*, ii. 148–150.

immobile, Russia would move alone, take Constantinople, and realize her dream. That would never do.

England was the first to adjust herself to the new turn of events, and the credit for the initiative is due to the one English statesman of the day: the versatile George Canning. Like many another politician, Canning had gone through the various phases of opinion produced by the French Revolution. After beginning his political career as an enthusiastic Liberal, he had distinguished himself as a devoted supporter of Pitt's Conservative policy, and on Pitt's death, in 1806, he had continued to support the same policy as expounded by Castlereagh. If Pitt was an anti-democrat, Castlereagh was a thorough-going pro-autocrat: a disciple of Metternich, whose opinions on the Greek Question he had endorsed in a series of personal interviews in 1821.[1] As long as Canning's association with Castlereagh endured, his attitude towards Greece was coloured by the same Metternichean brush. But in 1822 the two brilliant Irish leaders of English Toryism fell out, fought a duel, and parted to meet no more. Soon afterwards Castlereagh, in a fit of melancholia, cut his own throat, and Canning reverted to his original creed. Considering that England had gone too far in her subservience to the Holy Alliance and its unholy principles, he now came forward with an entirely new political programme. He maintained that the foreign policy of this country ought to be not Continental but universal in scope, and Liberal in spirit: it should be based on the maxim that every people has an inalienable right to govern itself.

Canning's progressive ideas were anything but pleasing to his reactionary colleagues. But with the removal of the French peril the reactionaries had lost much of their

[1] See Metternich's *Autobiography*, iii. 550–560.

influence over the people of England. At the same time, the Russian peril had recovered its old prominence in the minds of those responsible for the conduct of England's foreign affairs. Wellington, heartily as he disliked Canning's disrespectful attitude towards the Holy Alliance, and little as he sympathized with his advocacy of Greek independence, agreed that in some sort of intervention lay the best safeguard of British interests. And so the English Government, alarmed by Russia's forward tendencies, decided to abandon its passivity and, while helping to some little extent the liberation of Greece, to tie the hands of Russia. Early in 1826 Wellington went to Petersburg and proposed to the Tsar a solution of the problem which would secure the maximum of safety to British interests, by according the minimum of satisfaction to Hellenic sentiments. Simultaneously English diplomacy worked at Constantinople to the same end.

First of all the Sultan was prevailed upon to submit to the Tsar's demands, and the upshot was the Convention of Ackermann (August, 1826)—a development of the Treaty of Bucharest. There followed the Protocol of Petersburg (April 4, 1827) by which England and Russia agreed that the former should mediate with the Porte a settlement of the Greek Question on the basis of local self-government: Greece was to administer her own affairs, but to remain tributary to the Sultan. No sooner was this document signed than the accession of Canning to the Premiership drove Wellington from the Government. Canning, at last able to pursue his Liberal policy unhampered by Tory reluctance, induced the Emperor of Russia and the King of France to sign the Treaty of London (July 6, 1827), whereby the three Powers bound themselves to join in what the unsophis-

ticated public called "an act of international justice." Without claiming for Greece complete emancipation, they insisted upon a somewhat fuller measure of administrative autonomy, and demanded from the belligerents an immediate cessation of hostilities, on pain of compulsion.

Unfortunately at that juncture Canning died (August, 1827), and those who succeeded to his authority had no desire to press the provisions of the Treaty of London to their logical conclusion. Their policy was, by merely pacific suasion, to make the Sultan yield a little, that he might be saved a lot. The Turks easily saw through the superficial accord of the three Powers the underlying discrepancy. They knew very well that, though the words addressed to them by the three ambassadors collectively were identical, each of the three speakers attached to them a different value. Counting on English support, the Sultan proved inflexible. Thereupon the three Powers united their squadrons to impose an armistice upon the belligerents. The Greeks were only too glad to obey; the Turks promised to cease hostilities, and pushed on the extermination of the Greek population. The united squadrons, under the command of the English admiral Codrington, entered the port of Navarino to overawe Ibrahim by their presence. An individual attack by the Turks led to a general engagement which ended in the annihilation of the Ottoman fleet (Oct. 20, 1827).

The victory of Navarino came as a most disagreeable shock to the British Government. They saw in it not so much the deliverance of Greece as the destruction of Turkey's naval power, from which Russia would profit. They hastened to explain to their friend the Sultan that Codrington had exceeded his instructions and to

deplore his action. Wellington, who had protested vigorously against the Treaty of London, as involving the possibility of a collision with the Porte, did his best, as soon as he became Premier, to reassure the latter. In the Speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament (Jan. 29, 1828) the affair was characterized as an "untoward event," and the hope was expressed that this regrettable incident would nowise prejudice the traditional amity subsisting between the two Courts.

Far different was the effect of the same event in the other two capitals concerned. Paris received the news with joy, Petersburg with boundless exultation. Judging that the Ottoman Empire had been sufficiently weakened, the Tsar decided to force matters to an issue. On the 18th of January, Capodistrias was appointed President of Greece. Simultaneously Russia proposed to the Western Powers that they should send their fleets to Constantinople, while she sent her armies overland, to coerce the Sultan. Wellington refused to entertain the proposal, offering instead a plan based on the preservation of the Sultan's control over Greece. The Tsar, however, would not forgo the opportunity for which he had waited so long; the Porte stupidly played into his hands by assuming a challenging tone; and on the 26th of April the Russian army, which had been ready since 1821, crossed the Pruth.

France, not to be left behind, volunteered to finish the work which the three Powers had begun in the Morea. The united fleets had won an easy triumph at Navarino, but in the interior Ibrahim was rapidly earning the fame of a butcher: slaying and selling into slavery, destroying towns and villages, turning the land into a wilderness. To stay his hand an army corps was needed. France supplied it: 20,000 soldiers, commanded by

General Maison, landed in the Morea on the 29th of August. England, as jealous of France as of Russia, co-operated by obliging the Pasha of Egypt to recall his son: so that General Maison had little more to do than assist at the embarkation of the Egyptian troops and expel the remaining Turkish garrisons.

Meanwhile the Tsar was not idle. By the beginning of 1829 one Russian army had crossed the Balkans and was marching on Adrianople, and another had crossed the Caucasus and was marching on Trepizond. The Greeks could hardly believe their senses: All the crowned heads of Europe, after letting them bleed almost to death for six years, were scrambling for the honour of liberating them!

And all the time, though the Greeks knew it not, the tissue of their future lay on the loom of Diplomacy, and busily, secretly, mysterious shuttles plied between the warp and the woof of their destiny. How to avert a total collapse of Turkey—that was the problem that exercised the mighty brains of London and Vienna. Metternich advised that they should forestal Russia by recognizing the complete independence of the Hellenes: thus Greece would be prevented from becoming a Russian creation and outpost, and Turkey would be saved from future interference by any Power on behalf of a discontented vassal. It was a clever suggestion, and, more than that, it was a constructive policy—very creditable to Metternich's genius. But the soldier who guided English statesmanship at the time was utterly incapable of appreciating its merits. His one fixed idea was that the integrity of the Ottoman Empire should be maintained at any price. That this integrity had been damaged beyond repair by Codrington's action at sea and Maison's on land, mattered little to the iron-headed Duke. It

was only when the Cossacks were at the gates of Adrianople that facts managed to convey their own message to the ears which had been deaf to argument. Then, at last, Wellington decided to save Turkey from utter dissolution and to checkmate Russia by making the liberation of Greece a joint concern. But even then, with characteristic lack of imagination, he clung to the doctrine that the next best thing to no Greece at all, was as small a Greece as possible.

By the Protocol of London (March 22, 1829), the liberated territory was cut down to the narrowest limits compatible with existence, and Greece was constituted into a vassal state paying tribute to the Sultan. After this achievement England and Austria compelled Russia to sign the Treaty of Adrianople (Sept. 14, 1829), whereby the Tsar gave back to the Sultan all his conquests, being allowed to keep only the mouths of the Danube, and to obtain a rectification of his Asiatic frontiers.

But, all this diplomatic industry and ingenuity notwithstanding, the fate of the Hellenes still remained in suspense. Metternich again urged his view that, if Greece was to be detached at all from Turkey, it were better that she should be detached altogether than be left in the condition of the Danubian Principalities—always looking to Russia for emancipation and protection. Wellington still shrank from so definite a line, but Aberdeen had the acumen to adopt it, and it was decided that Greece should be erected into an independent kingdom. Next the boundaries of that kingdom became a matter of acrimonious controversy. While the ambassadors of the Great Powers were deliberating in a London drawing-room, the question furnished a subject for endless debates in Parliament also. Lords Lansdowne, Melbourne, and Holland in the Upper House, and Lords Palmerston and

John Russell in the Lower, advocated with great conviction that no settlement of Greece would be either satisfactory to her or permanently advantageous to Europe, or honourable to England, which did not give to the new State an extent adequate for national defence and development. They claimed that Thessaly and Epirus, as well as all the islands which had fought and suffered for freedom, should be included, and this not only on the grounds of humanity and justice, but also because the inhabitants of those regions, by continuing to agitate for emancipation, would force their free brethren to assist them, overtly or covertly, thus keeping the Ottoman Empire in perpetual unrest and endangering the peace of Europe. All these far-seeing—and fairly obvious—considerations, coming from Liberals, were contemptuously brushed aside by the Tories. The fact that Russia and France, each for her own ends, supported the Liberal view only served to stiffen Tory opposition; and the young State, as finally delimited by the Protocol of February, 1830, was a State born mutilated. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (afterwards King of the Belgians), to whom the throne of Greece was offered, wisely declined the gift, saying that he did not wish to rule over a country "crippled both morally and physically, weak and poor, and exposed to constant danger from the Turks." Prince Otho of Bavaria proved less particular, and it was under his rule that free Hellas began her jejune, circumscribed, and troubled existence.[1]

[1] The diplomatic windings which led up to this unfortunate consummation are traced with admirable thoroughness, clearness, and impartiality in *The Cambridge Modern History*, X. ch. vi. See also the excellent articles on Canning, Castlereagh, and Wellington in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (9th ed.).

Chapter III

ENGLAND AND GREECE

AFTER the partial emancipation of Greece, England, France, and Russia continued to act as her recognized Protectors—their protection consisting mainly in a constant interference with the domestic politics of the kingdom in order to control its foreign relations, and in a perennial endeavour on the part of each Power to establish its own influence at the expense of the others. For Greece, owing to her geographical position and historical associations, could not be overlooked in any calculation regarding the future of the Ottoman Empire and the equilibrium in the Eastern Mediterranean: and these were precisely the points about which the three Protectors could never agree among themselves. The result was that Athens, under their tutelage, became a high school for international intrigue in which the nascent state was to master the secrets of pettifogging instead of the science of governing. The Greeks, thanks to their natural quickness and the experience acquired through the long centuries of their chequered career, proved most apt pupils. They readily lent themselves to the machinations of the rival European ministers in their capital, and so the history of Hellas during the first thirty years of her new life is largely a chronicle of con-

tests among the Anglophile, Francophile, and Russophile parties.

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Of the three Powers, England, as has been seen, did the least for Hellenic freedom, and for a long time enjoyed the greatest share of Hellenic gratitude. The apparent paradox can easily be accounted for. The part which Castlereagh had played in retarding the accomplishment and Wellington in limiting the extent of their rehabilitation was unknown to the Greeks of that day: we know it from the documents published since. And if it were known, the impression of Tory niggardliness would have been neutralized by Liberal generosity. The figures of Canning and Codrington loomed far larger on the Greek horizon than those of their opponents. Besides, in a dramatic situation such as Greece had found herself in from 1821 to 1831 and with an imaginative people, personalities counted for more than protocols. The romantic self-sacrifice of one great English poet was enough to atone in Greek eyes for the selfish callousness of a thousand English politicians. Byron cast an ineffaceable glamour upon the Greek mind; and Byron was only the chief of a whole band of English Philhellenes who had offered their hearts and their purses on the altar of the Greek Idea. The Greeks—copious as is their vocabulary—had no words wherewith to express their love and veneration for these martyrs to their cause. They worshipped their memories, christened children by their names; and later they were to raise statues of marble in their honour. Meanwhile even Britons who were no longer entitled to Greek gratitude did not scruple to profit by it. David Urquhart, one of the most arrant Turcophiles that this land of extremes has ever begotten, tells how he fell into the hands of Greco-

Albanian brigands in Macedonia and how he traded upon the popularity of the English name among them. The miscreants took great care to ascertain their prisoner's nationality: "had I turned out a German, a Frenchman, or a Russian," he says, "my fate would have been instantly sealed." As he turned out an Englishman (Scots abroad seldom hesitate to assume the appellation which they so patriotically resent at home—and the same thing applies to Irishmen, also), he was treated very respectfully. By representing himself as an English Philhellene he captivated his captors. Finally he was released honoured and unhurt, without wasting a "saxpence" on ransom: "Our parting was more like the severing of affectionate friends than of robbers from their prey." [1]

In England Philhellenism soon went the way of all fashion. Even whilst the Insurrection was at its height, the first signs of a reaction had made their appearance. Of the many Western volunteers who rushed off to bear a part in the resuscitation of Hellas few did so from sober conviction. The majority were spurred by the wild impulses of emotion or ambition. They landed in Greece with the absurd expectation of becoming the leaders of an army of Homeric demigods. They found themselves in the midst of a motley host made up of all sorts and conditions of men: cultured graduates of Padua and Paris mixed up with semi-savage shepherds from Acarnania and Maina; pure-souled patriots eager to shed their blood for an idea, and sordid adventurers anxious to fill their pockets; demagogues who prattled of Faith and Fatherland while they thought only of faction; robber-chiefs fighting among themselves. Crime was rife in those ragged camps; mud and malaria

[1] *The Spirit of the East* (2nd ed. 1839), II. ch. xi.

abounded: it was not a picnic or a pageant, but a grim pandemonium. In such circumstances only the stoutest hearts and the clearest heads could preserve their poise. Small wonder that many of our enthusiasts, disappointed in their darling dreams of becoming famous in a day, worn-out by physical hardships, disgusted by moral lapses, returned home cured of their enthusiasm and spoke of the Greek as bitterly as they had spoken of the Turk—and with just as much reason. Then came peace—more fatal than the worst of wars to a cause that depended for its sustenance so largely on sensation. The newspapers were no longer filled with thrilling accounts of hideous butcheries and heroic exploits. The springs of pity and admiration had dried up. The Greek lion, after roaring in every London drawing-room for ten years, was at last silent. Like every other celebrity, Hellas had had her season. Society which had taken her up when she supplied a topic for gush, put her down as soon as she became dull.

But if the English people, having many other things to think about, found it easy to forget Greece, Greece could not forget England. Anglomania had struck such deep roots in the susceptible soul of the Hellenic race that it survived storms which would have torn up a less robust plant. The first of these broke out in 1850. That was the era when England, thanks to Lord Palmerston's indiscriminate and intemperate championship of the *Civis Romanus*, earned abroad the reputation of a Power that took pleasure in "bullying the weak and truckling to the strong." [1] Greece had an unpleasant experience

[1] These words, and words even stronger than these, occur in a trenchant criticism of England's foreign policy from 1850 to 1863 by the late Lord Salisbury, in the *Quarterly Review*, April, 1864. Though disfigured by the vehemence of the youthful partisan,

of British bounce when Her Majesty's Minister at Athens condescended to act as the bailiff of a *Civis Romanus* rejoicing in the name of Don Pacifico. This Judeo-Spanish Englishman had suffered some losses in a riot, and, thinking to make a fortune out of his misfortune, presented to the Greek Government an exorbitant bill for damages. The Greek Government, reluctant enough to meet legitimate claims on its pocket, would not submit tamely to unscrupulous extortion. Lord Palmerston thought fit to lift this petty quarrel to the plane of an international question. He brought the House of Commons down with his theatrical oratory, deluged the English Press with a portentous mixture of Imperialist swagger and ill-bred abuse, and dispatched the English fleet to exact full payment of Don Pacifico's iniquitous bill. The Greeks paid up, and marvelled at their Protector's sense of proportion, code of manners, and methods of diplomacy. It is only fair to add that the House of Lords passed a vote of censure on Palmerston's indecent antics, and the Commons a vote of confidence so worded as to amount almost to a vote of censure.

Scarcely had the painful impression of this episode begun to fade away, when a much more serious crisis arose to test the strength of Hellenic faith in English friendship, and to prove the soundness of the view that the exclusion from the kingdom of so many districts entitled to emancipation was an act as impolitic as it was unjust.

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There are certain things which the common sense of mankind has pronounced impossible. One of these is the attempt to run with the hare and hunt with the

the paper is well worth the attention of all Englishmen who wish to see themselves through other than the usual spectacles.

hounds. Yet such was the feat England proposed to herself when she assumed the double task of protecting at once the independence of Greece and the integrity of Turkey. The intrinsic absurdity of the position would have been considerably diminished had English statesmanship been far-sighted and courageous enough to sanction the emancipation of the bulk of the Greek race in 1831, and thenceforth devoted itself to the preservation of the remainder of the Ottoman Empire. But, as we have seen, English statesmanship, under the guidance of Wellington, showed neither the far-sight nor the courage which constitute political wisdom. It only displayed that timid and short-sighted prudence which consists in devising temporary expedients to meet temporary exigencies. Instead of seeking for a remedy, Wellington and his associates had been satisfied with a palliative. They shirked the problem which they ought to have solved—which at the time they could have solved; and left their successors to face the consequences of their own mediocrity. Generation after generation the world had to witness the reopening of an empirically stitched-up wound: to go on devising transient palliatives for a permanent evil. One of the earliest of these recurrent troubles happened in 1853, when the Sultan's affairs once more engaged the attention of Europe.

The rumour of another Russo-Turkish war sent a thrill through every Greek heart. It seemed to the free Hellenes that the hour of deliverance for the rest of their race had struck. Sentiment drove them to a course from which a moderate exercise of practical shrewdness might have deterred them. Under that impulse, reinforced by Russian instigation, King Otho decided to throw in his lot with the Tsar, and Greek bands started making inroads into Thessaly and Epirus. It is said

that the Prince Consort Albert adopted the Hellenic view of the situation and advocated the old idea of the replacement of the Ottoman by a Greek Empire with Constantinople for its capital, as the best means of keeping Russia out of the way to India. But the English Government objected, not unreasonably, that such a project entailed co-operation with Russia our enemy, against Turkey our ally; and, in truth, no human ingenuity could possibly reconcile contradictions inherent in, perhaps, the most illogical policy to which any country has ever committed itself since politics began. The Liberals in 1854 had to make the best of the mess that the Tories had bequeathed to them in 1831. It was a very poor best, but no better was available. England, with France, after failing to argue Greece out of her course, landed troops at the Piræus and forcibly put an end—for the time being—to Greek hopes of expansion.

The frustration of their very natural desire to bring about the unity of their race—and that, too, by the Governments which stood for the principle of Nationalities! —aroused a very natural resentment among the Hellenes, and the two Western Protectors were regarded as false friends—worse than avowed enemies. But, when their blood cooled down, the Greek people had the sense to realize that no Power could well let them fight with its enemy against its ally, and in the next few years we find England enjoying in Greece a popularity that caused no little chagrin to her rivals.

It was one of the rare instances in which policy walked hand in hand with justice: the stage for the unusual performance being supplied by the Ionian Islands.

As we have seen, through her beneficial and conciliatory administration, England had merited and earned the attachment of the Ionians, until the Parga tragedy came

to spoil everything. This was almost immediately followed by the outbreak of the Greek War of Independence, which awakened among the islanders the desire for national rehabilitation. When the war ended, they found themselves excluded from the Hellenic kingdom—still tied to the alien Union Jack, while only a few miles off they could see the emblem of free Greece. From that hour the relations between rulers and ruled became more and more strained. The English accused the Ionians of ingratitude, and the Ionians accused the English of the sinister design to convert protection into possession. Mutual suspicions, voiced and inflamed by mutual recriminations, took the place of the old harmony. The Ionians shunned the University established at Corfu under English auspices and ostentatiously sent their sons to be educated at Athens ; the English officials retaliated by abusing the people at whose religious processions they once assisted candle in hand ; even the mandarins of Downing Street referred to the Ionian patriots as " a pack of scamps." Fleet Street, naturally, could not allow itself to be beaten in scurrility by Downing Street, and in the London Press the name of the Ionians was seldom mentioned without the ornamental epithets " brigands," " pirates," and " barbarians." The Ionian Press replied in kind. Both sides entirely lost sight of all the dictates of good taste, good sense, and good nature ; and in 1849 the British authorities in Cephalonia had recourse to martial law, which they administered with such savagery that what little credit the Union Jack still enjoyed was utterly ruined. Thus England made in the East seven little Irelands to match the one in the West.

Things could not remain in that posture indefinitely. In 1858 the British Government conceived the happy thought of sending out Gladstone to study the ill and

devise a remedy. A more fitting selection could not have been made. By his classical sympathies, Liberal convictions, and (strange mixture of attributes) that peculiar leaning to the Greek Church which he shared with other archæologically-minded Anglicans, Gladstone was the one man to handle the Ionian tangle in the way in which tangles of that sort should always be handled. Moreover he was already known to the Greeks as one of their friends by the warmth with which he had taken their side in the notorious Don Pacifico case.[1]

To say that Gladstone's arrival calmed the Ionian waters would be a mistatement. His visit rather had the effect of stirring those waters to a greater agitation. Wherever he went, he was met by crowds cheering him as a Philhellene, and pelting him with petitions for union with Greece. To these ovations he answered with orations which carried his hearers across the ages to the days of the Pnyx. At Athens, his biographer tells us, "he had a reception only a shade less cordial than if he were Demosthenes come back." In the intervals of delivering and listening to speeches, he applied himself to the problem with his usual thoroughness. Persuaded that the people had very much to complain of, he drew up a plan for turning the mockery of self-government into a reality, and submitted it to the Ionian Assembly. But the time for compromise had gone by. The tactlessness of forty years, culminating in the Cephalonian severities, had damaged the British rule beyond the possibility of mending. The Assembly unanimously demanded that it should be ended. The only protection they needed and desired was that of the Mother Country. Gladstone temporized. His own view was that union with Greece was, indeed, the only sound remedy, and

[1] See his Speech in the House of Commons, June 27, 1850.

there were other Liberal statesmen in London who thought so, too. But, like them, he also considered that the moment for that remedy was not yet. Greece herself at that time, Englishmen declared, did not enjoy anything better than the mockery of self-government.[1]

Nevertheless, Gladstone's mission had more than a mollifying effect both on the Ionians and on their brethren across the sea. The Greeks recognized in him a spiritual descendant of their revered Canning: a large-minded and large-hearted champion of international justice. With such men in London, they argued, England could not fail to do the right thing sooner or later. The Anglophile party in Greece recovered from the torpor consequent on the Crimean War, and the old faith in England revived.

An opportunity for the manifestation of this feeling was offered by the internal convulsion the Kingdom went through in 1862–1864. The foreign forces at work behind and beneath the stage on which that domestic drama unfolded itself still are, to a large extent, a secret, and will remain one till the British, French, and Russian Foreign Office archives are thrown open to the historian's inquisitive eye. But enough is known to make the action intelligible.

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King Otho and his Queen Amélie, though strangers by birth, had attached themselves to their adopted country with a sincerity which is no longer disputed. They were as passionately imbued as the most patriotic of their subjects with the Great Hope—the hope that soon all the Hellenes would find themselves united under one sovereign whose seat would be on the Bosphorus: a Greek sovereign, heir to all the splendours

[1] See John Morley's *Life of W. E. Gladstone*, I. ch. x.

of Hellas and Byzantium. In the contemplation of that glorious ideal they lived and moved and had their being; without, however, neglecting actualities. They did what in them lay to prepare for the future by bettering the present. The King strove to organize the civil and military resources of the country—to create some sort of cosmos out of the chaos of devastation and tumult in which Greece had been left by her protracted travail for rebirth. The Queen was no less zealous in her own sphere of activity. The buildings of her experimental farm, and of the various charitable and educational establishments she founded, still testify to her beneficent enthusiasm. Both loved Greece and meant thoroughly well by her. But, alas! neither understood her thoroughly.

The Greeks at no epoch of their history of three thousand years have been an easy people to govern. The independence of mind which makes them so self-reliant as men, also makes them very self-assertive as citizens and soldiers. They are too apt to bring individualism into every question they touch upon, forgetting that the qualities which conduce to success in the counting-house or the class-room may, if indulged to excess, spell disaster in the senate-house or the camp. No nation has more eloquently expounded the virtues of union and discipline in its literature, and none has more consistently disregarded them in practice. This inordinate passion for the exercise of private judgment has always been the curse of the public life of Greece. In pagan antiquity it led to fatal political disruptions; after the advent of Christianity to innumerable religious schisms; in modern times to party divisions unparalleled in their triviality. It was such a people that Otho had undertaken to govern, and that, too, at a time when, owing to abnormal cir-

cumstances, its habitual impatience of control had reached the point of downright turbulence.

The position would have been a very difficult one to a prince equipped for it by temperament and training. Otho had neither the temperament nor the training which the position demanded. Born and bred in a despotic environment, he knew no other method of ruling than the paternal method. Like the rest of his race, he loved arbitrary power. The Greek pallikars, fresh from their long and sanguinary fight for liberty, soon began to murmur that their new sovereign was trying to make himself, under the forms of a free polity, scarcely less absolute than the old had been: though a limited monarch in name, he was a Sultan by nature. And that was not all. Like the Hanoverians in England, this Bavarian had brought into Greece a large number of his countrymen to whom he entrusted some of the highest offices. His partiality for foreign administrators was doubtless necessitated by the lack of native administrative talent: Greece just emerging from the anarchy of centuries was far richer in warriors than in statesmen; and there may be some exaggeration as to the lengths to which he carried his preference. But the mere presence of these foreigners was sufficient to excite the jealousy of the natives.

And while this "unpatriotic" conduct tended to make the dynasty unpopular with the Greeks, its patriotic devotion to the Great Idea rendered it obnoxious to their Protectors. Each of the three Powers entertained views on the Eastern Question utterly incompatible with the realization of that Idea; and each wanted to have on the Greek throne a tool of its own ambition. Otho was as little pliant to external pressure as he was to domestic opinion. Thus forces from without and forces from within conspired to shake the Bavarian dynasty.

The King was charged by the Athenian politicians and place-hunters with favouring his own compatriots unduly. It was then for this, cried the coffee-house orators, that Greece had shed her blood: to exchange one alien yoke for another! The Press was indignant, interested agents were active, Otho was represented as having objects in view which no free nation could suffer its sovereign to attain. Public discontent, fed by private calumny, daily grew in intensity, and in 1843 it caused a revolution. Otho, by the parade of military force, was compelled to dismiss his Bavarian ministers and to promise that in future he would rule constitutionally. But the reconciliation did not last. With the pathetic blindness of a good and stupid man, Otho doggedly persisted in his policy; caring neither about those who attacked his throne openly nor about those who undermined it in secret. Conscious of the rectitude of his motives, he paid as little attention to the wisdom of his well-wishers as to the malice of his opponents. The Greeks ended by believing that the Bavarian reign was hostile to their welfare. The grounds upon which they founded this belief were false, but they were as fatal to the dynasty as if they were true. Otho and Amélie became the objects of general obloquy; and their unpopularity reached its colophon when it was found that the King approved of Austria's efforts to quench the Italian Insurrection (1848–1861). This was the drop that made the cup of Hellenic discontent overflow: their King was the enemy of Liberty. However much he might love Greece, he loved tyranny more. On the 13th of February, 1862, a second revolution broke out, and this time it proved decisive. The royal couple were refused admittance to their own capital. Otho perceived that, if the hatred he inspired was justified, he was unfit for Greece; if

unjustified, Greece was unfit for him. He retired from the country which for thirty years he had done his utmost to benefit and to estrange.

The Hellenes were inspired to seek in the island which understood so well and practised so successfully the art of self-government the sort of ruler that was not to be found on the benighted continent of Europe : the inspiration being reinforced with a hint that the search might result in the discovery of other blessings. Accordingly, soon after Otho's departure, a great crowd assembled before the British Legation at Athens, and a deputation was sent in to inform the Minister of the wish of the Greeks that Queen Victoria's son Alfred might accept their throne. The Minister, provided with no instructions from home, was sorely put to it to find language ambiguous enough not to commit him and yet sufficiently cordial not to damp the Anglophile sentiments of the Athenians. The deputation carried away the impression that the British Government was not averse to their offer, and the popularity of England rose to greater and yet greater heights, attaining the fever-pitch when it became known that she was, on the one hand, proposing to recommend to the Porte the cession of Thessaly and Epirus, and on the other to hand over to them the Ionian Islands.

The communication of these intentions filled our representatives at Athens with consternation, and the Hellenes with frenetic enthusiasm. While the former regarded the transference of the Ionian Protectorate to those to whom, by blood, language, religion, geography and national sentiment, it belonged, as an act of Liberal madness most prejudicial to the British Empire's interests and influence, the latter looked upon it as a brilliant demonstration of England's lofty sense of justice—as

an act of noble disinterestedness that raised the British far above the base level of every other empire known to history. If the candidature of Prince Alfred had been popular before, it now became simply irresistible. France and Russia had their own partisans and candidates; but, when the question was put to the vote, out of 241,202 citizens who voted, 230,016 gave their suffrages to the English prince.

The British Government could not, of course, accept this tribute of Hellenic homage; for the three Protectors, in accordance with the doctrine of the balance of power, had long ago warned each other's reigning families off the throne of Greece. Its passive acquiescence in the movement which resulted in the election of Prince Alfred was a mere diplomatic manœuvre intended to let the world see how the three Powers severally stood in Greek esteem. Once this object achieved, and the field swept clean of the rival candidates, it declined the honour. The Hellenes were inspired to consider that the next best thing to an English prince was an English nominee; and they begged England to name her man. The British Government set to work to study the *Almanach de Gotha*, and the British Legation at Athens betook itself to the same quaint little volume. During something like a fortnight, telegrams came pouring in upon the English Minister, submitting name after name: the list was as long as it was illustrious, ranging from the King Consort of Portugal to a microscopic Prince of Holstein. And all the time the Athenians shouted themselves hoarse under the windows of the British Legation. At last a suitable person was found in Prince William of Denmark. The British Government proposed him, the Greek people accepted him, and on the 30th of October, 1863, he ascended the Greek throne with the name of George I,

and the significant title of "King of the Hellenes"—not of the actual Greek Kingdom only.

England failed in her project of inducing the Sultan to part with Thessaly and Epirus—how she could ever have hoped to succeed, it is difficult to understand. But she carried out her own promise about the Ionian Islands. On the 5th of June, 1864, the High Commissioner himself laid the Ionian standard at the feet of King George.[1]

It looked as though these transactions were destined to place Anglo-Hellenic friendship on a footing of impregnable solidity. But the expectation was not fulfilled. In that year the relations between the two countries attained the climax of cordiality. All that follows is a sad anti-climax.

If English statesmen imagined that the expulsion of Otho and the acquisition of the Ionian Islands would put a stop to the Greek agitation for national unity, they were much mistaken. To the Hellenes the title of their new sovereign was no empty phrase. In addition to the Ionians there were many other children of the dismembered family crying for admittance to the hearth of Hellenism. The most urgent and most forlorn of these were the Cretans. They had fought for their independence in 1821 like their brethren of the mainland and, unlike the latter, they had, after many vicissitudes, conquered it. Yet the Powers had insisted that they should return to slavery; and consoled Mohammed Ali for the loss of the Morea by giving him Crete. The Power chiefly responsible for this stupendous wrong was England, or, to be more precise, the Tory party—"the English Pashas," as the Greeks called them—led by

[1] See Sir Horace Rumbold's *Recollections of a Diplomatist*, II. ch. xviii. and xix.

the Duke of Wellington; and it was on the exclusion of Crete that Prince Leopold dwelt as the main reason for his refusal of the Hellenic crown: "Greece," he wrote to the Duke on the 9th of February, 1830, "will never be made to understand and appreciate the exclusion of Candia, and out of this circumstance alone a perpetual source of irritation will flow."

This forecast was amply justified by events. The Cretans would neither resign themselves to their fate nor abandon hope: the less because the Egyptian rule was no better than the Turkish. In 1833 the resentment of the outraged people burst into flame; and again it was the policy of the three Powers that baulked its aspirations.[1] Seven years of sullen quietude had passed, when Mohammed Ali rebelled against his sovereign (1840). The patrons of the Ottoman Empire punished him by handing Crete back to the Sultan. Thereupon the islanders took up arms again, routed the Turkish troops, and proclaimed their union with Greece. Once more the Powers stepped in to rob the unhappy people of the fruits of its victory. But each discomfiture seemed only to strengthen the Cretans' determination. In 1858 they rose for the third time; and the Porte, prompted by its Western friends, pledged itself to introduce administrative decency. It is not improbable that the reforming Sultan Abdul Mejid meant to keep his word; but, however that may be, certain it is that his imbecile successor Abdul Aziz openly declared that he did not consider himself bound by his predecessor's engagements. The upshot was a fourth rising (1866).

The Sultan, seeing his armies crushed, appealed to his Egyptian vassal for help. The Khedive landed troops which were defeated and decimated by the insurgents

[1] See Pashley's *Travels in Crete*, 1837.

in three successive campaigns. The Sultan's next move was to try to delude by diplomacy the men he had failed to subdue by force. But the Cretans had too often tested the value of Ottoman pledges. Nothing short of liberty would satisfy them. Russia, France, and Germany, each actuated by different motives, concurred in pronouncing union with Greece the only solution. But England, who throughout the Cretan drama had played the part of the Sultan's senior counsel, again vetoed that solution. The English Foreign Minister, Lord Stanley, declared that Greece had alienated British sympathy for the characteristically British reason that her financial morality was not all that could be desired: "Opinion here is undecided about the Cretan quarrel," wrote this Stock Exchange statesman, who, by the way, was one of several Englishmen said to have refused the crown of Greece. "Nobody much believes in the Turks, but the old Philhellenism is dead, and cannot be revived. Greece is too much associated in the English mind with unpaid debts and commercial sharp practice to command the sympathy that was felt thirty years ago." [1] So, because the London usurers were dissatisfied with their investments at Athens, the Cretan neck should be again thrust into the collar.

In the meantime the English Admiral of the Sultan's fleet, Hobart Pasha, was carrying out the orders of his two masters with a zeal which won him the thanks of Turkey and the anathemas of Greece. He blockaded Crete, and, in violation of international law, entered the Hellenic port of Syra to intercept the Greek blockade-runners which were provisioning the insurgents. The Athens Government protested in London, and Her

[1] In Lord Newton's *Lord Lyons: a record of British Diplomacy*, i. 163.

Majesty's Government set itself right before the eyes of the world by removing temporarily Hobart's name from the Navy List. But this formality did not in the least affect the course of English policy; even the humane action of Captain Pim of H.M.S. *Assurance*, who rescued a number of Cretan women and children and landed them at the Piræus, did not meet with unqualified approval from the Foreign Office. Presently the other Powers, by each obtaining a *quid pro quo*, fell into line with England; and united Europe commanded Greece to desist from helping the rebels. The Cretans, though victorious, were starved into surrender; and the Porte repeated its often-broken promise to amend its administrative ways.[1]

The unpopularity which Greece, by her participation in the Cretan struggle, had incurred with Englishmen—people always hate those whom they injure—was heightened by another incident that occurred soon after. Brigandage, that inevitable legacy of misrule in every corner of the globe, had not yet been extirpated from the Hellenic Kingdom, and in 1870 some well-connected Englishmen fell victims to the pest. The event stirred up in England an anti-Hellenic storm more violent than any ever caused by Turkish massacres: for months the Press was filled with streams of invective, yells of rage, and demands for vengeance on the whole Greek nation.

Then came another political crisis to widen still further the breach; and this time it was the turn of Greece to inveigh against England.

In 1877 the Eastern Question was reopened, and the reopening gave rise to the customary paroxysm of excitement among the Hellenes. As always, they saw in it an opportunity for the realization of their national

[1] See Stillman's *The Cretan Insurrection*, 1866–68.

dream. Crete once more flew to arms, and Thessaly was roused. But both movements were nipped by the speedy cessation of Russo-Turkish hostilities. Immediately after the signature of the San Stefano Treaty the Powers interested in the preservation of the Ottoman Empire intervened. The Cretans who, meanwhile, had been carrying everything before them, were compelled to grant the Sultan's troops an armistice. The Sultan turned the truce to account by sending to the island reinforcements and attacking the insurgents unawares. The latter, however, proved once more victorious, and addressed to the Powers the familiar prayer for union with Greece. But whatever the other Powers may have thought, England was anxious to check rather than to accelerate the process of Turkish disintegration. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury—the two statesmen who at the time controlled England's foreign policy—saw with deep concern the Sick Man sinking fast under the weight of internal and external ailments. They saw his figure dwindle in a few months from its still considerable portliness to a mere skeleton. They hurried to his bedside to do what they could for him—and they did it, partly at the expense of Russia's Slav clients, but chiefly at the expense of the Greeks. Thanks to them, the Berlin Congress decided that, whereas the stipulations in favour of Montenegro were positive—the Sultan being definitely ordered to cede Dulcigno to the Principality—those concerning the cession of Thessaly and Epirus to Greece should be in the nature of mere recommendations, and their execution left to a direct agreement between the interested parties, the Powers only promising their arbitration in case of non-agreement. It was, naturally, anticipated that the Greeks would not be content with this vague arrangement. But Lord Beacons-

field explained in a long speech that, since Turkey was not to be partitioned, nothing more could be done for them.[1]

Even this half-hearted concession to Hellenic claims was doomed to remain largely a dead letter. Abdul Hamid, as everybody expected, took full advantage of the vagueness of his engagement. In 1879 a Greco-Turkish Commission met to demarcate the new boundary, but its labours were wrecked on the Sultan's refusal to yield the frontier recommended by the Congress. Thereupon Greece appealed to the Powers, and their ambassadors met at Berlin to arbitrate. Their verdict was that Turkey should carry out the recommendations of the Congress. Turkey turned a deaf ear to this sentence, and as the days went by there was a growing danger of a war between the parties.

Abdul Hamid had fully counted on England to support him in his attitude. But luck was against him. At that juncture (Easter, 1880) Gladstone assumed the reins of the English Government, and Gladstone was bent on undoing some of the mischief his predecessors had done, in strict accord with the views he had already expressed: Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury had spoken in Berlin in the tones of Metternich, and not in the tones of Canning, or of Palmerston, or of Russell. It was their part to take the side of Liberty, and they took the side of Servitude. A great work of emancipation had been achieved for the Slavs of the Ottoman Empire; he deplored that equal regard had not been paid to the case of the Hellenes.[2]

Goschen was sent to Constantinople (May, 1880) to replace the Turcophile Layard. Like Gladstone and

[1] See Prince Hohenlohe's *Memoirs*, July 6, 1878, ii. 221.
[2] Speech in the House of Commons, July 30, 1878.

his Foreign Secretary Granville, Goschen was animated by the friendliest sentiments towards Greece, and was determined to coerce Turkey into compliance with the terms of the Berlin verdict—provided the other Powers would co-operate; for, obviously, it would have been very poor business to purchase peace in the East at the risk of a war in the West. He found the Sultan firm in the belief that the Concert of Europe, when it came to deeds, would break down, and so disposed to pay but small heed to its words. Abdul Hamid's policy then, as ever, was that of "wait and see." His tactics soon exhausted the patience of Gladstone, of Goschen, and of those English diplomats who thought as they did. The first meditated a naval demonstration at Smyrna and a sequestration of the Sultan's Customs. The second went farther, advocating the dispatch of the British fleet to the Dardanelles, if the other Powers would consent. Lord Odo Russell, our Ambassador at Berlin, went farthest of all: he would leave Smyrna to her figs and send the British fleet straight to the Golden Horn, whether the other Powers liked it or not.[1] Of course, this last was a counsel of madness, and yet it was the apprehension of British force that finally brought Abdul Hamid to his knees. The Powers, when the proposal of a joint naval demonstration was made to them, promptly rejected it. The Sultan, however, seems to have heard of the proposal and not of the refusal.[2] So, just at the moment when the English Government was at the end of its diplomatic tether, he unexpectedly gave way; and, in July, 1881, the matter in dispute was submitted to a Boundary Commission representing the six Powers

[1] Goschen to Granville, Sept. 28; Odo Russell to the Same, Oct. 9, 1880, in A. D. Elliot's *Life of Lord Goschen*, i. 200, foll.

[2] See Morley's *Gladstone*, iii. 8, 10; Newton's *Lord Lyons*, ii. 223, foll.; Blue Book, *Turkey*, 7 (1880).

and the two interested parties. Before the close of the year, a large portion of Thessaly and a small fragment of Epirus were actually ceded to Greece—enough to soothe her hunger rather than to satisfy her appetite; and even to this concession the Powers were forced, not by any regard for Greece, but by the fear lest an absolute disappointment should endanger the Greek dynasty.[1]

But what about Crete? The Sultan had from the first taken his stand on the ground that he might submit to an insular or to a continental amputation, but would never submit to both operations at once. On the whole, he would rather lose Crete than Thessaly and Epirus. Indeed, at one moment he was reported to have declared that he would rather risk another war than "pull out all the hairs of his beard." After pulling out some of those imperial ornaments, the Powers decided to let him keep the rest. Crete was among this remnant. Goschen had been compelled to this limitation of the operation as the lesser of two evils, but he never ceased to regret it: "I have often wondered," he wrote in after years, "while recording this long diplomatic struggle, whether the reader, judging by subsequent events in Crete, will question the wisdom of the purely continental solution, which was due in great part to my action. What infinite trouble to all the Powers would have been saved, and what insurrections, what naval demonstrations would have been avoided, if the island had been ceded to Greece in 1881!"[2]

[1] This was Goschen's view, and his biographer puts it frankly: "Certainly the Ambassadors showed themselves quite indifferent to Greek interests so long as enough was secured to save the King from a revolution." Elliot, i. 220. Cp. Bismarck's statement to General Pittié: "In Greece there is only one honest man, that is the King, for he is not a Greek, and we must not suffer him to be driven out." Prince Hohenlohe's *Memoirs*, ii. 275.

[2] Elliot, *op. cit.* i. 233.

Though keenly disappointed about Epirus and more keenly still about Crete, the Greeks knew whom they had to thank even for this partial fulfilment of their expectations, and they manifested their gratitude in characteristic fashion: they subscribed for the erection of Gladstone's statue, and when he celebrated his political jubilee (Dec. 13, 1882) they presented him with an address in a superb casket. But for Gladstone's country they could no longer feel much enthusiasm. The hopes they had built on the fact that their King was England's own nominee and the brother of England's future Queen had proved vain. They had learnt how little dynastic ties influence the course of diplomacy, and the most enlightened among them had begun to realize that it was not in foreign sympathy, but in the development of her own strength that Hellas must seek the way to success. What love for England still remained in the Hellenic heart was confined to the Liberal party and its illustrious chief. But soon there occurred events which weakened even this attenuated bond.

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If there is a nation that the Greeks detest, despise, and dread more than the Turkish, it is the Bulgarian. The feeling is of very ancient growth: it arose many centuries before the Turk's advent in Europe, and it will linger for many centuries after his departure. During the five hundred years of Bulgarian servitude the antipathy lay dormant; but it awoke as fierce as ever with the awakening of the Bulgarian nationality. The San Stefano Treaty had shown the Hellenes that in the Balkan Peninsula there was no room both for a Big Bulgaria and for a Greater Greece. On Hellenic opposition to Bulgarian claims Beaconsfield and Salisbury had founded one of their arguments for the reduction of Russia's

creation, and for the separation of the southern parts from the northern by the erection of Eastern Rumelia into a distinct province. Seven years after that act, so acceptable to the Greeks, the Bulgars annexed this province, with its large Hellenic minority, in open defiance of the Treaty of Berlin and of their own liberators.

The situation brought about by this *coup d'état* was not devoid of a humorous aspect. Russia, who had fought a costly war to liberate Bulgaria under the impression that she was building for herself a bridge to Constantinople, suddenly saw her work crumble away under her feet, and urged the Sultan to go and chastise his impudent vassals. England, who under a similar impression had done her best to ruin the Tsar's handiwork, not less suddenly discovered that it was not a Russian bridge after all, but rather an anti-Russian barrier which, with proper management, might be made into an anti-Russian bulwark. British diplomacy lost no time in exploiting its discovery. Oblivious of all his labours at Constantinople and Berlin, Salisbury came forth as the defender of the State which had torn up the international covenant he once valued as his masterpiece; and the Tory party which never tired of scolding Greece for disturbing its dear *status quo* now embraced Bulgaria for precisely the same offence.

In Constantinople the British Government had an ideal representative for carrying out its political tergiversation with vigour and conviction. Sir William White, in virtue of his Polish upbringing, was most sympathetic to Southern Slav aspirations, and now he found a splendid opportunity for gratifying his personal sentiments while at the same time serving his country's interests. "We have always been accused by Russia and her agents in the East of being the chief obstacles

to the emancipation of Christian races in European Turkey," he said. "The reasons for a particular line of policy on our part have fortunately ceased to exist, and we are free to act impartially and to take up gradually, with proper restraints, the line which made Palmerston famous in regard to Belgium, Italy, etc. . . . These newly emancipated races want to breathe free air and not through Russian nostrils." [1]

Such were the ideas which inspired England's affection for Bulgaria in 1885, and have continued to inspire it to this day. They are not unreasonable in themselves; but the Greeks could hardly be expected to see the matter in that light. To them the Bulgar was a hereditary enemy, older and, for the future, more formidable than the Turk. His aggrandizement, unless counterbalanced by proportionate aggrandizement on their part, spelt disaster. If the doctrine of the Equilibrium held for the Great Powers, surely it also held for the small. They proceeded to mobilize with a view to exacting territorial compensation from Turkey—if nothing more, at least the portions of Epirus and Thessaly which the Congress of Berlin had assigned to them and the Sultan had been suffered to retain. It was England's fate to baulk Hellenic aspirations once more. Lord Salisbury began with a friendly but earnest remonstrance, coupled with the warning that the Hellenic Government would only be laying itself open to humiliation if it persevered in its warlike path. But even if the Hellenic Government had the wish, it lacked the power to profit by this advice. The popular movement which had set in was too strong for it. The excitement daily increased, and the Government was obliged to lead the forces it could not control.

[1] White to Morier, Dec. 7, 1885, in H. S. Edwards' *Sir William White: His Life and Correspondence*, 231–234.

Large bodies of men poured into the capital from every part of the kingdom, clamouring for war; day and night the streets swarmed with processions of flag-wagging students, professional men, peasants, mountaineers; and the houses were choked with rampant reservists. Soon conflicts between the Greek and Turkish troops began to take place on the frontier. Then all the Great Powers, through their representatives at Athens, reiterated to the Hellenic Premier the British admonition.

But neither this nor several subsequent steps of the same nature had the effect of allaying the rising storm. Even those extreme politicians of opposite sides who agreed in nothing else, agreed in calling for a vindication by force of arms, if necessary, of the interests of Hellenism. Popular excitement rapidly attained delirious dimensions; the tension between Greece and Turkey increased; and the Greek Premier spoke of war as being unavoidable. His feeling, he said, at first had been that Greece could attempt nothing without the support of at least one of the Great Powers, and he had indeed looked to England to back him; but, as he had received no encouragement from that quarter, he was now quite prepared to go on alone. As though the disappointment about England was not sufficiently justified by the policy of the British Government, it was deepened and embittered by the tone in which that policy was interpreted by its local agent: a compound of insolence and asperity[1] all the more unpardonable because, while bullying the Greeks, the British Minister knew that they were in the right. His own opinion was that some degree of friendliness on the part of Great Britain might have better results than any amount of hectoring. The Hel-

[1] For samples, see Sir Horace Rumbold's own book, *Final Recollections of a Diplomatist*, 55, 69.

lenic Government, he recognized, was in a position of great embarrassment: for internal considerations, it could not disarm without hope of an equivalent being held out to it. Further, he had reasons to believe that the Greeks would probably have been content with less than they had claimed at Berlin. As to Turkey, she would find some compensation, for whatever territorial concessions she might make, in an intimate alliance with Greece against the common danger from the Slavs. Such an arrangement, if brought about by England, would have made her paramount in Greece.[1] These were the Minister's own views; but no British Government, apparently, is ever capable of seeing a situation from more than one angle at a time; and things pursued their fatal course.

With the opening of 1886 the position began to assume a more serious aspect: Greece, fully armed and determined to go all lengths, was only awaiting the final settlement of the Eastern Rumelian Question by the Powers formally to claim the execution of the Berlin verdict. After one more collective Note peremptorily ordering instant disarmament, with which the Hellenic Government reiterated its inability to comply, the Powers began to think of coercion; and again it was England who went out of her way to make herself conspicuous. Lord Salisbury instructed Her Majesty's representative at Athens to give the King a hint of the impending measures. As any one might have foreseen, the King of the Hellenes greatly resented what he justly considered a most unfair pressure applied to his country: was it equitable that England should bully Greece into abandoning rights sanctioned by the highest international tribunal, while she supported Bulgaria in the violation of that tribunal's

[1] *Final Recollections of a Diplomatist*, 55–57.

solemn decisions? It may be that Salisbury intended this, like a similar unofficial warning addressed to the Premier, as a last effort to spare Greece the bitter cup he had prepared for her; if so, it was a case of good intentions miscarrying through an unfortunate manner. Englishmen are famous among the nations of the earth for a certain ungracious way of "being kind" which rarely conciliates their foes, which often irritates their friends, but in which they obstinately persist under the curious delusion that this is the way to make themselves popular. The English Minister at Athens had his full share of this national tactfulness. He talked to the Hellenic Premier like a choleric governess trying to save a naughty child from itself, and was surprised at the result.[1] Indignant masses held meetings under the windows of the Legation, resolutions protesting against the conduct of the British Government were passed, and telegrams embodying the sentiments of the Greek people were sent to the Speaker of the House of Commons: naturally without the least effect.

The Hellenes were not greatly astonished at Lord Salisbury's attitude towards them: they had never been spoilt by Tory smiles. But a great shock was in store for them from a quite unexpected quarter. On the 1st of February, 1886, Gladstone became, for the third time, Prime Minister. With Gladstone's return to power the hopes of Greece revived. But they were speedily dashed to the ground. In answer to a telegram from the Mayor of Athens, Gladstone plainly stated that, however great his sympathies for them, he could not but tell the Greeks that the position they had taken up was indefensible, and that the Powers were determined to

[1] See his own version of his rows with the head of the Government to which he was accredited, *ibid.* 69–77.

defeat it. Even more plain-spoken was he in a message he caused to be conveyed to the ex-Premier Tricoupis who had passed much of his youth in England, and loved her only less than he loved Greece. These utterances produced such a revulsion of feeling in the Hellenes, who had hitherto idolized Gladstone and identified his name with the prospects of their country, that all thoughts of setting up his statue—just finished—were given up, lest it should be made the object of some disagreeable demonstration on the part of the disenchanted people.

Europe next proceeded to translate its threats into action: the Great Powers which could not combine to use force against Abdul Hamid, found themselves, with one exception, united, under England's leadership, against King George (May 8). At that point, England gave yet another token of her tact by placing the international armada sent to blockade the Greek ports—a display of naval strength second only to the vast armaments brought against Hellas by Xerxes of old[1]—under the supreme command ot the Duke of Edinburgh: the prince whom the Hellenes twenty-two years before had chosen with one accord to rule over them.

The bearing of the Greek people under this ordeal, be it added by way of artistic relief, was such as to extort even from the British Minister in their midst a grudging tribute of astonished admiration. Not a word or even gesture of disrespect was used towards him or his colleagues at any stage of the proceedings which culminated in this final affront to their national pride: while an English baronet abused their Government and an English prince seized their shipping, the Athenian shoeblacks

[1] The disproportionate dimensions of this instrument of coercion, says our gifted Minister at Athens, "might well have gratified the susceptible Hellenes" (79)—on the principle, I suppose, that the bigger the stick, the less painful the blows.

treated England's representative with the quiet dignity of gentlemen.[1]

Greece, needless to say, subsided.

There ensued an interval of peace, or rather of lassitude —such as always follows upon a period of intense excitement. A feeble attempt was made by English philanthropy to efface from the minds of the Hellenes the insults and injuries they owed to English policy. Soon after the national upheaval described, the country was visited by a very severe earthquake. The British Minister at Athens telegraphed to the Duke of Edinburgh, and two English warships were sent to the scene of the calamity with stores, tents, and succour of various kinds for the sufferers. A good deal of money also came from England. But the resentful spirit engendered by the blockade was still so strong that a very inadequate sense of this help to them in their trouble was evinced by the Greek Government and people. The same uncordial attitude was maintained towards the Mediterranean fleet when, in the course of its autumn cruise, it called at the Piræus. The Greeks, even in the midst of their sorrows, have a keen eye for the grotesque; and this English essay in courtesy afforded to the Athenian Press ample scope for caricatures and appropriate comments. What else could be expected? Even the British Minister felt constrained to admit that the visit, which had been arranged by express orders from the Admiralty, was rather unfortunately timed.[2]

Thus England contrived, with wonderful skill and sagacity, within the space of a few months to make herself to the Hellenes both odious and ridiculous.

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Hardly had the traces of this commotion passed away,

[1] *Final Recollections of a Diplomatist*, 94. [2] *Ibid.* 114–115.

when a new imbroglio arose out of the eternal sore of Crete.

For ten years the Cretans acquiesced in the Pact of Halepa which they had accepted under British pressure in 1878. Though only a compromise, it was better than nothing—so long as it was observed. But it did not take the Porte long to revert to its traditional tactics of taking back with one hand what it had been obliged to give with the other, and in 1889 the Pact, after being already violated in its spirit, was abrogated even in form. The British Government failed to enforce respect for its own work, and thence another tragedy of armed rebellion and remorseless suppression. The island submitted to a military dictatorship till 1894; and then the Powers tried to persuade the Sultan to observe his obligations, but with very indifferent success. In 1896 there occurred another rebellion, followed by another massacre. The Powers dissuaded Greece from taking action, with the promise that they would see to it. But while the authorities at Athens, in spite of the strong popular feeling for intervention, obeyed Europe's counsels of moderation, the authorities at Constantinople decided to quell the insurrection by their accustomed methods.[1]

The Cretans proved equal to the emergency: in every encounter with the Sultan's troops they had the best of it. Naturally, they were assisted with arms and men from Greece, through the agency of the Cretan Committee and the Ethnikè Hetairia—a patriotic league of a semi-military, semi-academic character. By and by the Hellenic Government, yielding to public opinion, dispatched to Crete a torpedo flotilla under Prince George and an expeditionary corps under Colonel Vassos (February, 1897). This action precipitated matters.

[1] See Blue Book *Turkey*, 7 (1896).

The Powers immediately interposed "in the interests of peace" and, while their ships and troops protected the Sultan's sovereignty over the island, their Chancelleries were busily engaged in the usual discussions as to the best way of dealing with "the recalcitrant Hellenes." Should Greece be coerced again by a blockade, or should she be left alone, to take the consequences of the enterprise on which she had embarked? Opinions were divided for a while, but the latter view prevailed in the end.

Lord Salisbury was loth to expose England again to the odium of arch-oppressor of the Hellenes, while Gladstone now hastened to retrieve in their hearts the position he had forfeited ten years earlier. From his retreat at Cannes, the ailing old statesman, almost with the last ounce of energy left in him, penned a long and eloquent manifesto, in which he stigmatized the short-sighted callousness of European diplomacy in the past, and pleaded for a more enlightened and humane attitude in the present. He reviewed England's unenviable record in the Eastern drama from 1876–1880, when she made herself the champion of tyranny, and demanded that she should atone for her crime by making herself now the champion of liberty. The Concert, he wrote, stood condemned by its failure. It was time for us to have done with that "gross and palpable delusion"—"to shake off the incubus, and to remember, as in days of old, that we have an existence, a character, and a duty of our own." The gallant island of Crete was once more plunged in a struggle of life and death with the Ottoman Empire—the seventh in half a century: "It is not in human nature, except under circumstances of grinding and destructive oppression, to renew a struggle so unequal." The Porte by its consistent perfidy and cruelty had shown that it had "no title to retain its

sanguinary and ineffectual dominion." He pointed to Greece as a shining example to the world: "a petty Power, hardly counting in the list of European States, suddenly takes its place in the midway of the conflict. But it was a Power representing the race that had fought the battle of Thermopylæ and Salamis and had hurled back the hordes of Asia from European shores"—a champion small of stature, but great in spirit: a David facing six Goliaths. After some more of this sort of thing, he appealed from the Governments to the nations of Europe to save Greece from being punished for her pluck and to see justice done both to her and to Crete.[1]

This help in need restored Gladstone to the affections of the Hellenes. When next year he passed away, no one excelled them in the depth of their grief. His statue was at length set up, and the Greek newspapers wrote: We once misjudged this great man in blaming him for inconsistency. If he advocated the Bulgarian cause, he did so not because he loved Greece the less, but because he loved Freedom more.

Gladstone's plea, however, produced no effect upon those in whom the power lay. The Radical Opposition espoused the Hellenic cause unofficially—and many progressive journalists urged Greece to an unequal contest in which they had no investment of cost or peril. Their rhetoric, assisted by the ignorance prevailing in Greece as to the relative strength of Fleet Street and Downing Street, only misled the Hellenes to their undoing.

Had Greece been satisfied with her moral triumph and accepted Europe's assurances that, if by withdrawing her forces she averted war, Crete would not be suffered to relapse under the Turkish yoke, there is no doubt

[1] *The Eastern Crisis. A Letter to the Duke of Westminster*, Cannes, March 13, 1897.

that she would have come out of it with an enormous access of prestige. Unfortunately for her, Greece failed to exploit her opportunity. Her King, mindful of the fate of his predecessor, never overstepped the bounds imposed by the most literal interpretation of the Constitution. He found it safer to reign than to rule. Nor was there at Athens any other power to act as a check on the impetuosity of popular sentiment. The death of Tricoupis on the eve of this grave national crisis had deprived the country of the one statesman whose sober judgment, wide experience, and independence of character might have supplied the needed restraint. Delyannis, the Premier at the time, was little better than a demagogue: a politician who, with all his patriotism and honesty, dared not go counter to the stream to which he owed his position. So neither the Crown nor the Cabinet had the courage to tell the people that they were unready for vindicating their just claims by the sword; and Greece, under the irresponsible spur of the Ethnikè Hetairia, galloped headlong into the abyss.

Turkey, in the interval, had had ample time to concentrate her army on the Greek frontier. Her forces, vastly outnumbering those of her opponent and led by the brains of the greatest military Power in the world' easily overcame the ill-conditioned Hellenic troops, marched to Volos, and would have marched to Athens itself had not the crowned heads of Europe, anxious to preserve a dynasty so closely allied to the reigning houses of England, Russia, and Germany, stepped in to rescue Greece from the worst consequences of her heroic folly.

For the same reason they felt that it would be inexpedient to thrust Crete back under the Moslem yoke. Something had to be done for the unfortunate and

indomitable islanders. The only question was, how much, or rather how little. With this question European diplomacy dallied for a year, until Turkey's brutal stupidity came, as it had often done before, to defeat the exertions of her advocates, and, by one of those grim jokes which the gods love, to subserve the cause of justice. While the Great Powers were deliberating, the Turks planned a massacre, and were ill-advised enough not to confine themselves to the slaughter of Greeks, but attacked the British garrison in Candia. That, of course, was more than England could put up with; and the Sultan's troops were forthwith cleared out of the island bag and baggage (Nov. 14, 1898).

The international forces remained to see that the Sultan's suzerainty suffered no damage. But Crete was endowed with an autonomous constitution, and the Greek Prince George was appointed High Commissioner. He landed on the 21st of December amid enthusiastic demonstrations of joy, the islanders seeing in his appointment an earnest of ultimate national rehabilitation: it was easier to uproot the island from the Mediterranean than to tear from its heart the longing for union with the mother country. Europe had already grasped this fact; but the mills of diplomacy grind exceeding slowly. Ten years more had to elapse before the international occupation was withdrawn, and even then the Cretans were denied the consummation of their desires. Young Turkey had just regained, temporarily, in Europe some of the esteem Old Turkey had forfeited; and the Powers which sanctioned the complete emancipation of Bulgaria (1908) would not hear of the complete emancipation of Crete. For four years the island held a position unique in the annals of the world: the position of a country without a political status. It formed no longer part of

the Ottoman Empire, nor yet of the Hellenic Kingdom. Internally it was administered in the name of the King of the Hellenes; externally it was regarded as subject to the Sultan of Turkey; and commercially it was treated by both states as belonging to neither. This sorry farce was brought to an end by the Balkan War of 1912, one of the many fruits of which was the final fusion of the island with Greece.

Meanwhile, Greece had had to discharge the bill for her Cretan adventure. It was a very heavy bill, including a rectification of frontiers in favour of Turkey, the payment of a war indemnity of £4,000,000, and the subjection of Greek finances to a foreign Commission of control. Greece bore her burden with the stoicism that comes of habit. She had always supplied the sinews of war to the insurgent Cretans, and after each bid for freedom she had entertained tens of thousands of destitute refugees. Costly as those insurrections had proved to the Turkish Treasury, they had proved ruinous to the Hellenic. It was in order to meet one of these periodical drains on her meagre resources that Greece contracted her first foreign loan, and one-third of the whole public debt which led to the bankruptcy of the kingdom and its subjection to foreign control arose out of the same cause. It may be said, without exaggeration, that Greece for seventy years had retarded her own development to promote the deliverance of Crete, as a mother stints herself to feed a beloved daughter.

But more grievous than the loss of money and territory was the loss of prestige which the Hellenic Kingdom had sustained in the eyes of the world. Nothing fails like failure, and a bankrupt has no friends. Greece was, of course, by no means the first country which failed to meet its financial obligations during the nineteenth

century,[1] nor was she the one that had the worst excuse for her failure. Yet, just because that economic failure arose from idealistic rashness, it provoked more than the usual amount of reproach, especially among the usurers who had contributed to it.[2]

Englishmen who had never professed a high opinion of the Hellene, or any very great faith in his destiny, felt surer than ever that the Bulgar was the right horse: "With him," wrote an eminent scholar and traveller in 1902, "the future of the Balkans seems to rest. The Greek has, and will always have, a present."[3] This was a perfectly consistent attitude, of which the Greeks could not and did not complain. But they were very deeply hurt by the attitude of Englishmen from whom they had expected quite different treatment. Thousands of fair-weather friends who would have rushed to proffer their homage to Hellas had she achieved success, deserted her in her distress. This was particularly noticeable among English Radicals. With a few exceptions, they

[1] Here are a few examples: Prussia (1807 and 1813); Austria (1802, 1806, 1811, 1816, 1818); Spain (1820, 1834, 1851, 1867, 1872, 1882); Russia (1839); Turkey (1875); Portugal (1837, 1852, 1892); Holland (1844); for a fuller list see Max von Heckel's *Lehrbuch der Finanzwissenschaft*, ii. 457.

[2] The series of military budgets and expensive mobilizations which bled the Hellenic Exchequer were necessitated by the incessant efforts for national unity, and the foreign loans by which successive deficits were covered were obtained on usurious terms: of one of these only 87 per cent. actually went to Greece, of another only 72, and of a third only 67. So that the real interest (as distinct from the nominal) ranged between 5½ and 6 per cent. The Cabinets of the Protecting Powers saw to it that the loan of 1898 was granted on exceptionally favourable terms: interest 2½ per cent. and issue above par. This unwonted generosity, coupled with some other circumstances, gave colour to the theory that the mysterious inaction of the Hellenic navy and the phenomenal collapse of the Hellenic army in the Greco-Turkish war of 1897 were due, in part at least, to a secret compact between the great Powers and King George.

[3] D. G. Hogarth, *The Nearer East*, 192.

renounced all connexion with their unhappy client, threw on her the whole blame of the folly which they had encouraged her to commit, and redoubled their assiduity in courting her more astute rival.

After such an exhibition of English chivalry, one would scarcely have been surprised if no spark of sympathy had been left in the Hellenic heart for this country. Yet the people which has so often been charged with fickleness, was perhaps the one people on earth that adhered to England during the black era of the Boer War. While the Press of every other country poured forth rivers of hate upon the British Empire, sparing not even the sex of its aged sovereign, the Greek newspapers mourned England's losses, young Greeks offered themselves as volunteers to the British Minister and Consuls, and even humble Greek bootmakers, unable to contribute anything bigger to the fund raised for the English wounded, contributed boots made with their own hands.[1]

Gladstone in 1897 said that the Conservative policy of Lord Salisbury "had weakened Greece, the most liberal of the Eastern communities,"[2] to please Turkey. We may add that the Liberal policy, both before and after that date, has been to vilify Greece in order to help Bulgaria.

We have seen that the Hellenic Kingdom started upon its career mutilated and unable to rest until it accomplished the union of all the Hellenes under one flag. Part of this Panhellenic inheritance was Macedonia—or rather that portion of the country loosely designated by this name which is inhabited by people Greek either in race or in national aspiration. So long as Thessaly continued under the Ottoman rule, Macedonia naturally

[1] For a touching instance see my *Tale of a Tour in Macedonia* 58.

[2] Morley's *Gladstone*, iii. 525.

took a subordinate place in the Panhellenic programme. But with the liberation of the nearer province in 1880 that of the remoter had assumed a growing prominence. Greece, however, was not the only claimant in that field.

Bulgaria also had arisen mutilated and with a missionary programme as militant as the Greek. By the abortive Treaty of San Stefano practically the whole of Macedonia had been assigned to the Bulgars, and ever since the Treaty of Berlin the aim of their foreign policy was to conquer the territory of which the latter diplomatic arrangement had deprived them. This object the Sofia Government pursued by a semi-ecclesiastical, semi-educational propaganda already in existence before 1878, but it was after the annexation of Eastern Rumelia in 1885 that it devoted itself to the work with special vigour.

Besides the Greeks and the Bulgars, there were the Serbs, claiming a share of the Macedonian spoils. The upshot was a triangular feud marked by all the bitterness and unscrupulousness which characterize national feuds.[1] Each mission strove to prepare the ground by what they called "moral action" until the pear became ripe; and each endeavoured to turn the Sultan's varying attitudes towards the others to its own advantage: thereby playing into the Sultan's hand, and indefinitely postponing the liberation of the country. The Greek statesman Tricoupis attempted, in 1891, to bring about, by reciprocal concessions, an alliance of the three States against the common enemy, and an amicable partition of the Macedonian territory. His proposal found some

[1] I have dealt with this distressful subject in detail elsewhere: "The Macedonian Problem and its Factors," *Edinburgh Review*, Oct., 1901; "The Macedonian Maze," *Quarterly Review*, April, 1903; "Macedonia and the Powers," *ibid.* Oct., 1903.

favour in Servia, which, like Greece, was content with a section of the pear; but Bulgaria, aspiring to the whole of the fruit, not only rejected the Greek overtures, but hastened, by a gross breach of international faith, to denounce them to the Sultan, and got as her reward additional privileges for her propaganda.

The feud went on, every year gaining in intensity what it lost in respectability; and in this arena Greece had the mortification of finding England more than ever hostile to her aspirations; for here the Liberals, since 1885, were united with the Conservatives, their pro-Bulgarian sentiments receiving fresh impetus from the Hellenic failure of 1897.

English hostility to Greek aims in Macedonia reached its height in the period (1904–1908) when the Greco-Bulgarian antagonism attained its depth of indecency. In those four years the Greeks, like the Serbs, following the example of the Bulgars, added to their scholastic mission a terrorist side; and the Macedonians who refused to listen to the schoolmaster were made to reckon with the *komitaji*. That the Greeks had been forced to adopt these atrocious tactics by the Bulgars, and in sheer self-defence, was a circumstance which English statesmen persisted in ignoring: as they always do whatever does not happen to suit their book, no matter if the truth can be established by a reference to English Blue Books.[1] More offensive to the Greeks than the disingenuous tenor of English diplomacy, because more obtrusive, was the tone of the English Press. Suppression of things true, invention of things that were not true, systematic misrepresentation of facts and figures—all the shady tricks

[1] See especially *Turkey*, 1 (1903)—a volume of 359 Consular and Diplomatic dispatches most enlightening to any one who wishes for light.

of the attorney who wants to win his case at any price—were employed to procure in every case that arose the acquittal of the Bulgar and the condemnation of the Greek by the easily-deluded jury we call public opinion. To English writers and readers the solution of the Balkan Question had become a synonym with a Bulgarian triumph. "Our Correspondent in the Balkan Peninsula" meant simply our correspondent at Sofia—posted there to transmit only such news and views as were agreeable to the Bulgarian Government and the British Foreign Office. And in the pernicious, because one-sided, Anglo-Bulgarian organization which disguised its true character under the plausible name "Balkan Committee," the Hellenic cause found its most zealous detractors.

The brilliant success of Greece against Turkey and Bulgaria in the wars of 1912 and 1913 went some way towards raising her in English estimation: the beaten, the bankrupt nation—the nation whose obituary sagacious journalists had composed fifteen years before—was not, after all, dead: far from it. The ranks of the few Philhellenes who had remained steadfast to Greece in the days of her adversity were reinforced by fresh recruits. But, for all that, English Philhellenism is, and must be, a very anæmic plant. Political considerations apart, temperamentally the average Greek is not congenial to the average Englishman. Unemotional, unintellectual, and inarticulate himself, John Bull does, not take kindly to a race so highly marked by the opposite traits. He distrusts the Greek's demonstrativeness, is made uncomfortable by his analytical subtlety of thought, and is irritated by his abundance of words. English admiration for the Greek mind and character has never been a spontaneous passion, but a laboriously acquired taste: limited for the most part to scholars,

and even with them seldom going beyond the limit of a vicarious and reflected sentiment. The English student of classical antiquity at best likes the modern Greek not for his own sake, but for the sake of his forefathers, seeing in him less a living individual than a symbol of the spirit which he has been taught from early youth to worship. And the amusing thing is that the spirit in question is worshipped under a misapprehension. A myth of " classic repose," of all but superhuman personal beauty and intellectual loftiness, has been evolved out of the artistic and literary monuments of Hellas: and that idealistic conception is naïvely accepted as a true and typical representation of Hellenic life in the past: pretty much as if a Frenchman, after studying only the plays of Shakespeare and the essays of Bacon, went away with the impression that every Elizabethan Englishman was a poet and a philosopher. The fact, of course, is that the ancient Hellenes, taken as a whole, differed very little from the modern Hellenes—so little that, were an ordinary English scholar, by some miracle, transported to the Athens of Pericles, he would return home not much more favourably impressed with its inhabitants than he is after a visit to the Athens of King Constantine.

This incompatibility of temperament reveals itself even in the works of travellers friendly to Greece. They are more interested in her ancient stones than in her modern sons. Try as they may, they cannot forgive modern Greece for not being ancient Hellas—the mythical Hellas of their unrealistic imagination. To the physical beauties of the country, its serene skies and pure-lined landscapes, they pay the homage prescribed by convention. But for its people they rarely have anything warmer than the faint approbation which is more galling

than unqualified condemnation. As to the avowed haters of that people, they have never hesitated to paint it in the blackest hues that rancour could provide, laying stress on its defects and denying it any merits, describing its strivings after national unity as contemptible displays of national cupidity or vanity, and presenting it to the English reading public as a set of wicked disturbers of the peace of Europe. Even the responsible agents of the British Government have not always been proof against this petulant and arrogant disposition. By their unsympathetic and overbearing manner they have often lessened in Greek eyes the value of England's benevolent acts and unnecessarily accentuated the inevitable effects of her unfriendly ones. The mischief done by some of these most undiplomatic diplomatists could not easily be computed, but it could only too easily be illustrated.

Whether viewed from an official or from an unofficial standpoint, the intercourse of Great Britain with the Hellenic race, since its political rebirth, will, on the whole, be remembered for its blunders.

However, the Hellenes have never quite lost their old regard for England. Whatever disillusions they may have experienced, they still find cause to look up to the land of Byron. But their attitude is no longer that of enthusiastic adorers, it rather partakes of that sober, business spirit which sets debit against credit, strikes the balance, and makes an entry of a moderate figure on the credit side of the account.

Chapter IV

FRANCE AND GREECE

WE saw the influence which the French Revolution had upon the Greek mind, and the extent to which it inspired the movement that led to the independence of a portion of Greece. Contrariwise, France, recognizing in that movement an echo of French liberalism, acclaimed it with the pride of a teacher who sees a pupil respond to his tuition, and, by a psychological process not uncommon in such cases, ended by believing that the freedom of Greece was her own work. This, of course, was only a pleasing illusion. With the best will in the world, it would be impossible to affirm that the share of France in the Greek struggle for liberty was very much greater than that of England. There were French volunteers in the ranks of the Greek insurgents just as there were English volunteers; and French artists and writers did no less than their colleagues across the Channel to foster the spirit of Philhellenism: the famous painter Eugène Delacroix depicted with wonderful feeling the massacre of the population of Chios, and his "Greece Lamenting on the Ruins of Mesolonghi"—one of several works exhibited for the benefit of the patriots in 1826—did as much for the cause of Hellas in Paris as Byron's poetry had done in London. Victor Hugo's pen also contributed to the popularity of the

same cause; and many minor men of letters laboured to a like end. Passing from private to public circles, we see General Maison dividing with Admiral Codrington the honour of cleansing the Morean shambles. But as in England so in France popular sentiment was curbed, to a very considerable degree, by political interest.

Nor did Greece, after her liberation, lack in France, as elsewhere, her critics and calumniators. The failure of the new realm to fulfil the absurd expectations of the sentimentalists who fancied that, with the extinction of Turkish misrule, Hellas would, in some supernatural way, become the Hellas of Plato and Praxiteles, very soon produced among Frenchmen that extravagant pessimism which is the natural offspring of extravagant optimism. Edmond About's satires of the modern Hellenes kept Europe laughing for years;[1] but they were not appreciated at Athens.

On the other hand, the French Government very soon perceived the advantage of earning the goodwill of the new State that had sprung up in the Eastern Mediterranean, and missed no opportunity of exploiting Great Britain's blunders. While Lord Palmerston humiliated the Hellenic Kingdom on behalf of a fraudulent Israelite, Louis Napoleon endeavoured to screen it from the shafts and arrows of his neighbour; and, on failing, marked his displeasure and that of his country by recalling the French Ambassador from London.

In consequence of an unusual concurrence of circumstances, the interests of France coincided, for a short time, with the interests of England, and the two Powers combined to frustrate the national aspirations of Greece

[1] See *La Grèce Contemporaine* and *Le Roi des Montagnes*: two works which seem to exhale through every page the choicest aroma of Gallic wit and spitefulness.

in 1854. But the normal antagonism quickly revived, and in 1858 the French Government's agents in Crete openly took the part of the rebels, and encouraged them to look to France for support. A more sensational occasion for the display of Anglo-French rivalry was offered a few years later by the crisis which culminated in the deposition of King Otho (1862–1864). At that time, the French Minister in the Greek capital, acting in concert with the Russian, did all he could to check the Anglophile fever, and to the English candidate opposed first the candidature of the Russian favourite, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and then that of the French Duc d'Aumale. France on that issue came off second best—she had no Ionian Isles to bait her hook with. But it was not long before the terms were reversed.

Early in 1866 the Cretans began one of their recurrent attempts to shake off their chains. France made use of this rising to conciliate the affections both of the islanders and of their continental kinsmen; and on the 27th of December, 1866, M. de Moustier, French Minister for Foreign Affairs, proposed to the British Chargé d'Affaires in Paris the cession of Crete to Greece, adding that "were he the Sultan, he would not hesitate to abandon also Thessaly." It will be noticed that the proposal was only a copy of the policy which Lord Russell and Lord Palmerston had contemplated in 1862. But the Conservative party now in power was animated by an entirely different spirit, and its object was to promote the interests of Turkey—as it understood them—rather than to win the affections of Greece. France did not desist from urging her views;[1] and though, owing to British opposition, she achieved nothing for the Greeks, she

[1] See Lord Stanley to Lord Lyons, March 21, 1867, in Newton's *Lyons*, i. 164.

taught them henceforth to regard her as their staunchest friend. Behold, said French publicists—behold the difference between us and the English: We never falter in our Philhellenic sympathies and liberal principles; our political interests in the East—interests much older than those of England—do not blind us to the claims of humanity. We are not egoists. True, English liberality has been occasionally extended to you; but it was only the liberality of a cold-hearted and calculating patrician towards an importunate client, and it was not shown till after grievous suffering. At best the English—even the English Radicals—are utilitarians, and base their policy on interest alone, while we——!

The Hellenes listened to these rodomontades attentively—as how could they help it, with Hobart Pasha's guns close at hand to illustrate the story? That gallant seaman's exploits tarnished the gift of the Ionian Islands, and the obstinacy of the British Government in refusing to curtail the dominion of an unscrupulous and inefficient drone detested by the majority of mankind could not but be interpreted by the Hellenes as a demonstration of the French thesis, that the perfidious Albion was ready to subordinate every moral consideration to the pursuit of material ends: "*L'Angleterre se permet toutes les entreprises*" was the polite French for "England sticks at nothing." They believed in the disinterestedness of France, and showed their faith by the eagerness with which they espoused her cause in 1870, when many young Greek volunteers offered their lives in her defence.

It is the candid writer's painful duty to demolish popular legends. The French Government did not base its policy on moral principles or on idealist sentiments any more than the British: it based it entirely on considerations of profit and loss. There may be some

altruism in the actions of individuals; in the actions of Cabinets there is none. In recommending the gratification of Hellenic claims France was thinking of the balance of power, not of the balance of justice. If proof were needed, the year 1878 supplied it. That year the clandestine Anglo-Turkish Convention about Cyprus aroused violent indignation in France; and it was furiously demanded that the Republic should compensate itself for England's acquisition of Cyprus by seizing Chios, Rhodes, or Crete. That, however, did not prevent the French Government from gaining the gratitude of the Greeks, for had not its delegate at the Berlin Congress, M. Waddington, advocated their cause?[1]

Two years later the real character of French policy became manifest even to the least sceptical of Greek Francophiles. In 1880, when the question of Thessaly and Epirus was on the green cloth, the King of the Hellenes went to Paris with a view to stirring up Gambetta to come to his assistance. Gambetta was profuse in his expressions of goodwill, apparently going so far as to assure his Majesty that France, with or without the co-operation of other Powers, would give Greece even military support. But all this was nothing more than the exuberance of an impulsive and generous nature, assisted by the anxiety of a Republican to please Royalty. Gambetta, it is true, was not actually in office at the moment. But everybody knew that Freycinet, who was, would do whatever Gambetta told him. Well, Freycinet not only forbore to help Greece himself, but even refused to co-operate with Granville and Gladstone in helping her. Small as was the encouragement that the Greeks received from that French Minister, his atti-

[1] Newton's *Lyons*, ii. 145, 159; Prince Hohenlohe's *Memoirs*, ii. 221.

tude was wildly Philhellenic when compared with that of M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, his successor at the Quai d'Orsay. Fear of Germany was said to be tying the hands of France: "They always try to act with Germany and have a horror of sending away a ship or a man unless Germany does the same: such is their confidence in the friendship they profess to believe in that they want always to be ready at the shortest notice to attack their friend or defend themselves from him." Another motive for inaction was jealousy of England: Frenchmen said that "France made the Crimean War *pour les beaux yeux de l'Angleterre* and had better not repeat the experiment." [1]

A politician in a panic is apt to do strange things. The Foreign Minister of France, terrified at the prospect of a disturbance of the *status quo*, assumed towards the parties in the Greco-Turkish dispute the rôle of a Pontiff, and he played that rôle with an absence of humour rare in a Frenchman. He scolded both litigants loftily, but he was particularly set on the moral education of Greece. In scathing language he enumerated to the Hellenes the sins of their Government since the Berlin Congress, branded their aspirations as "egoistical illusions," moralized to them on the awful wickedness of national selfishness, and exhausted all the resources of prolixity and pedantry in an endeavour to make them renounce aims which so many French statesmen had pronounced both legitimate and noble.[2]

St. Hilaire's hysterical preaching was scarcely less distasteful to the Hellenes than Palmerston's brutal

[1] Lyons to Granville, July 13, Oct. 4, 1880, Newton's *Lyons*, ii. 226, 229.

[2] Mr. Arthur D. Elliot gives an amusing summary of this *verbosa et grandis epistola* in his *Life of Lord Goschen*, i. 205, 206.

hectoring had been; and the valuable assistance they received at the time from Great Britain eclipsed French influence at Athens. But what she lost in 1881 France was destined to recover four years later.

In the interval the policy of the Republic in the Eastern Mediterranean had undergone a change. France was as anxious as ever to redress the balance of power which had been upset to her disadvantage by the English occupation of Cyprus and Egypt. But she had decided to seek such redress not at the expense of Greece—by the annexation from Turkey of Greek islands—but through Greece: by favouring the growth of the Hellenic Kingdom, and getting it under her influence. This new orientation of French policy became plain in 1885.

That year the Bulgars, by throwing off the Tsar's leading-strings, deprived themselves of Russian support, and set France free to play her own cards in the Balkan game after her own fashion. The game has already been described. Greece claimed compensation for Bulgaria's aggrandizement. England led Europe in the coercion of Greece. France could not help Greece actively for obvious reasons; but she signalized her Philhellenic sentiments by declining, alone among the Great Powers, to participate in the blockade, or in any of the diplomatic steps which led up to that exhibition of the Higher Hooliganism.

The personal factor cannot be eliminated even from political equations, and the contrast between the representatives of France and England at Athens was as significant to Hellenic eyes as the contrast between their respective Governments. While Sir Horace Rumbold did all he could to barb and envenom the British missiles, his French colleague M. de Moüy—an agreeable, eminently cultivated scholar—pleaded for Greece with

something of the old-fashioned Philhellenic ardour. He did not treat her statesmen as pestilent visionaries, but encouraged them to resist arbitrary pressure, and after vainly striving to ward off the blow, managed by his sympathy to convince the Greek people that his country's non-intervention on their behalf was not due to want of will but simply to the superior might of circumstance.

* * * * *

Since that date all fluctuations in the attitude of France towards Greece ceased; and she went seriously to work to assist the little State and defend it through good repute and ill. *Rien de ce qui la touche ne nous laisse indifférents*, declared the spokesmen of the Republic, and acted accordingly. In 1897, as we saw, the Cretan spectre, after receding into the shadows for an instant, had again stalked forward. Greece proved lamentably incompetent to lay it. But even in her failure she found France more anxious to console than to criticize. President Faure sent a message to King George assuring him that, crushing though the disaster appeared, he had, by his gallant effort to rescue Crete, acquired *une hypothèque qui lui assurait l'avenir.*

In the Macedonian Question the French attitude was the same as in the Cretan. Although France acknowledged that the Bulgars had as good a right to their national aspirations as the Hellenes had to theirs, she did not permit her sympathy with Bulgarian idealism to degenerate into an opposition to Hellenic idealism. With all the intellectual honesty that differentiates the French from the English mind, and the impartiality that becomes a third person in a dispute, France insisted on hearing both sides, and on giving to each its due weight. In 1878 she had advocated Bulgaria's legitimate

claim to existence. In the years that followed she condemned Bulgaria's exorbitant pretensions to supremacy. And what has been said of French policy applies, naturally, also to the French Press. Even those French publicists who supported the Bulgarian cause in Macedonia most warmly never lost sight of the Hellenic side of the question: they had the candour to admit a fact which English Bulgarophiles deliberately overlooked—that racial or linguistic affinity is one thing, nationality another; that every Macedonian who was of Slavonic descent or spoke a sort of Bulgarian dialect was not *ipso facto* a Bulgar; but that many Macedonians of that type were as good Greeks as the German-speaking inhabitants of Alsace were Frenchmen, and the French-speaking inhabitants of Jersey Englishmen.[1]

At the very moment when the anti-Hellenic propaganda in London attained its meridian through the efforts of the Balkan Committee, Paris witnessed the birth of the *Ligue Française pour la défense des droits de l'Hellénisme*—a body including some of the most distinguished scholars and statesmen of the Republic. Prominent among these were the members of the archæological French school at Athens. Whilst in Greece they studied the living as well as the dead, entered into intimate relations with the people, and returned home qualified to speak on the political and social conditions of the country with as much authority as they spoke of its ruins.[2] In these antiquarians Greece found some of the ablest exponents of her cause in the West, and France not the least effective promoters of her influence in the East.

[1] See, e.g. M. Victor Bérard's *La Macédoine*, 25, 28.

[2] In 1909 I was privileged to supervise, at the request of the League, an English version of their valuable work *Greece in Evolution*.

The French Government, realizing, as always, that private enterprise, if it is to yield permanent results, must be organized and supported, has spared no pains to direct and stimulate the efforts of individuals. All those who labour to spread the influence of the Republic abroad merit and receive official rcognition : the monks no less than the scholars and the merchants. French friars are as active in the Levant now as they were in the days of the Monarchy ; but their activity has been purged of its old malignant spirit. The wafer is no longer rammed down the throats of Eastern Christians. Republican France is not at all anxious that the Greeks should learn to believe in the *Filioque,* in the Pope, or in Purgatory, being quite satisfied with their learning to speak and write the French language. In the lay schools scattered over the East, under the auspices of Paris, there is not even this faint tinge of a sectarian motive. These are founded and maintained for frankly political and commercial purposes. Politically they serve the interests of France by making the Greeks receive their ideas of Western nations and Governments through the medium of French books and newspapers ; commercially by making them prefer to deal with the manufacturers of the country whose tongue they know. The ordinary Frenchman—common opinion to the contrary notwithstanding —is a far worse linguist than the ordinary Englishman ; but he is endowed with a keener sense of self-interest : since he will not master other people's tongue, he furnishes them with the means of mastering his.

Another consequence of this systematic dissemination of French culture among the Greeks has been to attract Greek students to France. Thousands of budding lawyers, physicians, engineers went to finish their education in the colleges of the Republic, while many Greek officers

also joined the French army with a similar object in view. The presence of these young men assisted very materially to the consolidation of Franco-Hellenic friendship. Every year the Association of Greek Students in Paris celebrated the anniversary of Hellenic Independence with banquets at which French ambassadors and senators, academicians, men eminent in literature, science, or art, emphasized the relationship between the Greek and Latin races—the community of their ideals and interests. Even the dim memories of a remote past have been invoked to contribute to this "union of hearts." Some years ago the town of Marseilles celebrated the twenty-fifth centenary of its foundation by the Greeks of Phocæa. The actual Greek colony in Marseilles took a leading part in the festivities; the Hellenic Government, to give greater solemnity to the Greco-French jubilee, sent a squadron; and a colossal Greek inscription was set up by the French authorities at the entrance to the port, commemorating the Hellenic origin of the city.

More effective than these sentimental demonstrations in drawing the two nations together has been the substantial assistance which Greece has derived from France during the last two decades. The disaster of 1897 had left the Hellenic Kingdom exhausted but sobered. It had taught the Greeks that the most ardent patriotism and the loftiest spirit of self-sacrifice is of little use without the patient and disciplined preparation which alone can bring a national cause to fruition. This was the view upon which Tricoupis had framed his administration a dozen years before, but his countrymen were not yet ripe for adopting it. M. Venizelos—the second serious statesman that modern Greece has produced—was fortunate enough to arrive at a time more propitious for the accep-

tance of such a prosaic view; and under his direction the Greek State, after weathering a severe tempest, obtained the ballast of sense which was needed to counterpoise the wind of sentiment.

The political Recovery (*Anorthosis*, literally "Setting Straight Again") of 1909, was preceded and made possible by an economic recovery for which the entire credit is due to the Greek people itself; and in this work the chief share was borne by the Greek mercantile marine whose magnificent development has rendered it the principal source of national wealth.[1] Thanks to the industry, the intelligence, and the commercial intrepidity of her sons, Greece not only proved able to meet all her obligations, but, while meeting those obligations, grew richer and richer.

During this period of preparation France rendered Greece many and valuable services. While shallow critics elsewhere agreed, after the failure of 1897, in pronouncing the Hellenic Kingdom a power, in a military sense, beneath contempt, to French judges it was evident that the failure was to be ascribed to the defects not of the Greek nation, but of the Greek administration. They knew that the Greek soldier had, together with the faults inseparable from individualism and imagination, some fine qualities which have not always been found in better organized and better equipped armies: initiative, endurance, and limitless self-devotion. This they knew from personal experience. French officers of dis-

[1] The rapidity of this development is brought into startling relief by a comparison of dates and figures—

Year.	Greek Steamships.	Tonnage.
1875	28	8,240
1901	198	160,979
1913	389	433,663

See Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, "La Grèce, sa situation et ses perspectives," in the *Économiste français*, Mars 15, 1913.

tinction had from the early 'eighties been engaged to reorganize the Greek military machine, and had hitherto seen their endeavours wrecked on the rock of political demoralization. Once more a French mission undertook the task, and, under the improved political conditions, it succeeded. But even with a replenished treasury and a reorganized army Greece would have hardly been able to carry through the two Balkan wars were it not for the advantageous treatment accorded her by the French financial market in 1910, and the advances made to her in 1912.

Again, in the diplomatic negotiations which resulted in the Peace of Bucharest, France championed the Hellenic cause as if it were her own. Day after day *Le Temps*—the semi-official organ of the Quai d'Orsay, advocated the claims of Greece in articles which might have been written by a Greek patriot of the most extreme school. It was mainly thanks to the support of French diplomacy that Greece obtained Kavalla. Lastly, it was in France that Greece found the money she needed to discharge the provisional debts incurred by her two campaigns and to begin the administrative reform of the new territories: the first issue of the loan of liquidation of two hundred and fifty million francs was covered in Paris fifteen times (March 31, 1914). By this act France crowned her collaboration in the aggrandizement of the Hellenic Kingdom and, at the same time, affirmed her faith in its future.

Chapter V

RUSSIA AND GREECE

THE Russians complain that they have done more for the Christians of the East and yet enjoy less influence over them than any other Power. The complaint is well founded. We have seen how, within seven years, Russia lost the allegiance of the Bulgarian State which she had literally created with her own blood. Nor have Servia and Rumania been more docile to their benefactor. It is not many years since the Tsar addressed the little Prince of Montenegro as his one and only friend in the Balkans. All this is very disappointing; but whose the blame? Nine-tenths of so-called ingratitude are due to the fact that the pride of the giver and the pride of the recipient cannot agree about the price of the gift. The Russians have always made the mistake of forgetting that the recipient has any pride at all. No benefactor is, or ever has been, more intolerably vexatious to his dependants than the Tsar. His attitude towards them is the attitude of a master towards a slave, and in return for favours conferred he exacts sacrifices of such magnitude and in such a manner as to cancel all recollection and deaden all sense of obligation.[1]

[1] Some years ago I had the embarrassing experience of witnessing an interview between a Russian and a Bulgarian diplomatist in Macedonia. The latter, having been guilty of a slight indis-

The Greeks never were in the position in which the Slavs and Rumans have found themselves. Yet, within the limits imposed by circumstances, they soon learnt that freedom from the Sultan purchased with Russian assistance had to be paid for in subjection to the Tsar. Admiral Orloff, in 1770, would only subsidize and arm those who swore allegiance to the Empress and engaged to become her subjects; and, while he called upon the Greeks to risk their lives in the name of liberty, he treated them as serfs. The inhumanity of such a method of gaining friends and allies could only be exceeded by its imbecility. Two English writers have accurately described its inevitable results: "The Greeks, who had aspired at forming an independent State," says Finlay, "now perceived that even a successful insurrection would only make them the slaves of the Czarina, instead of the *rayahs* of the Sultan; and they knew that materially they would be no great gainers by the change." Byron, that faithful interpreter of the Greek spirit in all its phases, gave tongue to the feelings of Greek patriots in 1823 as follows—

> How should the autocrat of bondage be
> The king of serfs, and set the nations free?
> Better still serve the haughty Mussulman
> Than swell the Cossack's prowling caravan,
> Better still toil for masters than await,
> The slave of slaves, before a Russian gate.

Besides these obvious considerations, other causes contributed to the early estrangement of the Hellenes from their Muscovite patrons. The Revolution of 1821 was an essentially nationalist movement. The

cretion, was sent for and rated, in my presence and in the presence of an American journalist, by the angry Russian after a fashion that made me think of Squire Western speaking to his disobedient daughter.

idea of creed, it is true, was not absent from the minds of the revolutionaries, but it was no longer a paramount idea: they fought for Orthodoxy against Islam, to be sure; but they chiefly fought for Hellenism against Barbarism. This was what their school-bred poets preached, though the priests who shared in the struggle employed a different vocabulary. As time went on, the religious feeling which had drawn their grandfathers to the great Orthodox Power of the north was superseded more and more by the feeling of race. A few old-fashioned folk continued to look upon the Tsar as their natural leader; but the bulk of the Greek nation had come to regard him as their natural rival: the Russian claim to Constantinople was by itself sufficient to alienate them from Russia; and would Russia be content with Constantinople alone?

The Petersburg diplomatists were perfectly aware of this change in the Hellenic point of view and trimmed their policy accordingly. Behind all the other reasons which induced the Russian Government to turn the cold shoulder to the insurrections it had instigated was the knowledge that the overthrow of the Turkish Empire through a Hellenic upheaval would result in the erection of a Greek Empire—a Power not disposed to receive its orders from Petersburg. Hence it did all it could to thwart the realization of the patriots' grandiose dream. When the Western Powers under the influence of Canning intervened on behalf of Greece in 1827, Russia proposed that, instead of creating one free Greece, there should be created a number of independent Greek provinces—a proposal to which Canning replied: "The support of this country should never be given to any scheme for disposing of the Greeks without their consent." After the establishment of the Hellenic Kingdom

Russia's aim was to maintain an Ottoman Empire virtually dependent upon her rather than let it be supplanted by a State which might in time rival her in strength and wealth. Count Nesselrode expressed these views in documents since made public.

But it was as clear to Russian as to other statesmen that the maintenance of an Empire such as the Turkish could be nothing more than a temporary expedient. Even if the indefinite perpetuation of the Osmanli rule, however nominal, were desirable, it was not feasible. The question for Russian statesmanship was to provide a successor, or rather successors, who would be prepared to pay to the Tsar the obedience which could not be expected from the Hellenes. Such convenient vessels Russian statesmen found, or imagined that they found in the Sultan's Slavonic subjects. The exploitation of Balkan Slavs was, of course, not a new policy. So far back as the beginning of the eighteenth century Peter the Great's agents had been as busy among them as among the Greeks. While the Greeks were fed with prophecies, said to have been discovered in the tomb of Co stantine the Great, which declared that the time had come when the Byzantine Empire was to be restored by the "blond race," Serbs and Bulgars were flattered with promises that they were to become the dominant element in a new Eastern Empire, as the sovereignty of Constantinople was about to pass into the hands of the Tsar of Russia—the head of all the Slavs. But it was not until after the Crimean War that this policy assumed a distinctly Slavonic colour.

Under the inspiration of the racial doctrines which had spread throughout Europe by the middle of the nineteenth century, there arose in Russia the Panslavic school of thought: a semi-political, semi-academic,

wholly militant movement actuated by the desire to liberate the Slavonic subjects of the Ottoman and Austrian Empires, and unite them under the ægis of Russia. In the eyes of the Panslavs the Greek was an enemy as much as the Turk. The Greek Church, in which Hellenism had its chief citadel, from a stepping-stone became a stumbling-block. Instead of supporting its unity, as it had hitherto done, Russian diplomacy should work for its disruption. By 1856 the Panslavs had succeeded in inoculating the Petersburg Government with their ideas, and the campaign against the Hellenic citadel began in earnest.

It was carried on under the banner of Nationalism. The Arab-speaking Christians of Syria supplied one field for operations; the Bulgarian-speaking Christians of the Balkan Peninsula supplied the other. The *modus operandi* in both was the same. By means of a literary propaganda the Russians strove to arouse among both populations a consciousness of their national individuality, and a hostility towards the Hellenic influence: they should no longer allow themselves to be absorbed by the Hellene—serve as tools for his supremacy. Religion was one thing, nationality another: they could continue being good Orthodox Christians without acknowledging any allegiance to an ecclesiastical institution permeated with alien spirit, animated by national ambitions which were not theirs, which were fatal to their existence as national entities. Such was the manifesto issued from the Panslav headquarters: the appeal to Arab and Bulgarian idealism was, of course, reinforced by less ideal means. Money, diplomacy, intrigue, intimidation were all employed without stint or scruple.[1]

[1] For a detailed, though anything but exhaustive, account of these far-reaching and unremitting machinations, see Sir Horace

The most important achievement of this many-sided activity was the creation of an independent Bulgarian Exarchate as a rival to the Greek Patriarchate of Constantinople: a schism consummated, after a prolonged and bitter struggle, in 1872, as a prelude to the Bulgarian State which was founded six years later. General Ignatieff, the indefatigable commander-in-chief of the Panslavist forces, had dreamed of a Bulgaria extending through the major portion of the Balkan Peninsula, and he is reported to have said, when the San Stefano treaty was signed: "Now let the Greeks swim to Constantinople!"

Russia's favourable attitude towards their claims in Crete could not console the Greeks for her enmity everywhere else. Prince Gortchakoff, who was but a lukewarm Panslav, openly advocated the desirability of the island's union with the mother country, and the rebellion of 1866–1868 throughout its duration enjoyed the approval of Petersburg as much as it endured the disapproval of London. But the policy of General Ignatieff had left no room for gratitude in the Hellenic breast. Many Greeks in Turkey, having come to the conclusion that the Turk was a less dangerous enemy than the Russian, made common cause with the Young Turks and supported Midhat Pasha, preferring an Ottoman Constitution to a Russian Liberation: which, remarks the Tsar's representative at Constantinople, "*créait un état de choses curieux.*" [1]

The Greco-Turkish crisis of 1880–1881 offered the Hellenes another opportunity for gauging Russia's dis-

Rumbold's *Recollections*, ii. 321–327; my *Tale of a Tour in Macedonia* (1903), ch. xxxix.; and my "Panslavism in the Near East," in the *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1903.

[1] M. Nelidow's "Souvenirs d'avant et d'après la Guerre de 1877–1878," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, July 15, 1915, p. 259.

position towards them. At first the Petersburg Government appeared inclined to co-operate with England in enforcing the decisions of the Berlin Conference in their favour; and the Russian Ambassador in London proposed to Lord Granville to furnish twenty thousand Russians for the purpose. But the project fell through: even if the English Liberals wished to face the possibility of an occupation of Constantinople by the Tsar's troops, there was not a single Power in Europe upon whose complaisance they could reckon. Besides, it is doubtful whether British public opinion, despite Gladstone's ascendancy at the moment, would have tolerated so desperate a remedy. On failing to exploit the situation for her own benefit, Russia left England alone to uphold the Berlin settlement: the coercion of Turkey for the sake of Greece had ceased to commend itself to her.

In 1885, the unexpected departure of the Russian Minister at Athens to wait upon the Emperor at Livadia, in the Crimea, was interpreted by the Athenians as an indication of Russian support in their emergency; and there is reason to believe that before his departure the Tsar's representative gave the Greek Premier hopes. But, though at that time Russia was angry with Bulgaria, she refused to assist her Hellenic rival.

It was at that epoch that the Greeks, finding England on the side of their enemies, felt compelled to modify their Great Idea. In the half-century that had elapsed since the declaration of their independence new and formidable forces had sprung up to bar their expansion. The Slav masses of the Balkan Peninsula, once proud to be reckoned as "Greeks," had become conscious of their ethnical destiny. As Sir William White put it: "The Bulgarian has been created; and, though he may not be strong enough to hold the Straits, he will be

quite strong enough to prevent the Greeks from doing so,"—and behind the Bulgar marched the Russian.

The Greek statesman Tricoupis was clear-sighted enough to perceive the change in the position, and wise enough to adapt himself to it. "The object he had at heart," records one who knew him, "was rather to preserve to Hellenic culture and Hellenic influences those districts of Central and Southern Macedonia that were the last remnant of the splendid inheritance to which the Greeks of the *Grande Idée* not so long ago still laid claim. On one occasion he showed me on the map a line which he thought quite acceptable. All he looked for, he said, would be a tacit recognition of a right to moral action within this Hellenic sphere." [1] But even to this limited aspiration Russia was as hostile as England. In 1897 Petersburg used its power in the Concert against Greece, and it was only after her defeat had made her harmless that the Tsar came forward as the friend of the vanquished. It was on his initiative that Greece obtained on exceptionally equitable terms the foreign loan which enabled her to defray her war indemnity to Turkey, and that the Powers decided to entrust Prince George with the government of Crete. The Greeks expressed their gratitude to Russia for these services; but—the aims of Panslavism are by the nature of things incompatible with the aims of Panhellenism; and the Greek people had by that time grown so suspicious of Russia as to mistrust even her gifts.

In the winter of 1901 this deep-seated suspicion found a curious expression. For generations past men of letters in Greece had been divided on what has come to be known as the Language Question: the majority supporting "pure" Greek as the medium of public

[1] Sir Horace Rumbold, *Final Recollections*, p. 109.

instruction, a small but noisy minority advocating the claims of "vulgar" Greek. Until that year this war about words had been waged with the appropriate weapon of words; and the only fluid shed in its course was ink.[1] But suddenly the quarrel was transferred from the schools to the streets. Mass meetings were held in Athens, heads were broken, the Prime Minister was nearly murdered, and mob law was called in to settle a linguistic dispute.

The immediate cause of this eruption was the appearance in a newspaper of a version of the New Testament into the vernacular. To many Greeks the publication was obnoxious on grounds of taste; but what impelled the Athenian crowd to forget its habitual good temper and good manners so deplorably was a rumour that stirred its national susceptibilities to their depths. Pure Greek was regarded as a bond of racial unity; the attempt to dethrone it was consequently an attempt inspired by the wish to bring about racial disunion. *Cui bono?* The answer was obvious. The Queen had interested herself in a popular version of the Gospels for the benefit of the ignorant, and the Queen was a Russian by birth. No further evidence was needed: Panslavism was, as usual, endeavouring to destroy Panhellenism. Once this rumour obtained currency and credence, the literary merits of the question were utterly forgotten in its political bearings. University professors and party politicians, laymen and clergymen, students and shoeblacks, bound together by a common prejudice, rose like one man to defend the national cause against its enemies: real or imaginary. Such was the true origin of the "Gospel riots," which puzzled, scandalized, and amused the academic world for some

[1] An early and rather entertaining example will be found in Holland, 173.

weeks at the time.[1] The incident itself is trivial; the causes which brought it about are in a high degree interesting and instructive.

It was this Slavonic peril that again induced the Greeks in 1908 to support the Young Turks even more whole-heartedly than their fathers had supported them thirty years before.[2] The Young Turks failed to profit by Hellenic sympathy; and Russia, through all the oscillations of her Balkan policy, never swerved from her fixed goal: directly or indirectly to subject the Peninsula to the domination of the Slavonic race. M. Isvolsky, during the Bosnian Crisis, once more enunciated the Russian programme: The Tsar's Government, he said, had clearly intimated to Bulgaria that its further relations with that State would depend, not on her conduct in the past, but on her conduct in the future. So far as she might remain faithful to the solidarity of the other Slavonic States—Servia and Montenegro—she could rely on the Tsar's favour: "These three States must become imbued with the consciousness of the necessity of moral and political union. Our aim must be to bring them together." [3]

Three years later Russia succeeded in bringing them together. Greece joined the Servo-Montenegro-Bulgarian Alliance against Turkey: until Bulgaria's greed destroyed the union of a day and rekindled the feud of an age. Russia was very angry with the wilful and treacherous Bulgars; but her anger against them did not make her any the more favourably disposed towards the Hellenes. As in 1885 so in 1913, she expressed her displeasure with one Slavonic State by espousing the

[1] See *The Times* and *The Manchester Guardian*, December, 1901–February, 1902.

[2] See my *Turkey in Transition*, 84–85.

[3] Statement in the Duma, Dec. 24, 1908.

cause of another. At the Conference of Bucharest her game was to support Servia's claims against Bulgaria, and Bulgaria's claims against Greece. Had it rested entirely with the Tsar, Kavalla would have gone to Bulgaria. It went to Greece thanks to France. The Treaty of Bucharest was the result of a compromise between the two Powers: France, who cared little for Servia, backed her as against Bulgaria, and in return obtained Russia's acquiescence in the gratification of Greek claims.

The Greeks understood the situation perfectly. During the whole of the last half-century they had found the Petersburg Government undermining the prestige and power of Hellenism in every quarter: from Mount Athos to the Mount of Olives. A Greek bishop, in a work which made its appearance at that moment, gave utterance to the feelings of his countrymen as follows—

"The wounds inflicted upon the body of the Greek Church, during many centuries, by the propagandas from the West are nothing compared with the wounds opened by our co-religionists in the North. No doubt this policy has so far been very helpful to Russia's eastward advance; but, viewed from a wider standpoint, it appears as a deplorable failure for Russia's own real interests. The Hellenes no longer see in Russia a generous protector of Orthodoxy, nor a disinterested friend of Hellenism. So far from going through a period of senile decay [one of the Panslav arguments against the Greek pretensions to leadership], they have been able, with God's help, to hold their own until this day, so glorious for the Hellenic nation. As to the future, God is good." [1]

The statement does not err on the side of exaggeration.

[1] *To Hagion Oros kai he Rosikè Politikè en Anatolè.* By Meletios Metaxakis, Metropolitan of Kition (Athens, 1913), p. 73.

Chapter VI

THE GERMANIC POWERS AND GREECE

OF all the nations that opposed their emancipation the Austrian for a long time was the most odious to the Hellenes. Other Powers might have shown their hostility by refusing to assist them. Austria showed it by actively persecuting them. In 1798 the great patriot-poet Rhigas went to Vienna, to solicit aid for the liberation of his country, and the Government of the Hapsburgs had the unexampled baseness to seize and surrender him to the Turks, who tortured him to death. Again, in 1821, when the Moldavian insurrection was crushed, Prince Ypsilantis escaped into Transylvania; but instead of the sanctuary he hoped to find, he found an Austrian dungeon. Throughout the Hellenic struggle Metternich acted as the Sultan's ally, and the Austrian Minister at Constantinople, if he did not advise, certainly did not discourage the wholesale massacres by which the Porte tried to suppress the rebellion.

Alarmed by Russia's action in 1828, Metternich modified his attitude and advocated, as a matter of expedience, the cause he detested on principle. But the Greeks, who had not been cowed by Austria's enmity, remained unmoved by this display of her favour. They knew that Metternich was not their friend. His denunciations of liberals and reformers everywhere and at all times

had stamped him for ever as the enemy of freedom. For such a statesman and such a State they could nourish no other feeling than that of intense abhorrence.

By the middle of the century the Hapsburgs, yielding to necessity, changed their political creed completely, and after 1867 no one could accuse them of ignoring the rights of nationalities more than is unavoidable in a heterogeneous empire like theirs. But, unfortunately for the Hellenes, this newborn liberalism manifested itself, not on their behalf but on behalf of their Bulgarian rivals. The Vienna Cabinet, actuated as always by jealousy of Russia's growing power in the Balkan Peninsula, espoused, in 1870, the Bulgarian cause: "Count Andrassy vainly imagining that he could compete in it with Russia, and thus acquire a lead with an important section of the Southern Slavs still subject to Turkey." [1]

In the crisis of 1880–1881 the Austrian Government strongly disapproved of the Greek claims to Thessaly and Epirus, and only thought of a settlement that would give the maximum of satisfaction to the Turks. When Goschen reached Constantinople, he found the Austrian Ambassador there a confirmed Turcophile. As the negotiations progressed, or rather failed to progress, the Vienna Government refused to budge from its anti-Hellenic position. Austria, reported the British representative in the capital of the Dual Monarchy, was prepared to play the part of mediator and no more; and the British Foreign Secretary's rejoinder that Austria was, in common with the other signatories to the Treaty of Berlin, fully committed to a large rectification of the Greek frontier, produced little effect.[2]

When in 1885 Bulgaria tore up the Treaty of Berlin

[1] Sir Horace Rumbold's *Recollections*, ii. 324.
[2] A. D. Elliot's *Life of Lord Goschen*, i. 217, 230.

and upset the balance of power in the Balkans by annexing Eastern Rumelia, the Vienna Government took up a strongly anti-Bulgarian attitude, partly because at that time it had Bulgaria's rival Servia under its tutelage and partly because it failed to realize that the Bulgarian *coup d'état* was a *coup de grâce* to Russian influence over the Principality. But this truth, though very slowly, dawned at last on Austrian diplomatists, and, after trying to dissuade Prince Ferdinand of Coburg from accepting the Bulgarian throne, the Court of Vienna ended by supporting him, with England, against Russia in 1889.[1] Even while still hostile to the Bulgars, Austria remained unfriendly to the Greeks, and, in 1885, Count Kalnoky absolutely declined to listen to the explanations by which King George's representative attempted to justify the line pursued by his Government.[2]

It is true that, in 1896, Count Goluchowski expressed the opinion that the blame for the crisis lay entirely with the Turks, and that it would be impossible for Greece to stand aloof if acts of savagery took place in Crete, adding that, under such circumstances, she would probably have much European sympathy on her part.[3] But this platonic approval could not, and did not, impress the Hellenes; for both in Macedonia and in Epirus they found Austria consistently and systematically opposed to their efforts at expansion. In the latter province it has long been the Vienna Government's policy to foster the nationalist movement of the Southern Albanians; in the former to vie with Russia in the support of the Slavonic element against the Hellenic. And under all these manœuvres the Greeks have since 1878 dis-

[1] See Blue Book *Affairs in the East*, 3 (1889).
[2] Sir Horace Rumbold's *Final Recollections*, 49.
[3] Blue Book *Turkey*, 7 (1896).

cerned the Austrian desire, sooner or later, to reach the Ægean by the absorption of all the lands between the Danube and Salonica.

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Apart from their unfortunate experience of King Otho and his Bavarians, during the first five decades of their modern history the Greeks came into contact with Germany through the action of German scholarship rather than of German statesmanship, and the contact was not of a nature to develop any very great cordiality on either side. Their war of independence had evoked a good deal of enthusiasm among German University professors and students, and many of the latter hastened to assist in the struggle for the regeneration of Hellas. But they distinguished themselves chiefly by the ease with which they allowed reality to kill their idealism, and by the alacrity with which they hastened back from a country which fell so terribly short of their standards of moral sublimity and material comfort: the Greeks were ungrateful, their lodgings bad, their cooking execrable. Such was the burden of the lamentations with which many a would-be German hero returned to the Fatherland.[1]

But that was not the worst. At the very moment when the patriots were on the point of gathering in the fruits of their long struggle (1830), a German professor undertook to prove that the Greeks were not Greeks, but Slavs: that they had obtained so much sympathy from Western Philhellenes under false pretences. Now this paradox, for which Fallmerayer got the credit, was

[1] Finlay, then studying at a German University, heard these dithyrambs of disillusion and was so much impressed by them that he became himself a Greek revolutionary in a small way. See his "Adventure during the Greek Revolution," in *Blackwood's Magazine*, November, 1842.

not really his own. Twenty years before an English merchant of Constantinople had attempted to rob the Greeks of their pedigree ;[1] but the opinions of a merchant on a question of that nature attracted no more attention than they deserved. Besides, Thornton's work had made its appearance whilst Philhellenism was still in its infancy. Fallmerayer's came out at a time much more favourable to notoriety. His theory, supported by a copious, if not very profoundly critical, appeal to documents, not only made all European Philhellenes look foolish, but carried conviction to many scholars richer in book-learning than in reasoning power, and, through them, to that vast class of "general readers" who, devoid of scholarship themselves, are apt to overrate it in others. Later investigations, led by another German professor, Carl Hopf, have reduced Fallmerayer's discovery to the level from which it should never have been lifted. It is now recognized that, with whatever alloy of foreign elements, the modern inhabitants of Hellas are in point of blood very largely the descendants of her ancient inhabitants ; and in point of mind and character wholly so. If this spiritual descent is not proved by their achievements, it is by their failings.

But meanwhile much mischief was done ; for the effect of the Munich professor's work endured long after its foundations had been exploded. That a hypothesis on the remote past of a race should affect its future may sound more paradoxical than Fallmerayer's theory. But as the popularity of the Greeks was, in a very great measure, due to the belief in their lineal descent from the authors of the Parthenon and the heroes of Marathon, this plausible attack on their pedigree had a corresponding

[1] See Thomas Thornton's *Present State of Turkey* (2nd ed., 1809).

influence over the world's attitude towards them: upon such slender threads sometimes hang a small nation's destinies.[1]

The Greeks never forgave the learned German the harm he did them, and to this day find it difficult to imagine that he could have acted from any but mercenary motives. They suspect that he must have been in the pay of their enemies. They do not know the fascination which theorizing for its own sake has for a certain type of intellect: they only know that the Panslavs still cite Fallmerayer as a witness to the scientific and historical basis of their political pretensions.

On the other hand, the laborious devotion of German scholars to the study of their ancient and mediaeval literature did much to imbue the Greeks with respect for "learned Germany" (*sophè Germania*), and it soon became the fashion among their philologists to go to her universities as to oracles of infallible wisdom in all that pertains to classical lore. For, after all, if there is one thing the Hellene loves more than the pursuit of wealth, it is the pursuit of knowledge, and the country with the best schools will always inspire him with greater veneration than the country with the biggest shops.

Greco-German intercourse had reached this point when Prussia's accession to the hegemony of the Germanic race brought the two States into direct political contact.

[1] It is pleasant to turn from the pedantry of a merchant and the fancifulness of a scholar to the robust common sense of a poet. Byron, with reference to Mr. Thornton's work, asks "What can it import whether the Mainotes are the lineal Laconians or not? or the present Athenians as indigenous as the bees of Hymettus, or as the grasshoppers, to which they once likened themselves? What Englishman cares if he be of Danish, Saxon, Norman, or Trojan blood? or who, except a Welshman, is afflicted with a desire of being descended from Caractacus?" Athens, Jan. 23, 1811.

Bismarck's attitude towards Greece was frankly opportunist. During the Cretan crisis of 1866–1868, he tried in vain to persuade the British Government that even from its own point of view the best policy was a policy favourable to Greece. He told the English ambassador at Berlin that "the civil war in Crete could not continue without danger to other portions of the Ottoman Empire," and that, "if England would assist in obtaining the cession of Crete to Greece, all present difficulties in the East would be at once arranged." [1]

Not less pliant to Greek claims the Iron Chancellor proved himself in the Greco-Turkish quarrel of 1880–1881. Goschen on his return to Constantinople stopped at Berlin, and the two statesmen went fully into the question of how the litigants should respectively be dealt with. Bismarck heartily endorsed the British ambassador's sentiment that no undue pressure should be put upon Greece—

"I agree with you, Mr. Goschen," he said. "The Greeks ought not to be bŭllied (*sic*). The Turks, as the stronger Power, should be made soft."

That material support ought to be given to Greece, if Turkey, notwithstanding the prohibition of the Powers, should attack her, Bismarck was prepared, and even eager, to admit. He flung out the suggestion with emphatic spontaneity—

"If moral support did not suffice, why they must have immoral support."

The defence of the Hellenic coasts was easy enough; but what if the Turks invaded the kingdom across Thessaly?

Bismarck's answer was prompt and to the point—

[1] See Lord A. Loftus's *Diplomatic Reminiscences*, Sec. Ser. i. 187.

"If international troops could not be landed, at all events Greek troops could be put on board the international fleet and landed at vulnerable points, as for instance the Dardanelles. That would bring the Turks to reason."

Goschen, in his record of the interesting interview, comments that this bold suggestion was apparently not simply the inspiration of the moment. Bismarck returned to it at their second interview, spoke of forty thousand Greek soldiers being carried on foreign ships, and there and then dictated a circular to the German ambassadors abroad, giving them an abstract of the plan, with instructions to communicate it to the Governments to which they were accredited.

Vastly delighted were British diplomatists to find the great man so amenable to their policy. The Concert of Europe was at last to have an authoritative conductor, said Goschen; or, as Granville expressed it, the great man was harnessed to the omnibus, with a premium upon his pride to pull it up the hill.

In fact, Bismarck seemed ready to pull the omnibus even higher up than the Foreign Office contemplated. He proposed to give Greece as much continental territory as had been settled at the Berlin Conference, and, as a substitute for a portion of Epirus, also Crete. This was a new departure in the spirit as well as in the letter of the Berlin agreement. For the rectification of frontier recommended by the Congress in 1878 was not so much for the purpose of aggrandizing Greece as of providing a satisfactory boundary between her and Turkey, and thus avoiding friction that might lead to a European conflagration.

But in the interval between these conversations at Berlin and Goschen's arrival at Constantinople Bis-

marck's plans suffered a change which mystified as much as it grieved British diplomatists.

The German ambassador at the Porte, contrary to his English colleague's expectations, never gave the slightest hint that, under certain circumstances, resort might be had to something more than moral support of Greece; and when Lord Granville urged the Chancellor, through the British ambassador at Berlin, to instruct his representative on the Bosphorus to act in accordance with his language to Goschen, he let it be understood that he himself no longer desired that any measures beyond moral pressure should be mentioned, unless war became inevitable. Finally he said plainly that he thought the best thing would be for Europe to accept from the Turks what she could get the Turks to give—and that meant Crete only.[1]

Now, it is important to point out that this was a change not in degree only. Whoever advised the Sultan to give up Crete showed himself the friend of Turkey rather than of Greece; for, invaluable as the acquisition of the island would have been to the latter, its loss would have been even more advantageous to the former. The island had never since its conquest, after a twenty-four years' appalling struggle (1645–1669), yielded to its possessor anything but trouble. No well-wisher of the Ottoman Empire had failed to express the opinion that, both from a military and from a political point of view, the abandonment of Crete could only be regarded as strengthening Turkey's power.[2] A single act of beneficence, of justice, of prudence, would have delivered

[1] Elliot's *Goschen*, 207–230.

[2] This thesis has been very ably expounded by a writer whose friendliness to Turkey cannot be questioned. See Captain Rudolf von Labrés's *Politik und Seekrieg*.

the Sultan from the never-ending rebellions which drained his army and treasury, and would have brought about a Greco-Turkish understanding against the Slavs highly beneficial to his rule. In refusing to perform this act the Porte gave a gross proof of stubbornness and stupidity.

It was, then, the desire to save the Sultan from the consequences of his own pig-headedness—from the disasters and disgraces which Crete had cost and was yet going to cost him—that prompted Bismarck's policy in 1881: not the desire, as French statesmen, obsessed by their Prussian nightmare, imagined, to plunge Europe into war. And the abrupt tergiversation which puzzled the English Government so sorely at the time can easily be accounted for in the light of concurrent events.

For some time past a section of German opinion had been working for the adoption of the programme embodied in the phrase *Drang nach Osten*. The exponents of that programme had already begun to teach Turkey to look to Germany for the assistance which she could no longer obtain from England. Bismarck had made himself the sponsor of that policy to the extent of deciding to lend the Sultan a number of officers and civil servants. How much farther he may have been prepared to go in that direction it is hard to say. No doubt his action would have been governed by circumstances. But to the extent indicated he considered the policy sound and profitable in many respects. While discharging their duties, those young Germans would be improving their own education, and furnishing the Berlin authorities with reliable information which could not otherwise be obtained. Moreover, the influence which Germany would thus acquire at the Porte might prove very useful on an emergency: if France and Russia attacked her, the attitude and the military efficiency of Turkey would be matters of con-

siderable interest. In any case, Bismarck argued, "Turkey could never be dangerous to *us*, but under certain circumstances her enemies might be ours."[1]

How Bismarck reconciled these pro-Turkish views with his pro-Greek utterances to Goschen and his instructions to the German ambassadors, Heaven only knows. Certainly neither the German advocates of the Sultan nor their Ottoman friends knew. Both sides felt that, if the Chancellor persisted in the plan which he had so cheerfully outlined to his English visitor, the Turco-German *rapprochement* then in the course of construction would be ruined; and they both set to work to prevent such a calamity. He did not persist; and the result was a new chapter added to Germany's *Welt-politik*—a chapter destined to mark a momentous era in the history of the world.

Thenceforth for Greece to expect any sympathy from Berlin would have been the sign of idiocy. Bismarck knew his business far too well to attempt the impossible, and of this knowledge he soon gave ample evidence. When in 1885 the Hellenes were roused by the Bulgarian *coup* to demand compensation at Turkey's expense, it was the Iron Chancellor who first proposed, through his ambassador in London, that effective pressure should be brought to bear on them by means of a naval demonstration at the Piræus: in other words, that they should be "bŭllied." Upon this proposal being rejected, for the moment, partly through the unwillingness of France to join, the German Minister at Athens was instructed to suggest some other form of joint coercion; and at the same time the Greek Chargé d'Affaires at Berlin reported to his Government that nothing could exceed the severity of the language held to him by Count Herbert

[1] See Prince Hohenlohe's *Memoirs*, July 16, 1880, ii. 268.

Bismarck. Likewise, when the Greek hopes of English support were revived by Gladstone's accession to power, the first person to disillusion King George's advisers was the German Minister at Athens, who was charged with a private message to the Greek Premier from Bismarck to the effect that he must not indulge any expectations that the attitude of the Liberal Cabinet would differ from that of its Tory predecessor, and that it might, indeed, prove even more decided. To crown all, the secret inquiries made by the Powers as to the state of the defences at Salamis and the approaches to the Piræus, previous to sending their armada, were conducted by the German officers who had recently come in charge of the torpedo boats purchased by the Hellenic Government at Kiel and Stettin.[1] Truly, when Bismarck went out with his gun, he did not waste time in beating about the bush.

In 1889 the marriage of the Kaiser's sister to the Greek Crown Prince, the present King Constantine, appeared to hold out the promise of a more sympathetic attitude. But the Kaiser soon dispelled such illusions; and, as though to make it clear to all parties concerned that private ties were not to influence his public policy, he went straight from his sister's wedding at Athens to Constantinople on a memorable visit to Abdul Hamid. Much nonsense was talked then, and has been repeated since, that his anti-Hellenic bias was dictated by pique at Princess Sophie's conversion to the Orthodox Church—as if the statesman who ostentatiously patronized Islam cared about the petty divisions of Christendom, or as if the head of the House of Hohenzollern had not been consulted on the step his sister was about to take! The plain fact, of course, is that the pro-Ottoman orientation

[1] Rumbold's *Final Recollections*, 49, 79, 80.

of German foreign policy, inaugurated under Bismarck and developed by William II, was incompatible with Philhellenic sympathies.

Prussia, it has already been said, never does things by halves. The Kaiser did not even pretend to do so. There is a certain candour and consistency about the movements of Prussian diplomacy, which, though the persons who suffer from it may denounce as brutal, make the student's task much easier. One has not to wade through a morass of cant to get at the true meaning of its manœuvres. In accordance with this traditional simplicity, William, in 1897, took the lead in urging another blockade of the kingdom over which his sister was to reign one day;[1] and when England refused to play again the part of Europe's public executioner, he urged Turkey to fall upon Greece with overwhelming forces, so as to secure for herself quiet for years and demonstrate to the world that, thanks to German tuition, she possessed stores of strength that few people suspected in her. The Sultan took his mentor's advice. The Kaiser's strategists directed the Turkish army's operations against the army commanded by his brother-in-law, and the German Press proved more than liberal in its language about the people who had dared defy the Empire over which the German eagle had spread his mighty pinions.

In their feud with the Bulgars the Greeks have encountered almost as much hostility from Germany as in their conflict with the Turks. Bulgaria, since her breach with Russia in 1885, kept in close touch with Germany's Austrian ally. On more than one critical occasion Sofia and Vienna have combined to checkmate Petersburg, and Berlin, naturally, blessed a game which

[1] Rumbold's *Final Recollections*, 297.

served to strengthen the Germanic interest and to weaken the Slavonic in South-eastern Europe. Among the innumerable works written about the intricate Greco-Bulgarian controversy, perhaps the ablest, on the Bulgarian side, is the one written by Richard von Mach[1]—an ex-officer of the German and Bulgarian armies and German newspaper correspondent at Sofia, to whom the Sobranye, in 1907, voted, as a reward for his services, an annual pension.

It would be superfluous to add that the feeling which German policy has engendered among the Greeks is not one of affection. But neither is it one of hate, such as the Austrians inspire. Germany has never treacherously handed over a Greek patriot of genius to an ignominious and cruel death, nor volunteered to act as the Sultan's jailer. Her opposition has always been open. The Hellenes have inherited the passion for outspokenness which characterized their ancestors. They have also inherited their ancestors' veneration for brains, and cannot deny their tribute to a country which has contributed so much to the increase of human knowledge. Lastly, there is the wonderful progress made by Germany since 1870 in industry, commerce, and maritime enterprise: all these are things which the Greeks understand better than most people, and, in such a case, to understand is to admire.

[1] *Der Machtbereich des Bulgarischen Exarchat in der Turkei.*

Chapter VII

THE MORAL SUASION OF GREECE

TO no people in Europe did the Great War come as a more disagreeable surprise than to the Hellenes. After ninety years' struggles and disappointments, they had just seen their national union in large measure accomplished. True, many Greek territories still remained under alien rule; but sufficient unto the day the gain and the cost thereof. Their sole aim was to secure and develop the fruits of their victories, not to grasp at more. Like a person who has sown his wild oats, Hellas was minded to settle down to business.

Domestic conditions were eminently favourable to such a programme. Blessed with a sovereign and a statesman in whose capacity to lead implicit trust could be placed, the country, for the first time in its history, was wholly free from political discord; and its finances, despite two expensive wars, showed a promising robustness. The external situation gave no cause for immediate anxiety. Turkey continued unreconciled, and Bulgaria was sullen. The possibility of attack from both those quarters could not be ignored; but it was a remote possibility, and, as Servia lived under a similar apprehension, the two friendly States had entered into an alliance for mutual defence.

United, satisfied with the present, and confident in the future, the Greek people addressed itself to the task of consolidation without delay and with remarkable success. Before twelve months had elapsed since the Peace of Bucharest, life in the newly-acquired provinces had assumed a new face : wastes had been turned into gardens, vineyards, and cornfields ; anarchy had vanished ; absolute security reigned in districts which until 1912 had been the theatres of perpetual brigandage and outrage. In the winter of 1914 no assizes were held in Macedonia for want of criminals. But these were, of course, only the foundation-stones of the edifice that was to replace the Ottoman ruin. The plan of reconstruction included roads, railways, bridges, ports, and all kinds of other improvements essential to civilized existence ; and for the execution of that plan the Hellenic Kingdom needed a long spell of tranquillity.

The European War was the very last thing the Greeks wished or were prepared for. But it did not appear at first to threaten them with any more serious shock than the economic disturbance which every neutral country was bound to experience. Repeated assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, her Treaty with Servia imposed upon Greece no obligation, legal or moral. It was a purely Balkan arrangement, providing for no complications outside the Balkan area. This is proved not only by the evidence of one who took an active part in its conclusion,[1] but also by the fact that Servia neither called

[1] Prince Nicolas of Greece to the Editor of the *Temps* : " J 'ai moi-même pris une part active aux négociations qui ont abouti à la conclusion de ce traité d'alliance. Je puis affirmer que ce traité est un traité balkanique qui ne vise que la politique balkanique. Il n'avait ni ne pouvait avoir en vue de participer à une guerre mondiale, dont les conditions et les facteurs étaient impossibles à prévoir et à apprécier d'avance."—*Le Temps*, February, 18, 1916.

upon Greece to intervene, nor complained of her non-intervention. Indeed, even without any proof, common sense is enough to tell every one possessed of a grain of that commodity, and willing to use it, that neither of the contracting pygmies was mad enough to pledge himself to defend the other against half Europe. As to the other belligerents, the Greek people had to reconcile as best it could its profound love of France with an admiration hardly less profound for Germany. But neither of these feelings constituted a reason for the Greek Government to take any share in a quarrel in which they certainly had no concern.

The entry of Turkey into the arena altered the position. A victorious Ottoman Empire meant a perpetuation of the Turkish yoke over the Hellenes of Thrace and Asia Minor, and a menace to the Hellenic Kingdom itself. If, on the other hand, Greece assisted in the destruction of that Empire, the result would be the liberation of some at least of the Sultan's Greek subjects and a considerable access of territory. So reasoned the statesmen of Athens. At the same time, from the standpoint of the European Powers, the attitude of Greece, after Turkey's entry, became a matter of great importance to both groups; and Athens a scene of rival cabals and propagandas similar to those which Constantinople had witnessed a few weeks before. Only here the parts were reversed. Here it was Germany who wanted Greece to remain neutral, and the Entente that desired her to join in the war.

Negotiations between the representatives of the Entente and the Hellenic Government ensued. M. Venizelos, the Premier, was eager for participation; King Constantine was not averse to it, provided the Allies planned their Eastern operations in a manner that promised a reasonable chance of success: he deprecated any naval assault

on the Dardanelles, which he, with most sane people, knew to be impregnable, and advocated an overland march to Constantinople, offering the whole of his army for the purpose. Had this sensible scheme been adopted, the Greeks would have joined the Allies with all the enthusiasm of which they are capable. Not a prince or politician, not a soldier or sailor, not a tradesman or ploughman, from one end of the country to the other, but would have been glad to spend his last drachma and to shed the last drop of his blood in a cause the mere mention of which set every Hellenic heart on fire: the reestablishment of the Byzantine Empire.

That ideal, under the stress of consistent discouragement from the Powers, had, as we saw, suffered a grievous diminution: few Greek statesmen after 1885 cherished the hope of seeing the ancient dream of their race realized. But in the popular consciousness the expectation had lost none of its vigour. For some years past the anniversary of the fall of Constantinople (May 29, O.S.) was observed as a day of national mourning. After the victories of 1912 and 1913, and the revival of optimism which they brought with them, this funereal ceremony had been turned suddenly into a festival: a day of anticipation rather than of commemoration. The crowds which thronged the cathedral at Athens acclaimed their sovereign as Constantine XII—destined to avenge the sad fate of Constantine XI and to recover the imperial crown which that Emperor had lost. "To the City!" (*Stin Poli!*) "To St. Sophia!" (*Stin Ayà Sofià!*)—such were the wishes with which the King was greeted; and he desired nothing better than an opportunity of fulfilling them.

In this spirit he made his suggestions. They were ignored, partly because Great Britain and France con-

sidered it beneath their dignity to be guided by the advice of so small a country as Greece, but chiefly because they were incompatible with the aims of the third partner in the Alliance. Russia did not wish to see a Greek sovereign in Constantinople or anywhere near it : she had long since ear-marked that prize for herself.

The plan of the Entente was that the Balkan States should form another Coalition and enter the field as a fourth partner. It was a beautiful conception—in the abstract. But we are not living in a world of abstractions. Small States have their rivalries as much as the Great Powers. How was this fundamental difficulty to be removed? Why, very simply. With an optimism —not to say levity—worthy of visionaries, the architects of the project set to work to persuade Greece and Servia to conciliate Bulgaria by giving up to her in cold blood the Macedonian territories which they had won at the cost of two wars, and to give them up forthwith—on the chance of compensating themselves at the expense of a demolished Turkey and a dismembered Austria in some problematical hereafter. This, no doubt, was a transaction sufficiently speculative to commend itself to French, English, and Russian diplomatists ; but it was not good enough for the average Greek and Serb. They, like the Bulgars, preferred a bird in the hand to two in the bush, and the utmost they would promise was to yield those territories to Bulgaria if and when, with Bulgaria's co-operation, they succeeded in despoiling the Ottoman and Austrian Empires : not before. Only a Diplomacy blind to elementary realities could have seriously anticipated any other answer. The plan, it may be added, was British ; as also was the tenacity with which it was clung to even after its hopelessness had become manifest. It was England's contribution to the Balkan mess.

So much for the political side of the question. The military side was hardly brighter . King Constantine, a soldier, had a soldier's appreciation of Germany's military ability : he by no means shared the estimate of that factor of the problem which found favour with his sanguine Prime Minister. He could not treat the matter as a matter of Faith, but demanded that the decision of Greece—a decision that involved her very existence—should have a basis in concrete facts. The Greek General Staff, a body of officers who had demonstrated their competence in two wars, was entirely of the King's way of thinking. They were willing to throw in their lot with the Allies, only if France and England would send to the Balkan Peninsula forces sufficient, with the co-operation of the Greek, to protect Servia and hold the Danube, while Austria and Germany had their hands full with the Russians in Galicia. But France and England were otherwise engaged. Instead of doing something that might enhance the world's estimate of *their* military ability, they committed themselves to the insane Dardanelles adventure. This—Russia's contribution to the mess—was an exhibition scarcely calculated to inspire King Constantine and his experts with confidence. He, therefore, refused to enter the field on the terms of the Entente. M. Venizelos still favoured intervention on those terms ; but even he apparently shrank from the responsibility of driving his country into so dubious a path, for, although he commanded a majority in the Chamber, he resigned (February, 1915).

His successor, M. Gounaris, in April, attempted to reopen the negotiations, proposing to join the Allies on condition that they, at least, guaranteed the integrity of Greece against Bulgaria—whose dispositions were no secret to any observer of average sagacity. England

replied vaguely that she could not give a categorical answer before consulting the other members of the Alliance. The reply from France was equally vague. The Russian Minister at Athens, on the other hand, gave M. Gounaris to understand that his Government did not consider it necessary for Greece to participate in the War. And there the matter dropped.

So the weeks lengthened into months, and still the Allies were unable to take the one step which would have brought Greece and Rumania, and probably even Bulgaria herself, into their camp: the prompt dispatch of an adequate army to Servia.

When M. Venizelos returned to power in August, as the result of the General Elections held at the end of May, he found the King more disinclined than before to take a hand in the dangerous gamble. For, in the meantime, while the Allied diplomatists were talking, things had been happening. The first failures of the Anglo-French efforts in the Dardanelles (March–May) were followed by the Austro-German successes in Galicia and Poland: everywhere the Russian "steam-roller" was forced to roll backwards by the ever-advancing enemy; and Bulgaria showed unmistakable signs of her intention to join that enemy (June–September). These things changed the whole aspect of affairs, and many Greeks who were formerly in favour of M. Venizelos's programme began to question its wisdom.

It was not until then that the Allies began to exchange talk for action in the Balkans. The British plan of a Greco-Serbo-Bulgarian Coalition, and the Russian plan of forcing a way to Constantinople through the Dardanelles having collapsed, it was the turn of France to contribute her share to the mess. She did so, in the form of an expedition for the relief of Servia. England was not at all

keen on another adventure in South-Eastern Europe. But she acquiesced; and on October 5 Anglo-French troops landed at Salonica on their way to Servia. But King Constantine declined to be impressed by this display of energy. The forces were too small, and they had come too late. Even if every adult Greek joined them, Servia could not be saved; only Greece would be sacrificed. The Germans were now free to hurl their legions across the Danube, and Bulgaria was massing her troops on the Servian frontier. Sorry as he was for Servia's plight, King Constantine did not feel called upon to commit national suicide. M. Venizelos once more resigned (October 6), and M. Zaimis formed a Ministry pledged to a policy of benevolent neutrality.

Events soon justified the most pessimistic prognostications. In less than a fortnight (October 6–17) Servia was inundated by the Germano-Austro-Bulgarian deluge. The Allies called upon Greece to succour them, offering her Cyprus in return. The offer, in different circumstances, would have been very tempting. As it was, King Constantine did not see his way to accept it. What would have availed him to get Cyprus and lose Athens? According to some observers all had not yet been lost: "If considerable contingents of Allied troops were promptly to be sent to the Balkan Peninsula, their arrival would assure the Greek public that the struggle would be waged on more equal terms. Such a development might well be calculated to impose on Greece a policy of action," wrote the *Times* correspondent at Athens on October 30.[1] But nothing was done.

Thus stood the account of Greece with the Allies at the close of the first year of the War. They had contrived to range her natural enemies—Turkey and Bulgaria—

[1] The *Times*, November 1, 1915.

against them without gaining her. For this result—a result which one would have thought physically impossible—they had to thank, not the German propaganda at Athens, of which we have heard enough, nor King Constantine's German connexions, of whom we have heard too much, but mainly their own diplomatic and strategic ineptitude.

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M. Venizelos remained a firm believer in the ultimate triumph of the Allies: "I am confident that they will win. They must win. They cannot fail. They have committed nearly all the faults possible, but their cause will automatically prevail." So spoke the statesman. But his sovereign was less sanguine than ever. He continued to view the situation from a soldier's standpoint; and was less inclined than ever to stake the existence of his country on the throw of a die. The spectre of Belgium had always haunted him, and now to that was added the spectacle of Servia. "If only one-twentieth of the hopes of M. Venizelos had been realized," he said, "I would have placed myself at the head of all the Hellenic forces."

The Greek people listened to both their leaders with equal respect. But, on the whole, in a military question, they were disposed to let themselves be guided by the judgment of a soldier rather than by that of a layman, however clever. Besides, England's persistence in urging the conciliation of Bulgaria at their cost and her reluctance to aid Servia, rightly or wrongly, had engendered among the Greeks the suspicion that, in spite of all that had happened, the British Government was still attached to the idea of a Big Bulgaria. This interpretation of England's aims in Macedonia promoted in the public mind the refrigeration which Russia's aims elsewhere had begun.

Thus the King was able to pursue his policy of neutrality, and, as M. Zaimis carried his benevolence towards the Allies too far, he was replaced, after a month's tenure of office, by M. Skouloudis (November 6).

Now, neutrality for a small State geographically situated as Greece is must be taken with many qualifications; and the Allies did not scruple from the first to make extensive use of the Greek islands and ports, under the plea of military necessity: the only law nations recognize in practice, whatever they may profess in theory. After the landing at Salonica this high-handed attitude assumed such proportions that the relations of the Entente Powers and the Hellenic Kingdom thenceforth could only be compared to the relations between a band of bullies who want to have their own way and a child which can do nothing more than protest. The landing itself had been carried out under cover of a Greco-Servian Convention which gave to the Serbs certain rights of transport over the Greek railways and the use of a wharf in the harbour. M. Venizelos in sanctioning the disembarkation had stretched the meaning of that Convention almost to a point of breach of neutrality; but even he had limited the permission to a passage to Servia only. The Allies, however, compelled to fall back into Greek Macedonia, and determined to stay there, demanded such extensions of the original permission as Greece could not grant without either resigning her sovereign rights or placing herself into a position of hostility to the Central Powers. Cajolery had to give place to coercion. Soon after the accession of M. Skouloudis the Greek ports were blockaded, Greek ships were held up, and the country, which depends for its subsistence very largely on foreign foodstuffs, was brought to the verge of starvation. The Germans and the Bulgars attempted to relieve the situation, and to

prevent Greece from being famished into their enemies' camp, by sending 15,000 tons of wheat by rail. But this gift could not be repeated, because the railway line was commanded by the guns of the Allied Fleet.

The pretext for this treatment of a State which had given no provocation and could offer no resistance, was the alleged fear lest the Greek authorities should attempt to disarm our retreating forces. Such undoubtedly would have been the action of any neutral State able to make its legal rights respected. But the Greeks knew now, even if they had not known it before, to what extent their very lives were at the mercy of the Powers who controlled the sea. Nothing could be farther from their thoughts than to court trouble. However, the pretext served the purpose of lending a plausible colour to lawlessness; and by the employment of famine as a means of moral suasion, the Allies managed to force Greece into an endless series of concessions equally inconsistent with the neutrality and the dignity of a free State.

M. Venizelos used the action of the Allies as a practical demonstration of his view that intervention on the side of the Entente was the only course consonant with the vital interests of his country. King Constantine was not unaware of these conditions; but his fear of Germany overbalanced his fear of her adversaries. France and England could not treat as an enemy a State that remained neutral, whereas by departing from neutrality he would be exposing Greece to the peril of a German invasion. By this time the demon of discord, incited by foreign diplomacy, had begun once more to breathe his poison on the domestic counsels of Greece.

The difference between the King and M. Venizelos is essentially a difference of opinion on the best policy for their country. That both are inspired by the loftiest

patriotism none who has had the privilege of their acquaintance can for a moment doubt. But sentiments of a less lofty nature are apt to get themselves mixed up even in the bosoms of the purest patriots. The King and his antagonist, though they had co-operated loyally in the aggrandizement of their country, never were very sympathetic to one another. Apart from the memories of old feuds which still rankled, they both laboured under a very human weakness; which had been accentuated by their respective successes. The fumes of popularity had entered both heads; and it might be said of these great men (I hope they will pardon the comparison) as of Cæsar and Pompey, the one could not brook a superior, and the other was impatient of an equal.

Until this grave issue arose, they shared evenly the homage of their compatriots: if Greece was proud of M. Venizelos as of another Pericles, she was not less proud of King Constantine as of another Basil Boulgaroktonos. But now that they had fallen apart, which of the two was Greece really disposed to follow? M. Venizelos and the Allies maintained that the nation was spoiling for a fight, and if it could express its will, it would vote for M. Venizelos and his policy. The King absolutely denied that such was the case, and offered to put the matter to the test of new Elections (November 12). But M. Venizelos objected that the Elections would not be a fair test: all his supporters were detained voteless under arms, and the only votes cast would be those of the older and more timid men. Therefore he and his followers abstained from the polls.

The new Chamber, which assembled on January 24, 1916, contained no Venizelists, and the Skouloudis Cabinet continued in power. But that did not suit the Allies. If the King was left unmolested, what became of

their chances of drawing Greece into the War? M. Venizelos, who appears to have been prompted to abstention by the patriotic desire not to widen the schism, was persuaded to resume his political activity (April, 1916). This provoked his opponents to counter-activity; and the pro-Entente campaign found itself faced by an anti-Entente campaign. The two parties came into collision at a public meeting organized by the Venizelists at Athens, when violent objurgations were exchanged, shots fired, and arrests made. A fortnight afterwards M. Venizelos stood for Mytilene and was returned (May 8). His advent in Parliament, and the exertions of his supporters, native and foreign, however, proved fruitless. The policy of neutrality still held the field. But a crisis was not far off.

In the interval the Allied troops under General Sarrail had made themselves at home in Macedonia, blowing up bridges, erecting fortifications wherever they liked, using the railways at their discretion, and Salonica as their own town. The Germans, so far back as the preceding December, when Greece had been coerced into submission, had warned the Hellenic Government that, by delivering Macedonia to the Entente it had alienated its sovereignty over that part of the country, and that they also considered themselves entitled to cross the frontier at their discretion. The Greeks did not mind very much the Austro-Germans crossing their frontier: if one side had made free of their land, why should not the other? If neutrality meant anything, it meant according equal facilities to both combatants. But they contemplated with the utmost disgust the possible appearance of a Bulgarian foot on the soil of Macedonia: the soil so recently devastated by that hereditary and abhorred enemy. If that happened, the Venizelists

vowed, they would throw loyalty to the winds and fly to arms. That presently did happen.

Towards the end of May the Allies began an advance north, occupying some villages on the Bulgaro-Greek frontier. The Bulgars replied by advancing south and occupying Fort Rupel, which was surrendered to them by order of the Hellenic Government. A cry of horror went up at this surrender; and a new card was placed into the hands of M. Venizelos and his Allies. The former declared that the Government had betrayed Hellas; the latter asked M. Skouloudis what he meant by it. M. Skouloudis answered that he considered the occupation of Fort Rupel by the Bulgaro-Germans as an inevitable consequence of the Anglo-French occupation of Salonica. By refusing to allow it, the Government would have acted in an un-neutral way and exposed Greece to the risk of war with Germany. The Allies' retort was another grave infringement of Greek sovereignty. General Sarrail deposed the Greek authorities at Salonica, seized the Government offices, and proclaimed martial law. But even this did not exhaust the diplomatic resources of the Entente. Their Press clamoured again for "pressure." Greece ought to be punished severely for her "political felony." The measures already taken at Salonica were insufficient. What was needed was "strong action" at the Piræus. It is easy to be strong against the weak. The inspired clamour of the Press was the appropriate preamble to another great essay in moral suasion. On June 8 restrictions were once more imposed on imports. The Greeks protested. The most servile people could scarcely have submitted without protest to this arbitrary interference with its daily bread. Athens witnessed a number of demonstrations against the Allies and M. Venizelos. Some British officers were insulted.

The Entente newspapers yelled " Greece is flouting the Allies ! " The coercive measures were intensified. The country was once more menaced with famine.

Simultaneously, England, France, and Russia recalled that they were the guardians of Greece and of her Constitutional liberties. Acting in concert with M. Venizelos, they declared that a Parliament which had not been elected by the whole body of citizens was an unconstitutional Parliament. The actions of a Cabinet containing no person empowered to speak in the name of the nation were illegal actions. Impelled by a paternal solicitude to restore to Greece her Parliamentary institutions, which King Constantine had so arbitrarily trampled under foot, the " Protecting Powers " demanded the dismissal of M. Skouloudis' Ministry, the dissolution of the Chamber, and new Elections—to be preceded by a demobilization of the army. The pretext for this last demand was the old alleged fear lest the Greek forces should attack the forces of the Allies in Macedonia. The true reason was the belief that the army consisted largely of Venizelists who would vote for him and his policy. The ultimatum met, as was to be expected, with prompt obedience. Pending the new Elections, a purely business Government, to mark time and do the bidding of the Allies, was formed under M. Zaimis (June 22). On the following day the restrictive measures were relaxed, and two days later suspended. The correspondents of the Entente journals at Athens unctuously reported that Greece had a Magna Charta given her. And yet, strange to relate, there were no crowds or gatherings in the streets, no cheers for the " Protecting Powers," no evidence of joy or gratitude anywhere ! " This is the least demonstrative people I have been among," gravely wrote one of these well-informed gentlemen.

* * * * *

Some eight weeks passed after this Magna Charta business; and then the question of War or Neutrality flared up again.

Meanwhile the offensive of the Allies in Macedonia had developed, causing a counter-movement on the part of the enemy. In the third week of August the Bulgars attacked along the whole line, from the Vardar to the Struma, and pushed to the important Greek towns of Serres, Drama, and Kavalla. The Greek garrisons found themselves in a tragic dilemma: to obey their feelings and resist the invader, thereby plunging their country into war, or to obey their king and quietly give up the places which only three years before they had rescued from the Bulgars under that same king's leadership. With a few exceptions, discipline and loyalty prevailed over sentiment; and the towns were abandoned to the Bulgars.

The grief, the dismay, and the rage which this fresh misfortune excited among all classes of the Hellenic people may easily be imagined. M. Venizelos and the Allies hastened to make political capital out of the popular emotion. The organs of the former cursed the advocates of neutrality as traitors to the country; those of the latter denounced them as traitors both to the country and to the "Protecting Powers." The most odious accusations were hurled at the King's party: sometimes it was the Kaiser's party; sometimes it was a Bulgarian party, and the King himself, in the persons of his Ministers, was held up to execration as more noxious to Greece than any external enemy. To him chiefly it was owing that, at the most critical moment in her history, a hostile army was violating the soil of Hellas and a friendly fleet blockading her shores. The adherents of the King hurled the charges back at their authors. All the calamities and

mortifications which Greece suffered were traced to M. Venizelos. It was M. Venizelos and no other who had entangled the country in this vicious circle of invasion, counter-invasion, and coercion ; for was it not he who had invited the Allies to land at Salonica ? Both parties held meetings in which impassioned orators harangued against each other, called each other nasty names, threatened each other ; and the temper of the populace grew hourly wilder.

In the midst of all this discontent, distress, and disorder, the Allies stripped the Kingdom of the last shreds of sovereignty left to it. On September 1 their fleet, under Admiral du Fournet, entered the Piræus and other harbours, seizing all the German or Austrian mercantile vessels that were to be found there, while their representatives at Athens exacted the immediate expulsion of all German propagandists and the prosecution of their Greek "accomplices," as well as the surrender of the posts, telegraphs, and telephones of the State into their own hands. King Constantine, as usual, submitted to measures he had not the power to resist, and his Government lodged the usual energetic and ineffectual protest.

While these things were taking place in Greece, news came of Rumania's adhesion to the Entente side. This event, coupled with the other forces at work, was expected to influence the King's judgment. And, indeed, it does appear to have disposed him to reconsider his policy. But Rumania, unhappily, did not make such a brilliant beginning as to convince him that her entry had altered the military situation to a degree justifying an imitation of her example. The conversations, therefore, between his Premier and the representatives of the Entente led to nothing ; and M. Zaimis, at heart a Venizelist, resigned (September 11).

King Constantine held firmly to his opinion that neutrality still was the safest attitude for his country. But he had no desire, even he if had the power, to force his opinion upon his subjects. In an audience he granted to the Correspondent of the Associated Press on the 1st of September he had said that this was not the moment to talk of his deciding the fate of Greece, nor of the Government's deciding it: the nation must decide and the nation would have an opportunity of doing so at the General Elections.

Now, this was precisely what M. Venizelos and the Allies had been demanding all along. M. Venizelos asserted that he represented the national will, and if the nation were only given the chance, it would endorse his policy by an overwhelming majority. The Allies, through their less irresponsible organs, affirmed that whether Greece did or did not retain her neutrality was a question which primarily concerned the Greeks themselves: the "Protecting Powers" were only anxious that the Greeks should enjoy their full constitutional liberty to decide by their suffrages the future of their Kingdom. In pursuance of these professions they had, as we saw, obtained the dissolution of Parliament, and the demobilization of the army, which set all Greek citizens free to register their votes. Accordingly, M. Dimitracopoulos, who was invited by the King to succeed M. Zaimis, went to the representatives of the Entente with the proposal that the policy of the country should be left an open question until the will of the nation was declared by the Elections, which, he suggested, should be held within a month at the latest. Strange as it will doubtless sound to all unsophisticated folk, the Entente Ministers rejected this proposal. They were too wise to publish their motives; but happily for the fisher of truth in an ocean of cant, M.

Venizelos was less reticent. He declared that the Elections ought not to be held until *after* the change of policy had been effected, " in order that the entry of Greece into the war might not become an election issue." [1]

The explanation of this curious change of tune is very simple. The demobilization of the army had exposed the myth that the vast majority of the Greek people was opposed to neutrality and was only prevented from joining the Allies by a Germanophile Court and a clique of politicians corrupted by German gold. The disbanded Reservists upon whose votes M. Venizelos and the Allies had so confidently counted, went back to their homes raging at the hardships and humiliations heaped upon the Army and the King who had twice led it to victory by the usurpers of his authority. One instance will suffice to illustrate the situation. Some Greek officers had entered the premises of a Venizelist journal at Salonica and ill-treated its editor. The Greek authorities duly arrested them. But General Sarrail, arrogating to himself the privileges of a master in another man's house, ordered his soldiers to break into the Greek prison and carry off the prisoners to a French jail, to be tried by a French court. This was only one of countless incidents, that taught the Greeks how brutal, where its interests are concerned, can be the nation which they had adored.

So strong was the resentment among military men of all ranks that, as the train which bore them to their homes stopped at the country stations, the disbanded troops leaned out of the windows and shouted to the bystanders: " A black vote for Venizelos ! " and the first thing they did, as soon as they returned to civil life, was to form Unions with a view to fighting the pro-Entente candidates at the polls. On the 22nd of June, when the birth of

[1] See *The Times* dispatches from Athens, September 14 and 24.

these associations was announced, the Venizelist organs affected to laugh them to scorn, imagining that the indignation was confined to a very small minority of malcontents. But on the 8th of September the Entente Ministers at Athens compelled the Greek Government to suppress organizations which from objects of derision had become objects of dismay to their opponents.

In brief, whatever the feelings of the people and of the Army—the youngest and most ardent part of the people —may have been at the beginning of the schism, by this time it was painfully clear to M. Venizelos that the vast majority of both was against him. True it is that the tame abandonment of the forts and towns in Eastern Macedonia to the hated Bulgars had stirred up much discontent; but the outcry against the King was a mere murmur when compared with the clamour against M. Venizelos; and that clamour, when the Allies had recourse to the last-mentioned measures of moral suasion, was swollen by many voices which until recently were raised in his favour. In the circumstances, the appeal to the national will had lost all its charm for him and his friends; and the Allies, after their imaginary triumph of June, instead of hurrying on, had been putting off the Elections—from August to September, from September to October, and now they postponed them *sine die.*

M. Dimitracopoulos, having failed to propitiate the Ministers of the Entente, abandoned the effort to form a Cabinet to M. Kalogeropoulos, who also, after a fortnight spent in the vain endeavour to gain the countenance of the Entente Ministers, had to resign. The thankless task was then undertaken by Professor Lambros (October 8), to whom the Entente Powers deigned to extend a sort of half-hearted recognition. But his tenure of office is bound to be ephemeral. No Government from which M.

Venizelos is excluded can possess more than an ephemeral existence, inasmuch as it does not represent the will of the Allies. Greece, from an independent, has been reduced to the rank of a vassal State, no longer at liberty to have a Government not approved by her "Protectors."

* * * * *

Meanwhile the authors of this tragi-comedy had strengthened the plot-interest by the introduction of new and far more exciting elements.

Since King Constantine so stubbornly resisted coercion, they decided to try the effect of an explosion.

Soon after the surrender of Serres, Drama, and Kavalla, a Revolutionary Committee was formed at Salonica—the headquarters of the Allies. This body issued an appeal to the people and the Army to rise and drive the Bulgars from Macedonia—in other words, to enter into the war on the side of the Entente: if the King could be intimidated to go with them, so much the better; if not, they would go without him. At the very moment when the Anglo-French armada was demonstrating at the Piræus (September 1), this body translated itself from a "Committee of National Defence" into a "Provisional Government" and assumed the functions of one: forcing the gendarmerie and the garrisons in Macedonia to join its volunteers or to clear out, issuing bonds and debentures, subscriptions for which were received by the Revolutionary Treasury at the French *Quartier Général*, and, in one word, substituting its own for the royal authority. From Salonica the movement spread to the newly-acquired islands—Lemnos, Chios, Mytilene, Samos, and Crete—that is, to all the regions which lie under the immediate influence of the Allies' military and naval forces. But in Old Greece, from the northern limits of

Thessaly to the southern coasts of the Peloponnesus, it met with very little response. Only some individual officers and politicians notified to the King their conviction that their country's interests demanded immediate action against Bulgaria. The King let it be understood once more that he was not by any means averse to action against Bulgaria—far from it. But he would not be hustled: his attitude would be determined in the future, as it had been in the past, by the military situation. No amount of pressure could alter his determination to do what he considered the best thing for his country, even at the risk of his throne.

M. Venizelos then resolved to bring the crisis to a climax. On the 25th of September he left Athens to place himself at the head of the revolutionary movement, and, after settling matters to his satisfaction in Crete, Samos, Mytilene, and Chios, he arrived at Salonica with Admiral Coundouriotis and General Danglis. This Triumvirate has invested itself with the powers of Royalty, taken up its residence at the Royal Palace, and appointed a Ministry. It is said that the self-constituted Government intends to legalize its position by convoking the Chamber of 1915 in which M. Venizelos had a majority, completely ignoring all the changes in public opinion that have taken place in the interval. Meanwhile it collects taxes and tries to raise an army.

In taking this momentous step, M. Venizelos was buoyed by the hope that the fear of civil war would compel the King to yield, or that, if he continued inflexible, he would lose the sympathies of his present supporters. "We feel our sphere of influence will increase," he said. "Gradually what authority remains to Athens will pass away." [1] But whether events were destined to justify

[1] See the *Times*, October 13, 1916.

this forecast or not, the immediate result of his action was the exact opposite. The Press denounced him as an ambitious and unprincipled adventurer who forsook his sovereign to attach himself to foreigners out of personal spite and a thirst for personal glory. Neutrality offered no scope to his ambition. He therefore espoused a policy of adventure. For the gratification of his inordinate vanity he did not hesitate to sacrifice his conscience and his country. In twelve months he had brought upon Greece every conceivable calamity and indignity. And now, not content with the evil he had already wrought, he openly pushed her into the abyss of ruin. Nor was there any sign of support in any quarter. With a few and insignificant exceptions, the Army, the Navy, and the People of Old Greece remained passive. The Revolution threatened to end in a fiasco.

Then the Allies once more stepped in. On the 10th of October Admiral du Fournet, in command of the Allied Fleet, summoned the Hellenic Government, " as a measure of security for the Allied forces on land and sea," to surrender to him, within so many hours, the whole of the Greek Fleet,[1] to disarm the coast batteries, and to place the Piræus-Larissa-Salonica railway under the control of the Allies. With all these demands the Hellenic Government complied at once, thus showing to what extent the pretext under which this vindictive ultimatum was framed corresponded with the facts. But, as if to make the true purpose of these measures plain to the meanest intelligence, the French Admiral followed them by others. In a supplementary Note he demanded, and obtained, the control of the Athens Police ; and, most enlightening

[1] That menace to the Anglo-French armada consisted of five battleships, dating with one exception from 1891-2, and two cruisers.

step of all, the Chief of the French Police Control has warned the editors of the Athenian journals to desist from publishing anti-Entente articles, on pain of suspension.

Thus far has the moral suasion of Greece proceeded at the moment of writing: her warships are manned by foreign crews, her strategic railway is controlled by foreign officers, her press is gagged by foreign censors, the streets of her capital are patrolled by foreign sailors. And thus far the process has yielded quite other than the anticipated fruits.

Men are apt to interpret violence as a proof of weakness. The Greeks said: if the Entente Powers are as sure of victory as they pretend to be, why do they so desperately want our assistance? They must be in a very bad way, indeed, to strive to gain a handful of allies by such wicked and shameful methods—they who profess to have entered upon this war to avenge the violation of Belgium's neutrality, to vindicate the sanctity of international law, to champion the independence of small nations! This they said until a few months ago. They say it no longer. The question has ceased to be a question between intervention and neutrality for them: it has become a question between loyalty and desertion. The Allies found King Constantine a hero in the eyes of his subjects; they have made him a martyr. Every insult that has been inflicted upon him has added a new ray to the halo which already surrounded his head. The Powers may expel him from the throne of Greece, as they expelled Otho: no human power can now expel him from her heart. It may be stated, not as a rhetorical flourish, but as a demonstrated fact, that the most effective propagandist the Kaiser has had in Greece has been the Allied Fleet. A policy of terrorism is a mistaken policy always, and never

more egregiously mistaken than when applied to a sensitive and high-spirited people. Even if they do end by gaining Greece over to their side, the material assistance which the Entente Powers may get will bear no proportion to the resentment which they have aroused. Long after the present war has passed into the pages of ancient history, the memory of the treatment they have received will continue to embitter the feelings of the Hellenic race towards all of them, and more particularly towards France, the protagonist in this sad and sordid farce.

THE END

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